Collier's

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October 29, 1949

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NEW MENACE IN MISSOURI - B

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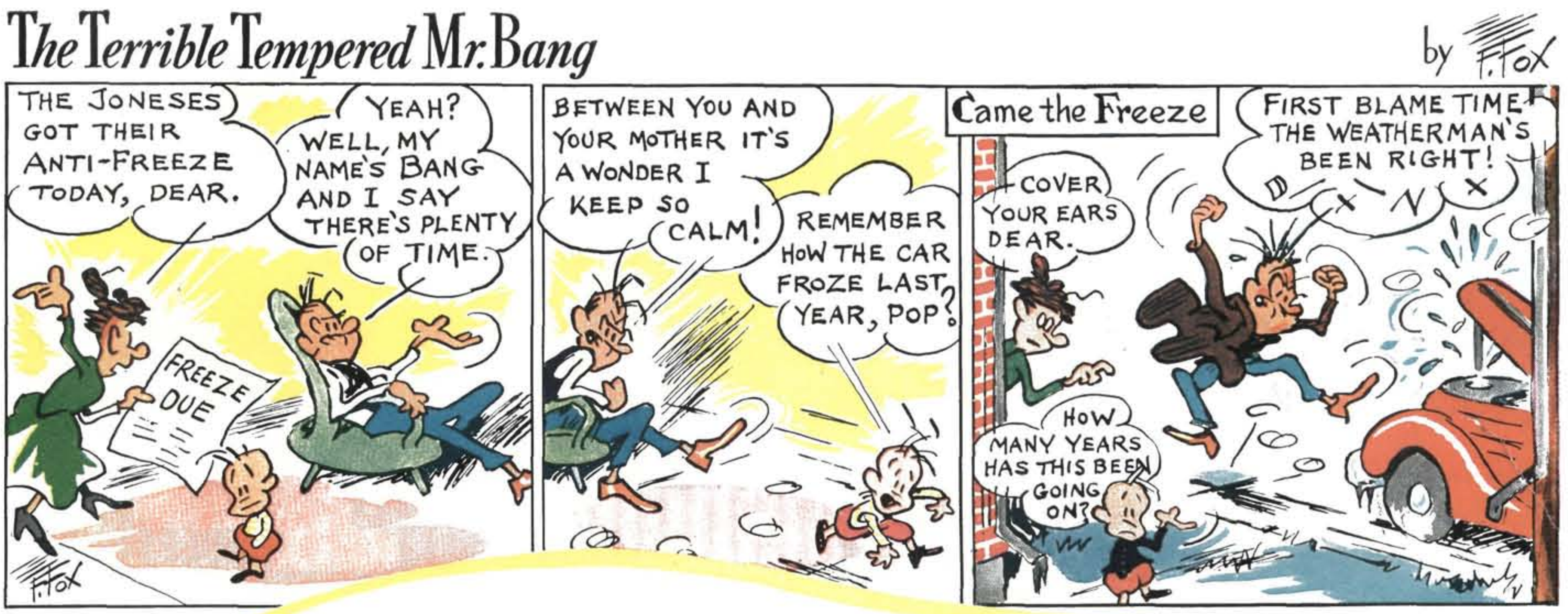
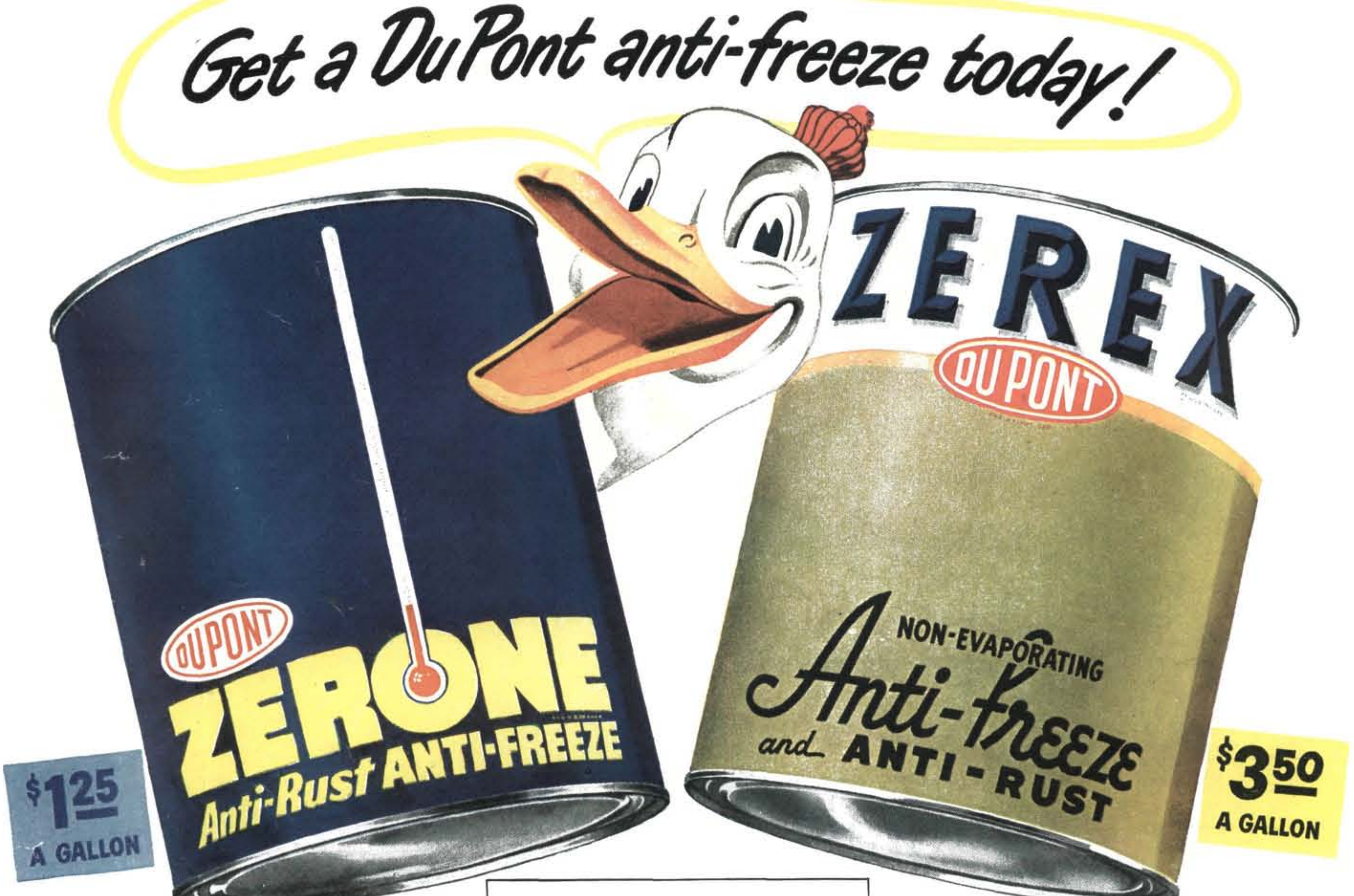

The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang
by F. Fox
THE JONESES GOT THEIR ANTI-FREEZE TODAY, DEAR.
YEAH? WELL, MY NAME'S BANG AND I SAY THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME.
FREEZE DUE
BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR MOTHER IT'S A WONDER I KEEP SO CALM!
REMEMBER HOW THE CAR FROZE LAST YEAR, POP?
Came the Freeze
COVER YOUR EARS DEAR.
FIRST BLAME TIME THE WEATHERMAN'S BEEN RIGHT!
HOW MANY YEARS HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON?
F. Fox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ZERONE
Anti-Rust ANTI-FREEZE
$1.25 A GALLON
ZEREX
DUPONT
NON-EVAPORATING
Anti-freeze
and ANTI-RUST
$3.50 A GALLON

GET "ZERONE" 'CAUSE IT'S ECONOMICAL IS WHAT I SAY, FOLKS! LANDSAKES! IT ONLY NEEDS AN OCCASIONAL CHECK-UP! WHAT A VALUE!

No matter whose anti-freeze you buy, FIRST have the cooling system checked by your serviceman. No repairs may be needed at all—but even a simple inspection is worth what it may cost.

Once your cooling system is properly serviced and cleaned, the special anti-rust ingredient in "Zerone"* and "Zerex"* helps keep it clean.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DUPONT

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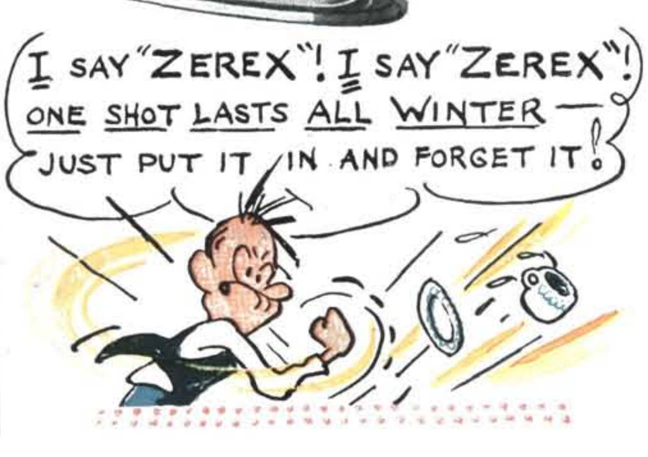
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY


I SAY "ZEREX"! I SAY "ZEREX"! ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER — JUST PUT IT IN AND FORGET IT!

DENTAL RESEARCH SHOWS THAT IPANA FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY!

Scientific research based on daily dental examinations now proves that every time, *any* time you brush your teeth with Ipana, it helps fight tooth decay by effectively reducing acid-forming agents. *No other paste or powder is more effective for this purpose.* And Ipana helps remove sticky, bacteria-trapping deposits that invite decay.

DENTISTS SAY THAT IPANA CARE PROMOTES HEALTHIER GUMS!

In thousands of recent reports from all over the country, 8 out of 10 dentists say the Ipana way promotes healthier gums. *That's just as important as fighting decay*, for dentists warn that you can't have healthy teeth without healthy gums! Try this dentist-approved Ipana care—for healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*.

HERE'S THE DENTIST-APPROVED IPANA WAY—EASY AS 1, 2:

***The Ipana way** is doubly effective. **1.** *Between regular visits to your dentist*, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana after every meal. (Ipana's special cleansing formula helps prevent decay—leaves teeth cleaner.) **2.** Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula also stimulates circulation—promotes healthier gums.)

FIGHT TOOTH DECAY AND GUARD YOUR GUMS BOTH!

Dentists warn you must do both to save your teeth. And new dental research proves you can help prevent tooth decay as you guard your gums—with doubly-effective Ipana care!*

Naturally, you know how important it is for you to help prevent tooth decay . . .

But you may not know that *gum troubles cause even more tooth losses than decay does!* And *whatever* your age—even if you're in your teens—*gum troubles can strike you almost without warning!*

Now you and your family can help prevent tooth decay and gum troubles BOTH*—with doubly-effective Ipana dental care.**

For new dental research now proves that Ipana's own special formula effectively reduces acid-forming agents—considered a major cause of tooth decay. *Ipana fully meets these standards for an anti-decay dentifrice.*

And just as important—Ipana is the *only* leading tooth paste specially designed *to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.*

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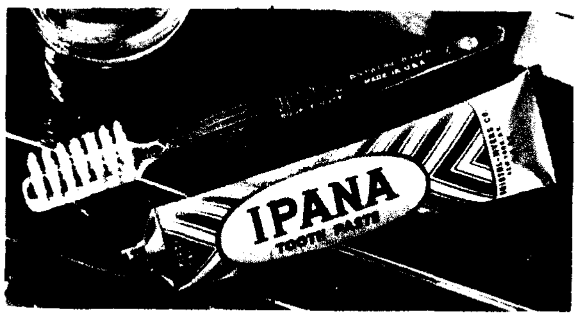
IPANA for Both!



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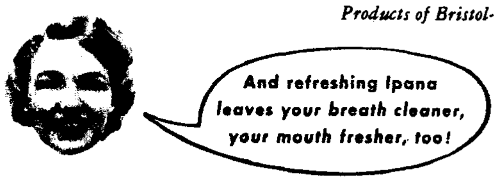
And refreshing Ipana leaves your breath cleaner, your mouth fresher, too!

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P. S. For correct brushing use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

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October 29, 1949

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The Cover

Youngsters in large and noisy numbers left a lasting impression on Collier's cover artists Stanley and Janice Berenstain when the Berenstains were teaching a Saturday-morning art class at the Settlement Music School in Philadelphia. They had more than 50 boys and girls, from four to twelve years of age, in one cluttered and thunderous classroom. The bedlam of those Saturday mornings has been filling their canvases ever since. Stanley, an ex-G.I., and his honey-blond wife have one child—Leo, one and a half years old. Leo's reaction to his parents' work is to tear it up or eat it up.

Week's Mail

How About Over-50 Fiction?

EDITOR: I was very much interested in The Drunkard's Wife by Allan Seager (Aug. 6th). It was very well written after what must have been a thoughtful study of an alcoholic. I wrote to him, however, disagreeing with its ending—a timely fatal accident and subsequent happy marriage to another man of wealth.

I know happy endings are supposedly desired but I think such a story would have definitely been very helpful to many women in real life if Mr. Seager had had the wife battle through her problem without death intervening.

The ages of the couple in the story were a graceful 33-35. Have you any idea of what a new field you would open if you would publish stories dealing with the really terrific problems of the over-50s?

What of the older woman who must face the indignity and heartbreak of her husband asking her for a divorce to let him marry a younger one; or the older woman whose husband simply "runs around" with the feeling that he is still "one of the boys," though he carries the ghastly knowledge within himself that he is not?

What of the older woman who must get out of her adored children's lives to save their very souls and make her own life over with no urgent need for living at all? These and many other angles of middle-aged living would be eagerly read by a large group were they thoughtfully and sincerely presented. (NAME WITHHELD AT THE WRITER'S REQUEST), Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

Will It or Won't It?

EDITOR: The A-Bomb Won't Do What You Think! (Sept. 17th) should really be titled The B-36 Can't Do the Job—Says Navy Commander. Under a heavy camouflage of A-bomb data we suddenly find ourselves in the midst of the now familiar Navy attack on the B-36.

Nobody denies—least of all the Navy—that a heavy bomber force carrying the A-bomb is a powerful striking force; which leads me to the question: What is the fuss all about?

The fuss is simply this: the Navy wants its own strategic Air Force carrying A-bombs from supercarriers. Since it cannot have this it has been raising the roof.
J. S. RIPANDELLI, Oteen, N. C.

. . . I have read with great interest William Hessler's article on the A-bomb. Thank you very much for publishing it.

I have worried and wondered about the atom bomb like everyone else. I won't say that Mr. Hessler has alleviated my fears, but at least I understand more about what I'm afraid of.
MRS. H. M. HOWARD, Pomona, Cal.

. . . It certainly surprised me to read that the atom bomb is "not a new *weapon*." For the very next line it says its gamma

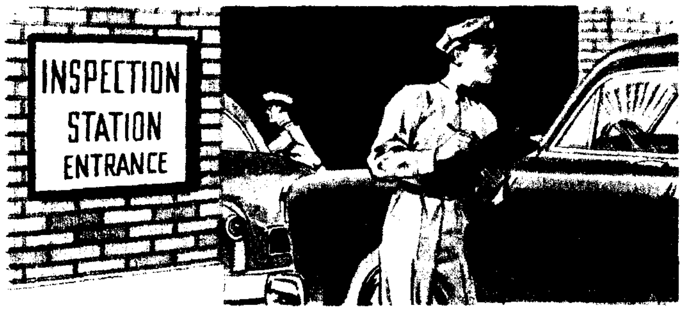
For Safer Autumn Driving

Autumn, with its beautiful foliage, is usually one of the most pleasant seasons of the year for motoring—but this can be enjoyable only when it is safe.

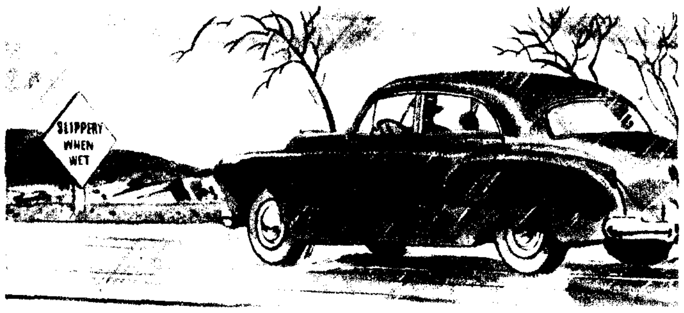
The President's Highway Safety Conference reports that the traffic fatality rate has dropped steadily in the postwar period from 11.3 for each 100,000,000 miles of vehicle travel in 1945 to 7.3 in 1948. While this is encouraging, the 32,000 automobile accident fatalities last year indicate the need for greater improvement.

Safety authorities agree that most accidents are the result of *drivers' mistakes*. By far the most important cause of accidents is the failure of drivers to adjust speed to changing road and traffic conditions. For example, 55 per cent of all fatal accidents happen at night, when vision is obscured, and 14 per cent occur in inclement weather, when roads are slippery.

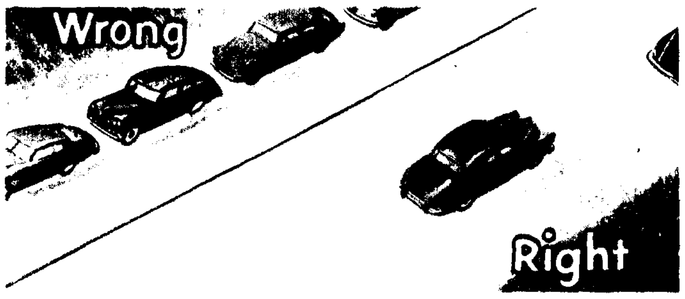
Traffic experts stress driving at reasonable speeds as one of the most important steps in reducing highway accidents. In addition, they make a number of other suggestions, some of which are illustrated below:



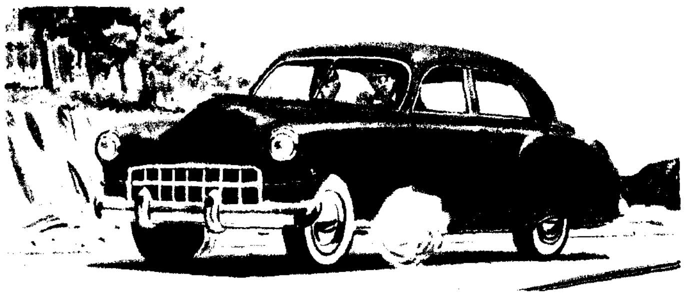
1. Vehicle defects are reported as contributing causes in many accidents. So, it is important to have your car completely checked at regular intervals to make sure it is in safe operating condition. Particular attention should be given at all times to brakes, tires, steering mechanism and lights.



2. Skidding on slippery surfaces is a frequent cause of accidents. To help avoid this, brakes should be applied with light pressure, then released and applied again. Jamming the brakes on will lock the wheels and may cause a skid.



3. Collisions frequently occur when cars are too close together. On dry pavements, a good rule is to allow one car length for every 10 miles of speed. This margin should be increased at night, on slippery roads, or at high speeds.



4. Emergencies need not always cause accidents if drivers know how to handle them. For example, when a tire blows out, keep a tight grip on the wheel and allow the car to slow down before applying the brakes. This makes it easier to prevent swerving or skidding.

The cardinal principle of safe driving is to keep one's car under control at all times. Only as more and more motorists observe this basic principle can the number of automobile accident fatalities be further reduced.

For more information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 129-C, called "How's Your Driving?"

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radiation can kill a human being "at range of a mile." Following this is the very faulty analogy or comparison that a Springfield rifle can kill at four miles.

But have you ever heard of a Springfield or any other rifle that can kill 70,000 enemies with one shot at four miles or four thousandths of a mile?

Definitely the atom bomb is a new weapon. It carries explosive power, poison gases, incendiary potency, cell-rupturing irradiation. It is a skin-burner, a sight-blinder, an ear-deafener.

A Springfield can put you in your grave, but can it do all the above things over and beyond the 70,000 killed that a single atom bomb did do? I'd call anything that can decimate a small city with one shot a new weapon.

Since the union of science and tyrannomania have at last culminated in the obscene concept and practice of "total war," one cannot agree with another of Mr. Hessler's questionable dogmas: that "the object of war is not to kill the enemy's people and destroy the structures in which these people live and work."

(Tell that to Lidice, Coventry and all the others.)

MAJOR FRANK PEASE, Coral Gables, Fla.

They Sawed Too Soon

EDITOR: I'm afraid you will come in for a number of letters criticizing Herb Olsen for his illustration of a logger falling a redwood in Renegade (Sept. 10th).

I've seen lots of redwood and other logging operations in British Columbia and northern California and I think you will find that the ax work or undercut is done first and then the saw work is done last by two men, sometimes with two saws brazed together to get the necessary length for redwoods.

Mr. Olsen shows that the saw work has already been done, which should not be.

C. R. CRANDALL, Lake Tahoe, Cal.

Geological Spelldown

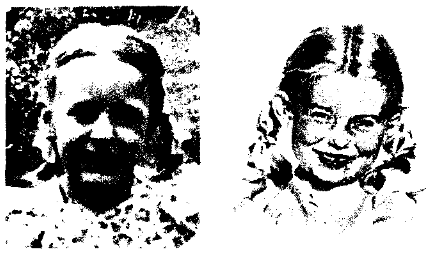
EDITOR: From your article The Forty-Niners Listen in the Hills (Sept. 10th), I note the following: "It doesn't matter that Arah (an uneducated uranium prospector) cannot for the life of him spell either Shinarump or Moencopi . . ."

Apparently Collier's doesn't give a hoot either. That last named geological formation is spelled Moenkopi.

W. H. HODAGG, Craig, Colo.

Webster's preferred spelling is Moencopi.

Toothsome Model



EDITOR: When we saw the illustration accompanying The Tooth Fairy (Aug. 20th) we gazed in amazement. Surely the tooth fairy, as she slipped the dime under the pillow of our small daughter, Linda, was charmed by what she saw, and cast a spell over the hand of Artist Dorothy Monet.

Look at the photograph of our daughter, then at the artist's drawing, and see what you think. Doesn't it look like a bit of magic to you?

EVELYN AND HENRY GOEBEL,
Rochester, N. Y.

Who's on First?

EDITOR: Please connect me with that So-you-think-you-know-baseball guy. How come Healy was on first after he had just struck out in the first inning of that game in The Has-Been (Sept. 3d)? Yes, I looked several times and there he was, same initial and all. I am still blinking.

Pinch runner, eh? Well, pinch me.

DR. J. E. NAUGLE, Sterling, Colo.

Right you are, Doctor. The base runner should have been Horton, who walked, not Healy, who fanned.

Columnar Reporting

EDITOR: Your editorial, Juvenile Journalism (Sept. 17th), rings the bell. Its point could be extended to numerous other news stories in which the adolescent reporter undermines the public interest and handicaps officials by premature publication.

So frequently does this occur that one may conclude that it comes under the heading "smart reporting."

Sensational columnists seem to have become the chief molders of reportorial ideals.

You could do a rewrite of that editorial once a week with plentiful illustrative material. A. H. SUTHERLAND, Pineville, La.

No Gigli, She Says

EDITOR: Your article on Mario Lanza does the tenor more harm than good (Mario Lanza: Celluloid Caruso?, Sept. 3d). Too much praise too early is bad, particularly when it is not deserved.

Lanza will never even compare to the magnificent Beniamino Gigli, who, nearing sixty, is still the world's greatest living tenor.

CECILE FREEDMAN,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Objection from the C. of C.

EDITOR: I enjoyed reading Gordon Manning's article on Eddie Kazak (Kazak Spelled Backwards Is Kazak, Sept. 17th) until I turned to the paragraph which mentioned the fact that Eddie played six months with Valdosta, "a whistle stop in the Class D Georgia-Florida League." Now, sir, the Valdosta and Lowndes County Chamber of Commerce has been working tirelessly over a long number of years, advertising the fact that Valdosta is a progressive, modern town of some 30,000 persons, and has not the remotest resemblance to a "whistle stop."

I might add here that the only whistles we hear are from the more than 60 industries located in this hub of south Georgia, its three main-line railroads and five magnificent highways. Another whistle we might hear is that of tourists who pass through or stop in this azalea city and whistle whistles of admiration at finding such a modern, progressive city that is growing bigger and bigger every day. I might add, also, that since 1939 Valdosta's population has doubled.

ALLEN H. DOUGLAS, Valdosta, Ga.

It's a Great Art

EDITOR: How a Movie Gets Made (Sept. 17th) was most enlightening. We think of a movie in terms of an hour to two hours' recreation. Considering this, it is hard to realize that it is so long in the making—and even before production starts, in the planning period.

We may criticize Hollywood for many things. But we must at least admit this much: movie making today has developed into a great art, with credit going equally to the stars, directors, cameramen, technicians, writers and so on. EUNICE M. COX,
St. Catharine's, Ontario, Canada

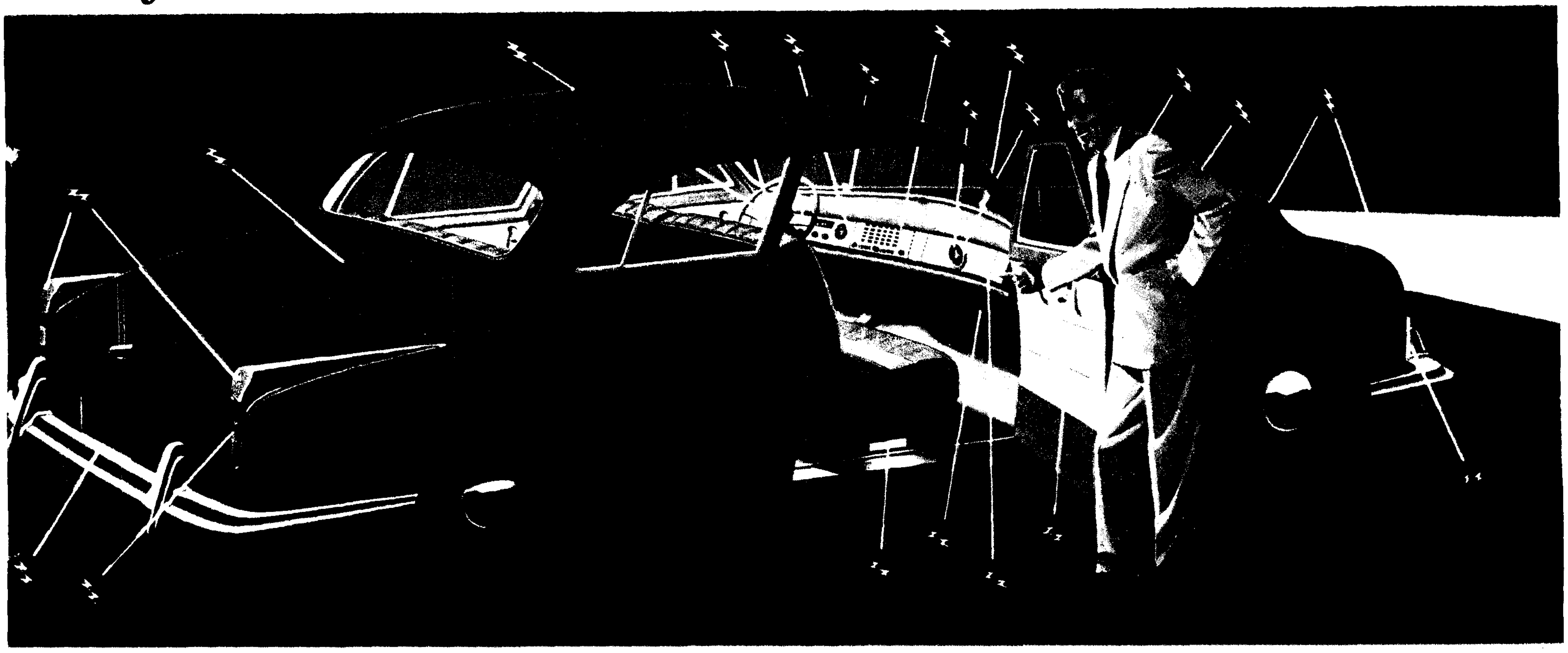
Poetic License Revoked

EDITOR: In Richard Armour's Garden Groan (Sept. 3d), was it facetiousness on the part of the author or was he really contemplating using DDT for killing weeds? If so, he will have no success with his treatment. 2,4-D is the compound he is seeking. DDT is an insecticide.

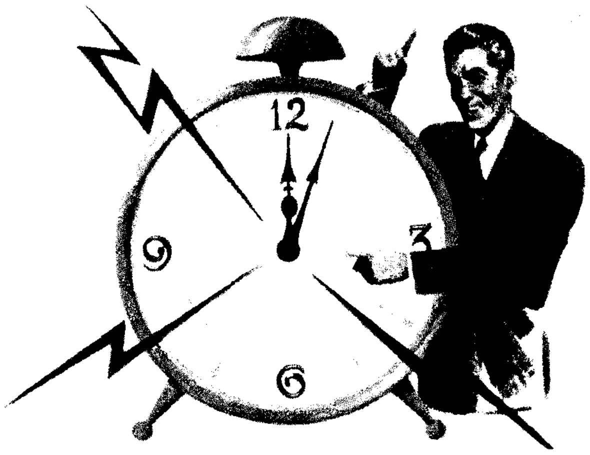
No wonder he has so much trouble with his gardening.

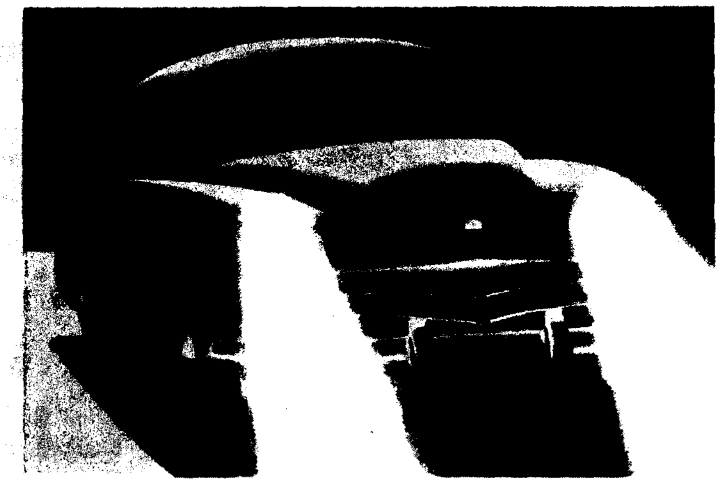
E. R. POWELL, Moscow, Idaho

Why cars need 40% more Battery Power today



1. The electrical load on a post-war car (see points checked above) is 40% greater than on a pre-war model—but original equipment batteries are the same. That's one reason your car needs a new battery *packed with more power*.





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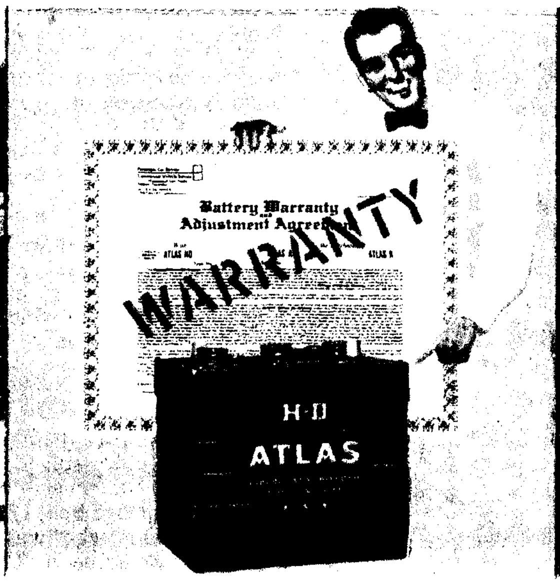
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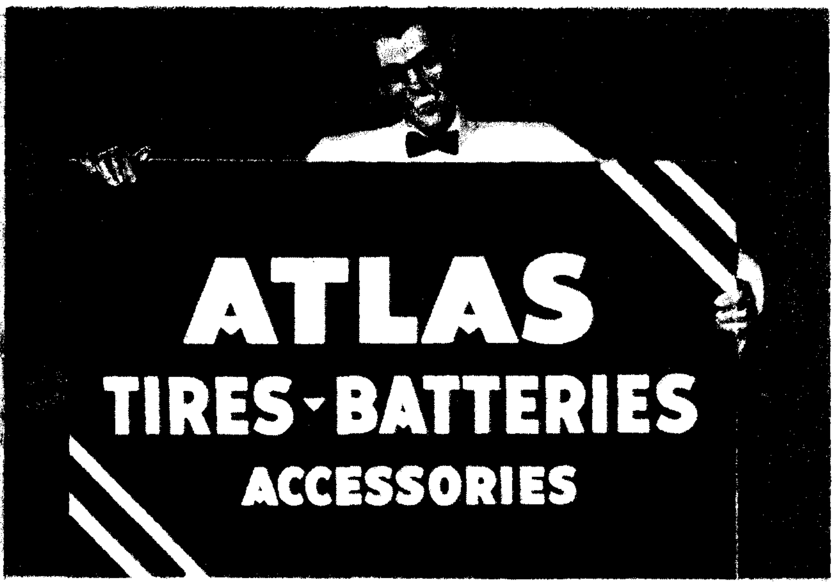
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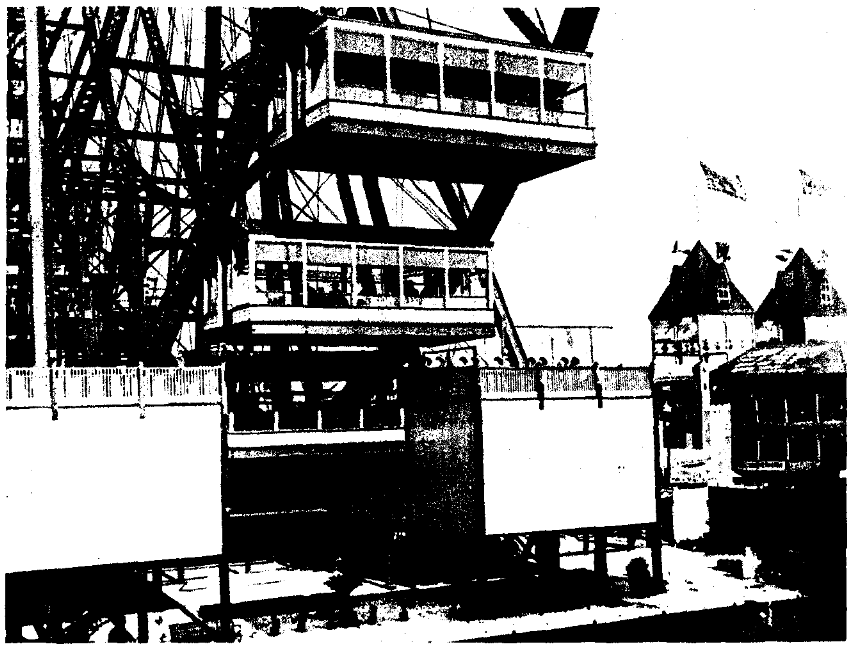
Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



Although hundreds of Ferris wheels have been built in the past 56 years, none has ever been as large as the original (see above) which was made for the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. It was as high as a 21-story building and had 36 cars with a total seating capacity of 1,440 persons.

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Bloodhound "testimony" is not admissible as evidence in many states, while in the others it is only admitted to supplement evidence already available, and then only after the owner of the dogs has proved they are reliable. The fact that bloodhounds make mistakes is exemplified by a case a few years ago. A pack that had been taken out to track down a burglar did not follow his trail but led the police instead to the home of a man who was able to prove his innocence with ease. Apparently they preferred his scent, remembering it from a recent visit he had paid to their kennel.

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Since 1942, when New York's burlesque houses were closed indefinitely, strip-tease acts have enjoyed a tremendous boom throughout the country. During the seven years, the number of theaters, taverns and night clubs presenting such acts—in which a girl gradually disrobes as she walks back and forth across the stage—has increased from about 1,500 to 5,000, and the number of strippers from 4,000 to 15,000. Today, as many as 15 of these girls are employed by some of the places which specialize in this entertainment.

* * * * * * * * *

England's most baffling murder (which was never solved, caused unprecedented controversy and became the subject of five books) was that of Julia Wallace, who was beaten to death in her home in Liverpool on the night of January 20, 1931. Being a logical suspect, her husband, an insurance man, was tried; and the testimony seemed to prove him innocent. The victim was seen alive at 6:45 the evening of her death. Wallace had gone out at 7:05, having been tricked, by a telephone message left at his club, into hunting for a fictitious address given by a stranger who said he wanted to buy a policy. As Wallace's next-door neighbors chanced to be passing when he arrived back home at 8:45, he invited them in and the three found the body. It was claimed that Wallace was not guilty because (1) the crime could not have been committed and the place ransacked in the 20 minutes he was known to have been alone with his wife, and (2) the murderer must have been covered with blood, yet not a spot was found on Wallace's clothes, and no one had washed, since no damp towels were found in the house. Although the prosecution could not even produce a motive, the jury found Wallace guilty. But the decision was reversed and he was freed by Britain's highest court of appeal, the first time in history that it had set aside a murder conviction on the ground of insufficient evidence.

* * * * * * * * *

At certain hours of the day and under certain atmospheric conditions that occur about eight times a year, a man standing on the summit of the Brocken, the highest of the Harz Mountains in Germany, can witness a striking optical phenomenon. He can see his own shadow cast by the sun on a distant bank of clouds and magnified hundreds of times, far larger than he can observe it in any other place in the world.

* * * * * * * * *

The highest price ever paid for a rare United States coin was the $11,575 given in 1941 for an 1822 half eagle, or five-dollar gold piece. Of the 17,796 that were minted, only three are known to exist. The second highest price was $10,500, paid in 1946 for an 1804 silver dollar, all 13 of those minted still being in existence.

"Aren't men really more extravagant than women?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"MORE EXTRAVAGANT!" thundered Elmer, the bull. "Woman, do you realize that I haven't had a new hat in *three* years?"

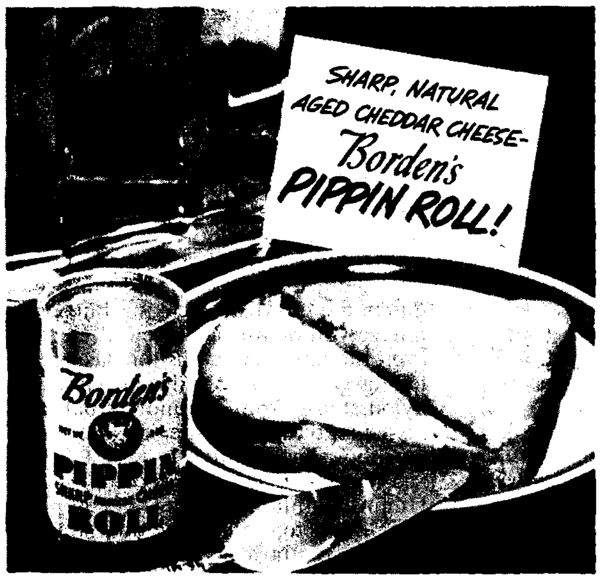
"I do, dear," smiled Elsie, the Borden Cow. "And I also realize that you dearly love *old* hats!"

"Then, what are you grousing about?" asked Elmer.

"Not grousing," corrected Elsie. "I'm merely asking if it isn't extravagant to spend a lot of money on elaborate photographic equipment for a boy Beauregard's age to *learn* on."

"What's age got to do with it?" snapped Elmer.

"Age has plenty to do with lots of things," answered Elsie. "The flavor of Cheddar cheese, for instance. Do you happen to know that *Borden's Pippin Roll* is Cheddar cheese that's been aged for *more than a year?* And that it's the careful aging that gives Pippin Roll that wonderfully rich, sharp flavor that cheese lovers go for?"


SHARP, NATURAL AGED CHEDDAR CHEESE-
Borden's
PIPPIN ROLL!
Borden's
PIPPIN
ROLL

"Let 'em go for it!" raved Elmer. "*You* stay here and explain that word *extravagant.*"

"It's quite the *opposite* of extravagant," blithely chirped Elsie, "to serve Borden's Pippin Roll often. It supplies lots of good, sound nourishment. And it's such deep-down-satisfying eating! Grand on crackers or bread for appetizers and snacks. And simply de-vine spread on hot toast for a luncheon sandwich. Pippin Roll spreads so smoothly, melts just enough on the hot toast—*MMmm!*"

DEVELOPING
PRINTING
ENLARGING
PRINTING
PAPER

"Take your Pippin Roll out of here!" ordered Elmer. "I'm turning this pantry into a dark room to teach the kid how to develop pictures."

"Don't you think it might be better to show him how to *take* a picture first?" asked Elsie.

"Say, why do women always have to do things the hard way?" groaned Elmer.

"But, Elmer!" protested Elsie. "Women *love* doing things the *easy* way. That's why so many of them use *Borden's None Such Mince Meat.* It's the real old-fashioned kind of mince meat—with none of the old-time work and fuss."

"AW, Elsie!" begged Elmer. "Must you go into that?"

FILL YOUR PIES
WITH REAL OLD-TIME
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
Mince Meat

"Certainly!" promptly answered Elsie. "Borden's None Such is made with glorious, sun-ripened fruits and savory, exciting spices—21 quality ingredients in all—and flavor-aged by an old New England recipe."

"Talk of extravagance!" sneered Elmer. "Woman, you sure don't save the words when you talk about None Such."

"Why should I?" asked Elsie. "It's the fruitiest, spiciest, *grandest* mince meat of them all! You can get it in handy, condensed form in the bright red None Such package—and *ready-to-use,* too, in glass jars."

"So you've had your say!" roared Elmer.

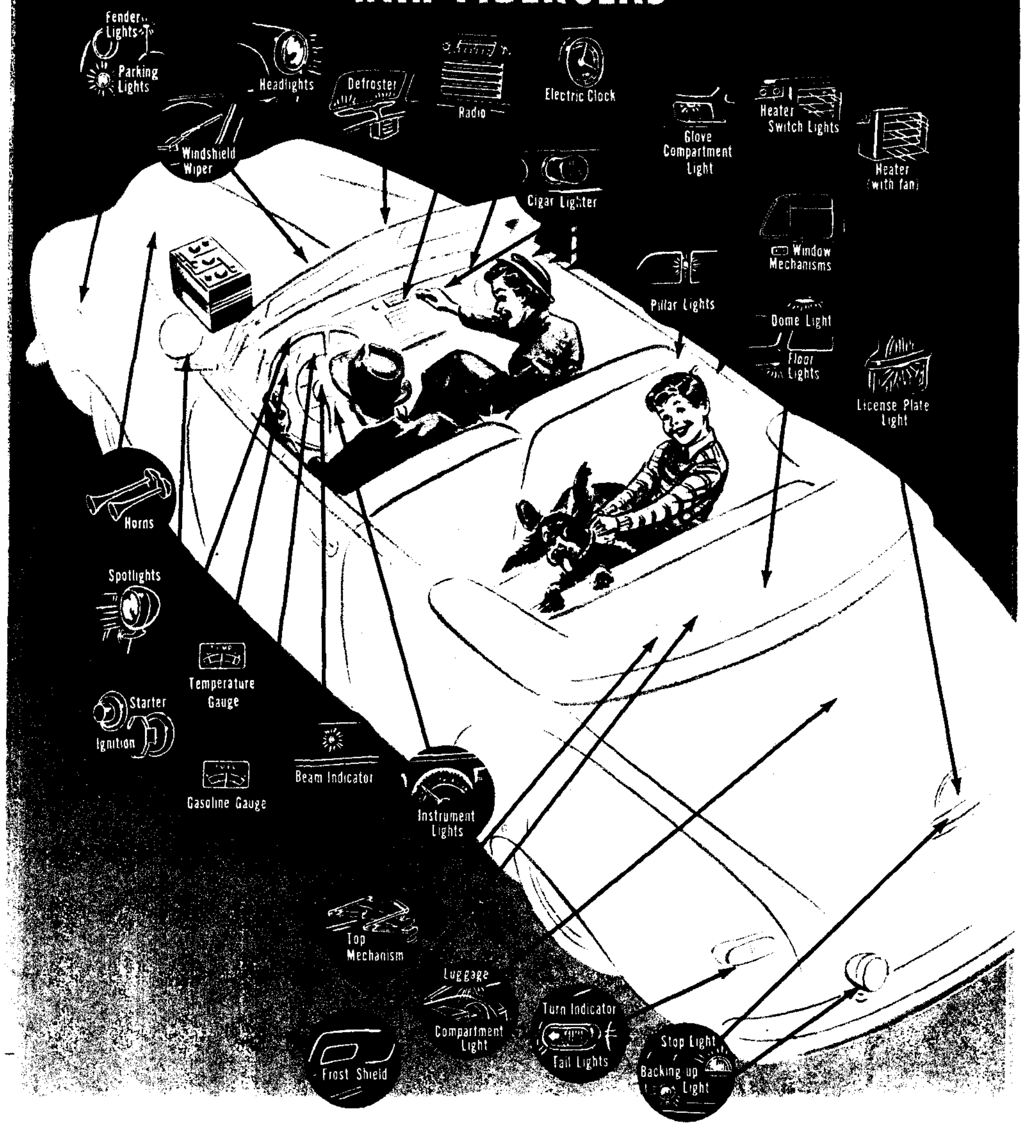
"But, I've never really had my say, darling," laughed Elsie, "until I've said—*If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

© The Borden Company

—if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!
Borden's Hemo
Borden's MALTED MILK
Borden's
Lady Borden ICE CREAM
KLIM POWDERED WHOLE MILK
Borden's EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK MAGIC RECIPES
Borden's INSTANT COFFEE
Borden's INSTANT MIX HOT CHOCOLATE FLAVORED DRINKS
Borden's None Such Mince Meat
Chateau
LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE
Borden's EVAPORATED MILK

Longer Life–More Miles

from BATTERIES DOUBLE-INSULATED with FIBERGLAS*



Look at all the jobs your BATTERY must do . . . and still provide more trouble-free miles

Have you ever counted the safety, enjoyment, and comfort features in your car that depend on the power in your battery? It's a total that is constantly on the increase. Every year sees more additions to the jobs a car battery must do—unfailingly, mile after mile.

That's why leading battery makers are assuring themselves of perfect functioning of their best batteries by insulating them with Fiberglas Retainer Mats.

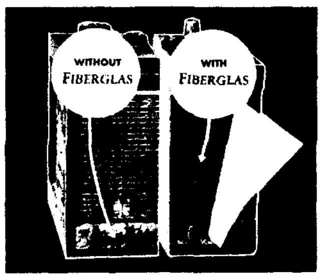
These mats protect against shorts, hold the power producing material on the plates longer, add substantially to the life of batteries. More trouble-free miles and lower battery cost per mile of service is what this means to you, plus protection against the annoyance—or even danger—of battery failure.

• • •

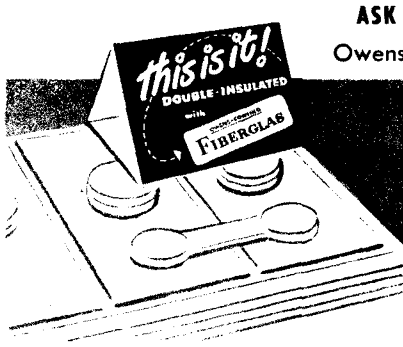
*Fiberglas is the trade-mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation for a variety of products made of or with glass fibers.

Here's what DOUBLE-INSULATED with Fiberglas means to you

Fiberglas Retainer Mats double insulate the positive plates, hold power-producing material where it belongs. For when a battery gives off or absorbs electrical energy, there's a chemical reaction that frequently causes active material to shed from battery plates. This results in plate corrosion and short circuits—a prime cause of battery failure.



ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT THESE BETTER BATTERIES
Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation, Toledo 1, Ohio.

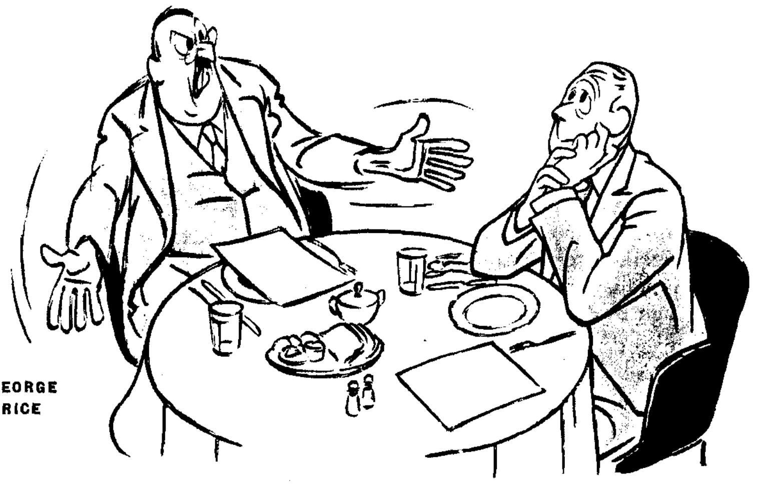


OWENS-CORNING
FIBERGLAS

UMM?

How to make a show of interest without hearing (or caring) what's being said

By GURNEY WILLIAMS



GEORGE PRICE

"—then he turns around and sues me for $50,000"

IF YOU'VE read this far, you are definitely the superior type of person who is willing and capable of developing a talent for taking part in a boring conversation without following one tenth of your companion's drivel. It's much easier and far more useful than learning Spanish (unless you're planning to move to Caracas) and it gives you more time to worry about things.

I suppose you remember the last time you let your attention wander and had to snap yourself back with an embarrassed: "Oh—uh—pardon me, Hal. What was that last point?" This is uncouth. The trick is to indulge in your own detached thoughts without letting your adversary know it. Like this:

You *(thinking):* I wonder why, when you read aloud from a menu, the guy you're eating with lowers his menu, leans over toward you and says, "Roast beef *au jus?* Where does it say that?" Why does the cluck have to be told it's on line four, just under veal cutlets? And why does he have to read it himself before he says, "That looks good"?

Your Companion *(becoming audible):* "—then he turns around and sues me for *fifty thousand dollars!*"

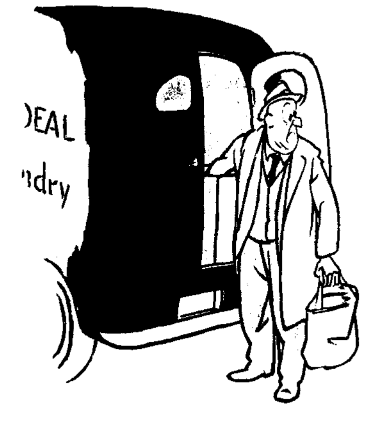
This is where the untrained nonlistener creates ill will with his apologetic, "Excuse me, old man; I didn't catch it. *Who* sued you?" On the other hand, the trained ignorer makes use of what I call the Umm, which can be a short Umm (acknowledgment of a startling statement), and Umm in descending scale (sympathy), or an ascending Umm (interrogation). In the case above, Umm No. 1 will be sufficient to cause the narrator to launch into the morbid details, none of which need disturb your contemplation of government spending, the sad status of English Channel swimming and that recurring twinge in your left shoulder.

By experimenting you can endow an Umm with inflections that will cover any situation except the direct question, and here's how to take care of that.

You are wondering how in the name of Jake you're going to pay the current school tax, get the house painted, buy a new top for the convertible and have the cellar waterproofed on what you have in the bank ($17). Suddenly you become aware that the person who is talking to you has asked, "What do you think I should *do* about it?" All you have to say is, "I'm sorry, but I don't think I'm qualified to advise you." This requires the effort of speaking but will relieve you of further cerebral effort, even though your inquisitor has been telling you he stole a dozen pairs of nylon shorts from a laundry truck or tossed an old pair of sneakers into his neighbor's incinerator.

You can be an accomplished Ummer within a few days if you put your mind to it. Evasive and shifty, yet apparently alert at cocktail parties, luncheons, teas, or wherever uncongenial people congregate, you will soon find you have added immeasurably to your thinking time. I have "conversed" with individuals for as long as 15 minutes on less than a dozen Umms.

One word of caution. If you are male and married, don't give your wife the Umm treatment. She knows you too well. As to the direct question, it would be perfectly ridiculous to reply, "I'm sorry, but I don't think I'm qualified to advise you," when she has asked how long you intend to keep those dirty, paint-stained work pants in the closet next to your dinner clothes.



He stole a dozen nylon shorts

Next time you're up this way I'll tell you how to learn to say "Beans" or "Boo!" to somebody you've seen around for a long time but never said beans or boo to. THE END

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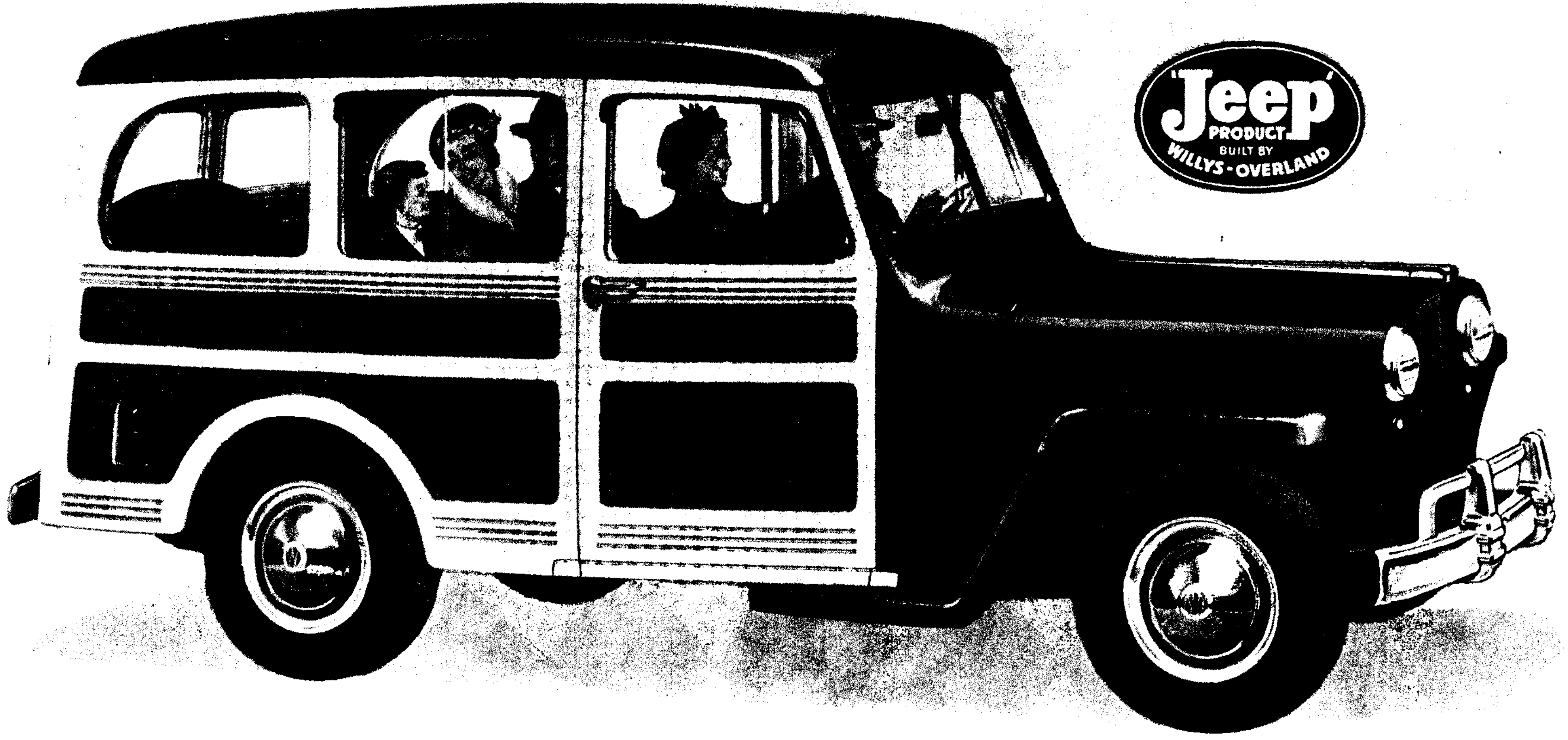

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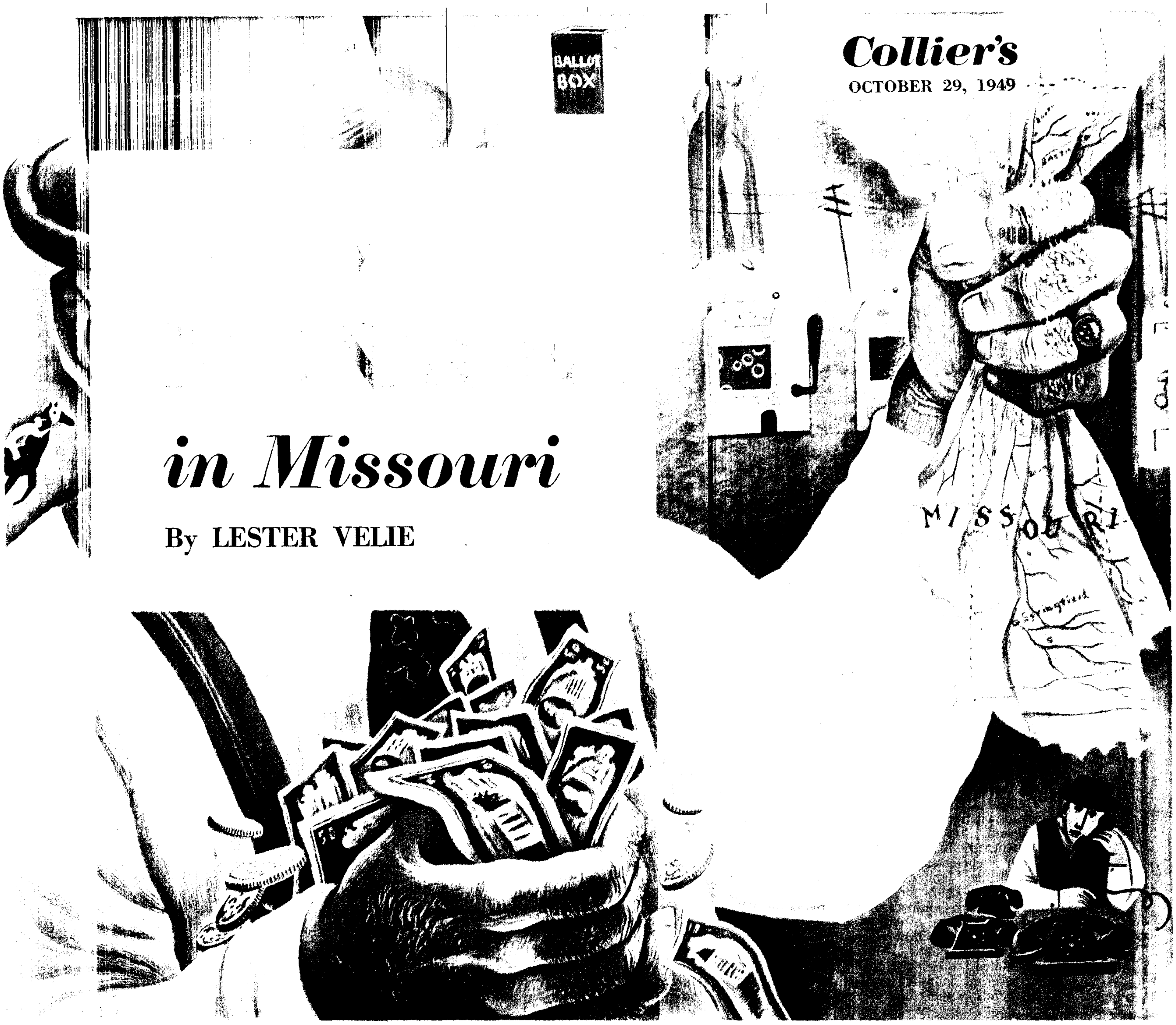
Collier's
OCTOBER 29, 1949

in Missouri

By LESTER VELIE



ROBERT J. LEE

Boss Binaggio looks and acts like another Pendergast. And, with hoodlum backing, his power is spreading fast across Missouri

FEW in President Harry Truman's home town of Kansas City (Independence is a suburb) would have believed it could happen so soon.

When Boss Tom Pendergast went to jail for defrauding the government of taxes on a half-million-dollar insurance boodle, Kansas City—and Missouri—thought the Pendergast machine was dead. With this machine, Boss Pendergast had produced two votes where only one existed legally; staffed the Kansas City police force with ex-felons; exacted rakeoffs from dope; and protected gambling and levied on the earnings of the diseased and ragged girls in the brothels.

The Pendergast machine looted Kansas City so mercilessly that its teachers, firemen and policemen had to go on half pay. All this ended when a Democratic federal district attorney, backed by a Democratic President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, sent Democratic Boss Tom Pendergast to jail. Now the Pendergast organization is back in business. Under new management.

This management is as startling as it is new.

The First District Democratic Club on Kansas City's turbulent north side—headquarters of the new political management—tells a good deal about it.

Housed in a onetime store, the club's 40 feet of store front are lined with soiled Venetian blinds to provide privacy. From one wall President Harry Truman gazes intently out of an enlarged photograph, three feet high by two feet wide. Beside him, similarly enshrined, is Missouri's governor, Forrest Smith.

"Our side," these emblems of party success seem to say, "is doing all right."

No one can challenge this. From the surrounding four wards, once the rock on which Boss Tom Pendergast's political empire was founded, came the margin of victory that sent Harry Truman to the United States Senate and on his way to the White House. Now, the four wards, "deliverable" as always at the command of a boss, have produced a new leader. The leader has already made such large strides toward state-wide power that some in Missouri call him "the biggest potential local boss on the American scene today."

It was 10:30 A.M. on a weekday morning in the clubhouse. But already a small knot of well-dressed favor seekers, waiting for the boss, clustered about the railing that separated the inner offices from the 40-foot-square expanse of club floor. The chairs against the wall were filling up with petitioners for jobs, small loans of money and help in difficulties with the police. At the table on the dais, the club's gavel had been shoved to one side and a game of gin rummy was getting under way.

Enter an Underworld Celebrity

Into this atmosphere of expectancy strode a heavy-set, heavy-faced, frowning figure of sporting life togged out in an impeccable pearl-gray summer suit and tan and brown shoes. The knot about the railing greeted the new arrival respectfully and opened to let him into an inner office, where, at home, he doffed his coat and emerged in silken shirt sleeves. Fat cigar in mouth, he waited in the inner circle for the boss.

There was no mistaking the flaccid, full lips, the heavy nose, swarthy complexion and frigid eyes that looked out from behind the railing. I had seen them the day before in the police files. The newcomer was Charles Gargotta, ex-convict, gun-toting enforcer of gangland law, the subject of 35 arrests and notorious as Kansas City's most vexing police problem since the 1920s. To make sure, I jotted down the Kansas license number of the shiny new car in which the heavy-set one had arrived. It was Gargotta's, all right.

"He (Gargotta) spends most of his time at that club," a police official later told me.

"Hell, if you swung a cat down there, you'd knock down a couple dozen thieves!" the police official said.

Confronted with an enlarged photograph of an Election Night celebration at the club, he studied some 40 faces and promptly identified several known police characters. One exulting political worker was Sam Goldberg. Well known to Kansas City police, he was recently freed in a $112,000 race-track swindle when federal authorities found they lacked jurisdiction. The cheering Democrats also included Joe La Scuolla, alias Joe School, and other assorted gambling and underworld figures.

The hands of the club's electric clock had now moved past 11:00 A.M. Several expensive cars had parked outside, disgorging obviously important visitors. The club's cement floor was crowded as the first of the organization's big shots made his entrance.

This was the club's president (but not the boss), one Henry McKissick. A cartoonist's dream of a solid-jawed Irish ward leader, McKissick is the sort of stalwart who could be called "Honest Henry." For years McKissick divided his time between tending bar in his saloon and serving as lieutenant for Boss Tom Pendergast. In the nationally notorious Kansas City vote fraud scandal of 1946, McKissick was tried on charges of vote fraud and of tampering with the county grand jury that sifted the frauds—tried and acquitted.

This was the famous primary in which President Truman sought to purge Representative Roger Slaughter. A county grand jury charged Slaughter was "counted out" by fraud. The primary ballots, impounded as evidence, were subsequently stolen by safecrackers from the sheriff's blasted courthouse safe.

The room through which McKissick now walked had figured in his trial. It was described by the prosecutor as "the hub of the conspiracy to defraud voters"—a clearinghouse from which flying squadrons (so it was charged) were dispatched as "ghost" voters to polling places in the Second Ward.

At last a slight man of forty walked into the clubhouse. He was deceptively commonplace in appearance and quiet in manner. He was smoking his cigarette in a jaunty holder and flashing a sizable diamond on the little finger of his left hand. From the warmth of the greetings it was easy to see that the big boss was here.

This was Charles Binaggio, new political leader and heir of the old Pendergast machine. A wiry man, his face manages to be both expressionless and open at the same time. In addition to the jaunty cigarette holder, he wears monogrammed shirts with ties to match. Binaggio never got beyond the eighth grade, his speech borders on the inarticulate, and he seems at first both commonplace and ineffectual. But his eyes, cold and unblinking behind rimless glasses, reveal the intelligence and driving resolution that makes Charles Binaggio run.

So powerful has Binaggio become that already, within a year of his rise, Democratic aspirants have little chance to win an election without his approval. He is so powerful that an officer of his choosing controls the city and county taxing powers. His influence is so great that the Kansas City Police Department trembles at what he may do, and the Kansas City Star pays reluctant tribute to him:

"Binaggio is the number one force in Kansas City machine politics today."

For a man who is "the number one force in Kansas City machine politics today," Binaggio has a curious background.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch invariably calls him "the Chicago Capone mob's representative in Kansas City."

Binaggio's fingerprints and photograph are in the Kansas City and Denver police files under Numbers 19080 and 13259 respectively. In Kansas City he has been picked up by police and the United States marshal on charges ranging from suspicion of holdup, carrying concealed weapons, disturbing the peace, manslaughter with an automobile, operating a gambling device, and bootlegging. All these charges, except the gambling counts, he beat. But his association with the underworld is so well known that he has been hauled in by police during investigation of underworld characters and gambling.

Arrested in Denver in 1930 on suspicion of carrying concealed weapons, Binaggio was given a 90-day sentence which was reduced to six hours on his promise to leave town.

To police, Binaggio once described himself as a caddie and later as an oil producer. To this writer he readily admitted he made his money operating gambling joints, some of his operations extending back to the wide-open Pendergast era. The only means of support he acknowledges today is a beer-selling partnership with Tony Gizzo, gangster and associate of big-league Chicago and New York hoodlums. The beer, brewed in Chicago, was once owned by underworld figures.

As a rising political light, Binaggio, early in his career, had a ringside seat on the operations of a prostitution and dope syndicate dominated by gangster Johnny Lazia. After Lazia was machine-gunned to death, Binaggio was one of the 10 honored pallbearers who carried Lazia's $5,000, 1400-pound, silver-lined coffin to the grave.

With Charles Gargotta, Tony Gizzo, and the mysterious underworld "arbitrator"—James Balestreri—and gangland "enforcer" Tano Lacoco, Binaggio has been called one of the Kansas City underworld's five "iron men."

When, in July, 1947, the Omaha, Nebraska, police asked Kansas City authorities to send pictures and records of "Charles Bennacceo and Tony Guizo" and names of their known associates, the Kansas City police listed as "Binaggio associates" nine police characters, including two mobsters who had drifted down from Chicago.

And when the private telephone list of racketeer Mickey Cohen recently fell into the hands of the Federal District Attorney for southern California, it included the name of "Charles Bagnagio of Kansas City." Listed, too, was Binaggio's onetime gambling business partner, Morris (Snag) Kline, who was convicted and sentenced in the 1947 vote fraud trials and at this writing is out on bond pending appeal.

This and other evidence hint at Binaggio's interest in national gambling operations; specifically, the "bookie" racing wire service dominated by a nation-wide underworld syndicate.

The hidden hand of the underworld has often been felt in big-city machine politics. But in Kansas City the grasping fingers are coming out into the open. Kansas City faces something more than a mere revival of Pendergastism—evil as that was. It is caught in a new pattern of political leadership, a pattern of open underworld domination of party machinery.

This pattern took shape with the political rise of Charles Binaggio—an ascendancy as sudden as it was startling.

Beginning as boss of half a ward in the north side of Kansas City—once gangster Lazia's domain, Binaggio seized control of the old Pendergast machine which lay rusting during a decade of reform. He did this by making alliances with other ward leaders in what was left of the Pendergast organization. And at last he was ready to challenge Tom Pendergast's nephew, Jim, the designated heir to Uncle Tom's political empire. This was the Jim Pendergast who is credited with starting Harry Truman on his political career. On his office wall hangs a photograph of the President, inscribed: "To Jim, friend, comrade and adviser."

The Binaggio alliance of disgruntled ward bosses charged Jim Pendergast with incompetence as a leader, failure to tend to his job and neglect of his promises. The battle was short and bitter. Pendergast, a shy man whose heavy-lidded eyes, drooping cigarette and low, mumbling speech reflect a ponderous and lethargic temperament, is ill suited to political leadership. He was no match for the energetic Binaggio. Wobbly in 1946, when his rival first closed in, he went down for the count in the primary election of August, 1948.

Rival Bosses Test Their Strength

The immediate stakes in that primary were the four "deliverable" north side wards, the balance of political power in Kansas City. Pendergast and Binaggio backed opposing candidates all the way from governor to county assessor. The question was: Which boss had the power to deliver?

A dynamic generalissimo, Binaggio arrived at his headquarters in Truman Road at dawn on the big day to direct foot troops of doorbell ringers, mounted squadrons of block captains hustling citizens to the polls, and a mobile artillery of loudspeaker trucks that didn't let up its noisy barrage until dusk.

In contrast, Jim Pendergast's headquarters, the famous club at 1908 Main Street [President Truman is a member], was deathly quiet. Unlike his Uncle Tom, who used to be on the job from sunup until the last vote was counted, Jim Pendergast didn't appear until morning was well advanced.

Binaggio's victory was complete and shattering. Even the First Ward, once an impregnable Pendergast stronghold, turned in for Binaggio, four to one.

Binaggio beat Jim Pendergast despite the opposition of the Kansas City Star. The Star had thundered at Binaggio's candidate for county assessor, an office rich with promise since it controls local real-estate and personal taxes. Binaggio told me appreciatively about this job, after his candidate had won it: "The county assessor is one of the most important jobs around here. You do favors for real-estate people and hotel managers. And when Election Day comes they do favors for you."

Kansas City woke up the morning after election to find a new, potent machine boss on its hands.

The remnants of Boss Tom Pendergast's old organization were quick to take the hint. Such stalwarts as Henry McKissick and George Clark, the outgoing county assessor [also tried and acquitted in the vote fraud trials], had joined Binaggio before the primary. Now even lifelong friends of Jim Pendergast deserted. One was Tim Moran, ward boss and garbage inspector under Boss Pendergast and long-time operator of a horse-betting parlor, dice and blackjack joint.

Mayor Roger Sermon, of President Truman's Independence, Missouri, went along too. Of the shift to Binaggio, which Mayor Sermon knew must distress his friend, the President, Mayor Sermon told this writer: "I've got to ally myself with the strongest Kansas City political power or get no recognition at all. And I've made my deal with Binaggio."

Binaggio was now the head of a formidable political junta. He now began to gather the fruits of his electoral and organizing labors.

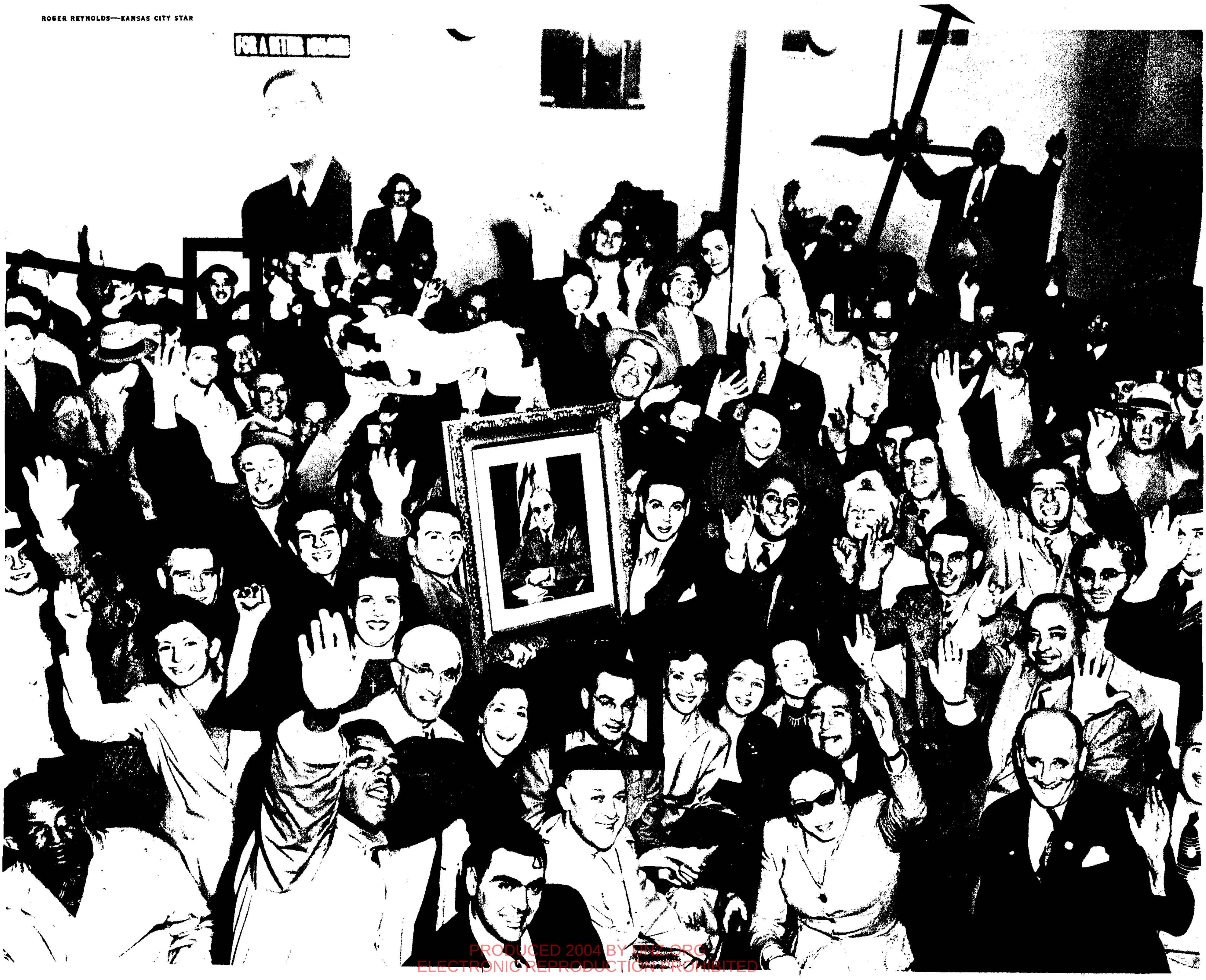
Governor Forrest Smith, disclaiming any obligation to Binaggio, nevertheless named two men friendly to Binaggio to the Kansas City Police Board. And the police department became the first crucial battleground between Kansas City's reform administration and the new Binaggio machine.

Reorganized since the days when Boss Tom Pendergast permitted gangster Johnny Lazia to fill the force with ex-felons, the police force has rated with the country's finest. Under a reform police board and a capable police chief, the department kept the town "closed" to gambling and vice. Now, to the city's four police commissioners, early in 1949, politician Binaggio made a forthright demand:

"Go along with me and make some changes."

Following, in substance, is a conversation between Binaggio and one of Kansas City's four police commissioners—as related to this writer by the police official:

(Continued on page 82)

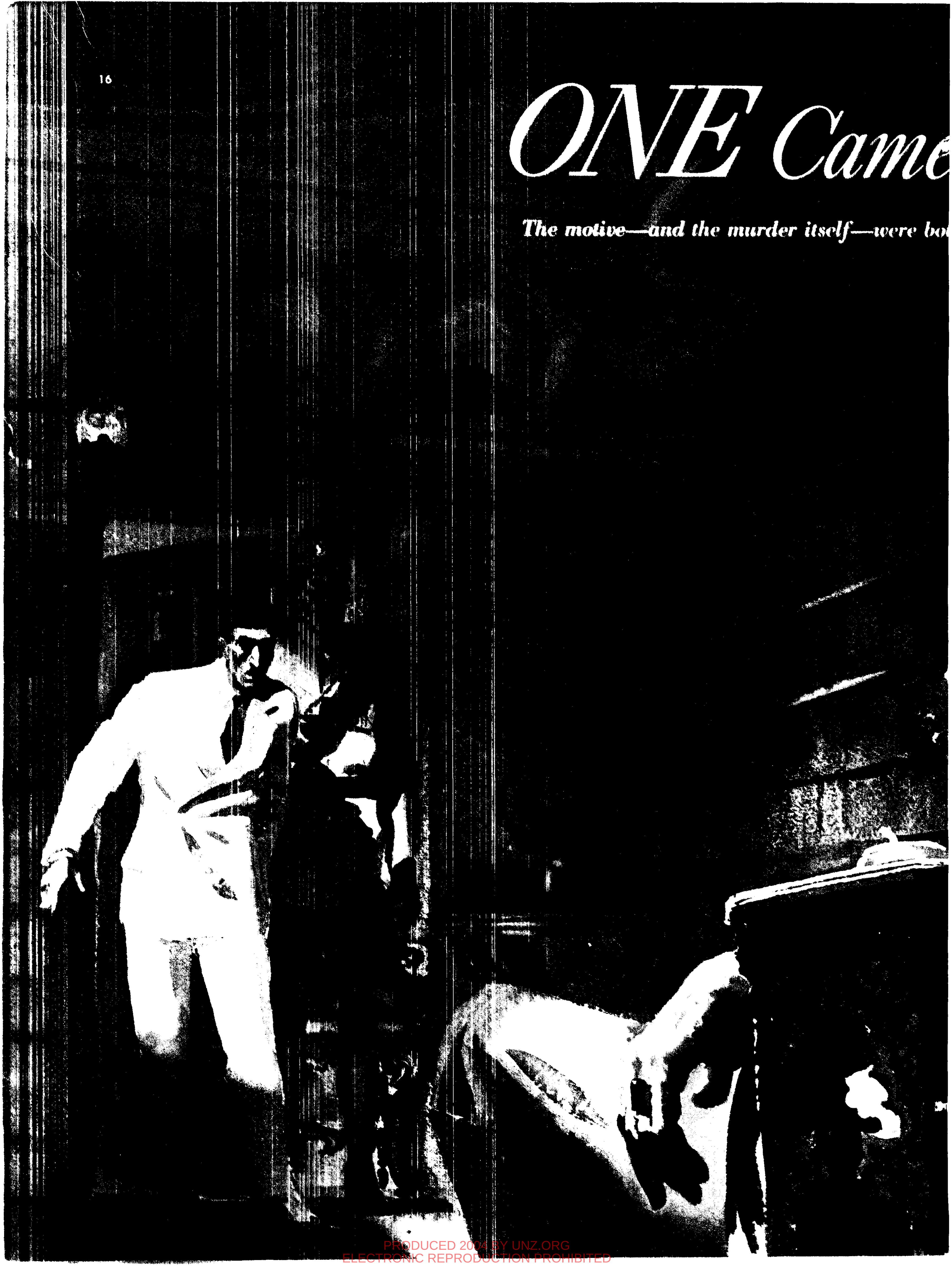


Four Kansas City police officers risked their jobs to identify the assorted underworld and gambling figures in this picture of an Election Night celebration in Charles Binaggio's (boxed, center) First District Democratic Club. In box at left is Sam Goldberg, who was recently involved in a $112,000 race-track swindle indictment, dropped because federal agents lacked jurisdiction. Joe La Scuolla alias Joe School (right), has a lengthy record. President Truman's picture in the middle is ironic. Actually, the Administration says it is seeking to drive the underworld out of politics through federal investigations in Kansas City and elsewhere

ROGER REYNOLDS—KANSAS CITY STAR

ONE Came

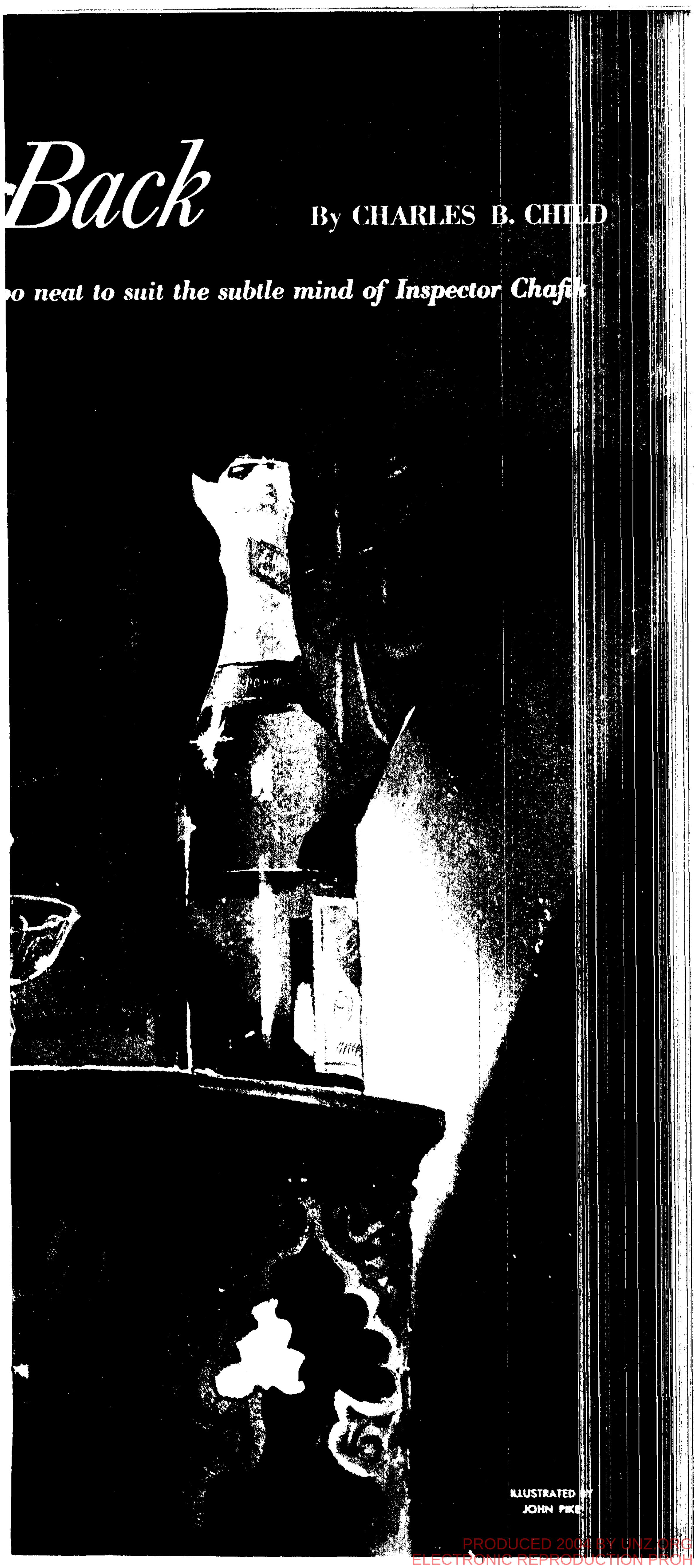
The motive—and the murder itself—were bo



Back

By CHARLES B. CHILD

o neat to suit the subtle mind of Inspector Chafik



ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN PIKE

THE furnace sun of Baghdad, filtered by the screens of fresh camel's-thorn that covered the windows of Inspector Chafik's office in the Criminal Investigation Department on Al-Rashid Street, made a speckled green pattern over his desk, the filing cabinets against the walls and the woman who sat in the visitor's chair. When the woman moved to take a proffered cigarette, her face emerged from the shadows, a cameo of Grecian purity now blemished by the fear in her dark eyes.

She said, "I should not have come here, but they say in Baghdad you have compassion—"

The Inspector raised a slender hand. "Madame, a cook may feel compassion for the chicken he prepares for the pot, but that does not prevent him from wringing its neck. I, too, am bound by such a duty."

Authority straightened his thin shoulders. He was a very neat little man, his black hair sleek, his mustache a regimented line that matched his eyebrows. He was of ancient race; his head was long, his nose sharp and thin, and his lips were full.

The visitor stood and smoothed down her cool linen frock, and Chafik said hastily, "A thousand pardons. My misplaced humor has angered you, Madame Atesian." He added softly, "Atesian, Helen. Maiden name, Duncan. Race, Scotch-Armenian. Married in 1944. . . . Your husband, Leon, is a distant cousin on your mother's side and twenty years your senior. You have one son, named David, born in 1945. And three days ago you left your husband."

Helen Atesian's lovely face paled. "You know everything."

Inspector Chafik was shocked. "That should be said only of God. My records are after the event, madame. Little things come to me, threads that I loom as a weaver a carpet. When you were announced I had but to turn to my index. The ink was hardly dry on a recent cross reference—"

The young woman sat down again. Color went on draining from her face until the skin was transparent; she wore no lipstick, and her sensitive mouth was pallid. She asked, "What was this cross reference?"

"It was a name. Ashford, Peter. Nationality, American. Date of arrival in Baghdad, last Tuesday. He is registered at the Regent Hotel. You were seen in his company and the fact was noted on his card. I beg forgiveness, but my profession spawns dossiers."

"What else do you know about him?"

"Nothing—yet—"

"He is my lover."

"Madame!" Inspector Chafik covered his ears.

"He *was* my lover," she corrected, and added simply: "My son has his fair hair. We met in the war. He was with the Americans at Abadan, and I lived in Basra. We were very young. So much in love." Helen Atesian proudly lifted her head and said, "This shocks you?"

The Inspector looked at her with wise and respectful eyes. "Love is only shocking to those who have never known it," he said. "But I still await the tragedy."

"Peter was sent away. He wanted to marry me before he left, but there were wartime restrictions—"

The little man said, "I have yet to learn whether war creates restrictions, or restrictions war. But you were about to say that when this Peter was reassigned, there was no knowledge of the child-to-be."

Helen Atesian's hand shook, spilling ash from her cigarette. Chafik studied her hands, slender, almost fragile, yet strong.

She said, "When I knew, I wrote to him. The letter was returned. Later I learned that he was missing in action, and might even have been killed."

The Inspector tidily (*Continued on page* 47)

"This is odd," Inspector Chafik said to Sergeant Abdullah when they entered the library where the dead man sat. "The body has not been disarranged"

Can the C.I.O. Get Rid of the

With fists clenched, the '49 convention faces the issue. But both Reds and non-Reds are ducking the blame for splintering the C.I.O.

I AM not selling subscriptions to the Daily Worker. Nor do I collect a percentage from any of the newsstands which peddle that organ of Communist doctrine. But it is a fact that my daily job—reporting the news on the labor front—would be a lot simpler if more Americans read what the Worker has to say.

Take the predictions that are being made about the eleventh annual convention of the C.I.O. which opens in Cleveland on the last day of October.

According to what the Kremlin calls "the capitalistic press," the dozen C.I.O. unions that are bossed by the Communists will walk out of the C.I.O. at the Cleveland meeting and form an entirely new labor union federation of their own.

But reading the Daily Worker gives an entirely different impression. The party line does not call for a Communist walkout at Cleveland. Quite the contrary. "Workers of the world unite!" is still a basic Communist slogan, and the illusion of all-out effort for labor unity must be preserved at all costs. The Commies will leave the C.I.O. only if they can blame the break on their enemies. In that event they will have a tightly controlled, easily maneuverable clique to do their bidding on an independent footing; but they will also leave an underground cell of troublemakers behind in the C.I.O.

The strategy of the Commies at Cleveland will be to provoke the right-wing majority of the C.I.O. into throwing them out. That was the purpose of the so-called "impossible demands" made by the September convention of the United Electrical Workers—the biggest, strongest and shrewdest Communist-dominated unit in organized labor today. But the men who are closest to C.I.O. boss Philip Murray say he won't fall for it no matter how mad he gets at the personal slanders the Stalin stooges have dredged up to besmirch his name.

"Why should we burn the house down in order to get rid of the termites?" is the way one Murray aide sums it up. His meaning is clear. Murray can't afford to take the blame for splitting the union movement, either.

The right-wing strategy at Cleveland, then, will be precisely the same as that of the left wing, except that it will be pointed in the opposite direction. The objective will be to provoke the Commies into quitting, taking with them the onus for dividing the labor forces, and isolating themselves in such unmistakable recalcitrance that non-Communist members of the unions they control will refuse to associate with them any longer.

What is most likely to happen at this historic convention is that the Communist unions will neither walk out nor be booted out. It is much more probable that the foes of the Commies will fashion new and more lethal weapons with which to carry on a war of attrition that is already well advanced. Between 1939 and 1946 the Reds came to dominate the policies and activities of half the C.I.O.'s 6,000,000 members. Today their control is whittled down to less than one sixth of the membership; it is confined to 12 of the C.I.O.'s 40 unions; and revolts of major proportions are brewing in three of the four biggest of those.

The number of individual Communists in the American labor movement always has been absurdly small. What has caused the furor is the number of union offices they have held. Their tenacity is such that it is naïve to assume their influence ever will be entirely eliminated. To uproot them as a threat will take at least a year and possibly two years or more. But that will be a short time indeed compared to the 12 years the Commies spent in consolidating their position. For, painful as the fact may be now to non-Communists, it is true that Commie organizers were in good part responsible for building up the C.I.O. There are some who contend that without the Commies there would not be a C.I.O. at all.

John L. Lewis, the man with the mountainous eyebrows, was the one who let them in. After he socked the Carpenters' Union chief, Bill Hutcheson, on the jaw and walked out of the 1935 convention of the American Federation of Labor to set up his Committee for Industrial Organization, Lewis needed zealots to agitate and orate against the tycoons of the steel, automobile and other mass-production industries.

Although he had routed the Commies out of his own United Mine Workers, and although Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky—his two chief lieutenants in forming the C.I.O.—had conducted similar house cleanings in the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and International Ladies Garment Workers as far back as the 1920s, Lewis was willing to take Reds and fellow travelers along with anyone else who would work for "vertical" versus the older "horizontal" unions. Like Henry of Navarre, he believed: "In a battle I make arrows from any wood." To a close associate who warned him then of the potential danger from Commie penetration, Lewis snorted, "It's the hunter, not the hounds, who gets the game."

Lenin's Dictum in Action

The party-liners performed, if anything, with even more devotion than Lewis had expected. But they were not devoted to him. They were zealously carrying out the dictum of Lenin, who in discussing Communist strategy and tactics, wrote:

"Every sacrifice must be made, the greatest obstacles must be overcome, in order to carry on agitation and propaganda systematically, perseveringly, persistently and patiently, precisely in those institutions . . . to which the masses belong . . . the trade-unions . . ."

Trained in high-sounding double-talk and parliamentary trickery, they arrived at meetings early—prepared with a plan of action—and they stayed late. If they were outnumbered, they wore down the objectors with long speeches, points of order, amendments to resolutions and amendments to amendments. Then, after opposing rank-and-filers left in boredom or disgust, the Commies whipped through their canned resolutions and elected hand-picked slates of officers.

With no more than one or 2 per cent of the total industrial union membership to work with at any time, they so perfected their tactics that within three years—at the 1938 convention where the Committee for Industrial Organization shed its temporary title and donned the more impressive name of Congress of Industrial Organizations—the pro-Communist bloc encompassed 18 of the 42 associated unions with approximately one fourth of the 4,000,000 dues payers.

Small Minority in Control

The National Maritime Union was taken over through the simple expedient of having trusted Comrades make a single trip to sea, thus becoming eligible for union membership. Thenceforth, these "sailors" stayed ashore and spent their time at union meetings—agitating, haranguing, debating, and howling down opposition with organized booing squads. If roughstuff were needed, they dished it out, too. Years later, when Joe Curran shifted his foghorn voice from the left to the right corner of his mouth, he discovered that among his 80,000 members there were about 500 Commies. Yet one out of every five of these was an officer of the union. They held 107 of the 150 elective posts.

Within each union they penetrated, the Commies went after the key jobs—legal counselor, newspaper editor, publicity director, educational director, secretary-treasurer—thus assuring themselves a firm grip on the administrative machinery. Non-Communist officers who seemed willing to string along were supplied with a complete "valet service"—prewritten speeches on any subject, ego inflation and "spontaneous" plaudits from the rank and file. All that was expected in return was "co-operation."

What "co-operation" really meant can best be judged by an incident related by Jim Carey, who is secretary-treasurer of the C.I.O. and a vigorous anti-Red. Carey had agreed to appear at a rally in the winter of 1940 denouncing the execution by the Russians of two German Socialists. On the day of the meeting he was barraged by telephone calls and telegrams from C.I.O. left-wing leaders demanding that he renege. That evening, while Carey was at dinner, the phone rang once again. Carey picked up the receiver and shouted into the mouthpiece:

"All right, Morris, let's have your protest!"

At the other end of the line, Morris Muster, then president of the United Furniture Workers, gasped, "How did you know it was me?"

"All the other Commies have already protested," Carey said.

Muster actually wasn't a Communist and later, fed up with the party-liners, he attempted to buck the Commie influence. Under a savage attack of slander, he finally resigned in disgust.

COMMIES?

• YES, says writer Sam Stavisky, who covers the Labor beat for the authoritative Washington Post. But he predicts that the fight to cast off the Communists will be a long and desperate battle between the Murray and the radical wings of the C.I.O. This article fills in the background of a long-time struggle which is of vital concern to *every* citizen of the United States. The issue is whether a fanatical and very vocal group, which is a definite minority, can usurp control of one of the nation's great labor federations. Mr. Stavisky has been reporting national affairs for the past 12 years, with time out as wartime combat correspondent

By SAM STAVISKY

By 1939 the Commie invasion had engulfed the United Auto Workers, and the Kremlin's remote-control manipulation of unions within the C.I.O. was strong enough to produce a major split over support of President Roosevelt and his program of aid to Britain in 1940. Murray, Hillman and Carey backed F.D.R. and England against the Hitler-Stalin coalition. Lewis, an isolationist and an Anglophobe, supported the Commies and the fellow travelers, whose fundamental beliefs he hated. That fall he stepped down as boss of the C.I.O., designating Murray as his rightful heir.

The fight to clean out the Reds began at that convention, the C.I.O.'s third. Hillman introduced a resolution to bar Commies from office in the organization. Lewis blocked its passage after the leftists expressed their gratitude to him by organizing a "spontaneous" demonstration for his re-election against his own candidate, "warmonger" Murray. Lewis responded with a denial of charges that the Commies were a dangerous influence in the C.I.O.

Phil Murray, the pleasant soft-spoken Scotsman, had fought the Commies in the miners' union, as a Lewis lieutenant. From the earliest days of the C.I.O. he had balked Red infiltration of the United Steelworkers by carefully screening his organizers. Now he demanded that Lewis give him a free hand to deal with the leftists in his accustomed way.

'41 Flip-Flap Stalled Purge

Theoretically, Murray got the free hand he wanted. But for practical purposes there was little he could do with it. For along with the C.I.O. presidency he inherited Lee Pressman who, the right-wingers insisted, was kingpin of the pro-Communist apparatus in the C.I.O. And Hitler's invasion of Russia in 1941 put a temporary end to overt Commie obstruction on the American scene, thus forestalling any aggressive antidote to undercover connivance.

"Overnight," Murray observed, "they raised me to sainthood."

Some silly things happened in the course of this Commie flip-flap. For example: Not knowing Hitler's intentions, the Red-dominated executive board of the United Electrical Workers passed resolutions on the day of the attack on Russia denouncing the "imperialistic" war and demanding American neutrality. At the time, young Carey, who had helped found the union, dismissed the incident as a stupendous joke. Later he had reason to think it was not so funny.

A left-wing coup engineered by dark, handsome Jim Matles and hatchet-faced Julius Empsak, unseated Carey as UE president while he was throwing his energy into building the C.I.O. The ostensible issues on which he was defeated were his "absentee" presidency and "warmongering." The real cause of his Commie opposition was Carey's insistence on interpreting the union constitution to permit local units to bar Communists from office. The day after the election Carey was approached by a delegate whose vote had thrown an important local against him. The man, who was not a Communist, explained that he had voted against Carey because the latter had done "a mean thing."

"You postponed the meeting of the UE executive board for a week in order to have the board meet and pass a resolution denouncing the war in Europe on the very day that Hitler invaded Europe," the delegate declared. "It was a mean thing to embarrass your colleagues so."

Only then did Carey become fully aware of the extent to which the Commies had twisted facts in their propaganda. Here was a supposedly intelligent union leader who had been convinced by the Reds that Carey had foreknowledge of Hitler's attack on the Soviet!

Actually, the postponement the delegate referred to had been requested by Matles—not Carey.

With Carey out, the electrical workers' union became the darling of the Communist party. Less than 500 Commies told its 500,000 members what to do. Leftist control of the C.I.O. tightened to include half the total membership that year, and grew steadily stronger until 1945.

In the earlier years, the Commie expansion had benefited by the confusion and apathy existing among the union rank and file. The confusion persisted, but the apathy was gone. Insurrectionists had arisen in the Newspaper Guild in 1941, and its leader, Milt Murray, joined with Emil Rieve of the Textile Workers in 1943 in an appeal to Phil Murray to let them make open warfare against the Reds in the C.I.O. convention.

The request was turned down after President Roosevelt asked the C.I.O. chief to the White House for cocktails. The conversation there, according to a Murray associate, consisted mainly of a Roosevelt admonition that there was always the possibility that the Russian armies might consider suing for a separate peace with the Germans; and that, therefore, any anti-Communist outburst in this country would be unfortunate.

The end of the war also brought an end to such doubts, and the foes of the Commies at last were free to act. Redheaded Walter Reuther, who had fought Commie tactics behind the scenes of the auto workers all through the war, stepped out in 1946 and wrested control of that union from the leftists. Midway in the struggle, the Reds showed how far they were willing to go.

It was a few days after the Japanese surrender. Reuther called a strike at General Motors for the first postwar round of wage increases. A fact-finding board appointed by the White House recommended a raise of 19½ cents an hour. The motor workers were mentally adding that sum to their pay checks when the electrical workers, who had been carrying on their own wage fight with General Motors, suddenly settled for 18½ cents an hour.

That amount became a standard which Reuther had to accept just 10 days before the auto workers' convention opened. The Commies figured their maneuver would discredit him. But it didn't work out that way. Instead, Reuther won the auto union presidency and encouraged right-wing revolts throughout the C.I.O.

Joe Curran turned against the Commies who had raised him to the leadership of the National Maritime Union ten years before.

Right-wing rank-and-filers uprooted the Reds from domination of the United Shoe Workers. The Gas, Coke and Chemical Workers overthrew its Commie bosses. The Woodworkers followed.

Open Break Over Wallace

At the C.I.O. convention of 1946 cautious Phil Murray himself put through a resolution declaring that the delegates "resent and reject" efforts of the Communist party to interfere in C.I.O. affairs. In 1947 he backed the Marshall Plan. In 1948 he led the right wing in a clear-cut break with the party-liners over Henry Wallace and the third party.

The Commies and fellow travelers were now out in the open. "Red Mike" Quill, fiery head of the Transport Workers Union, a faithful fellow traveler for many years, turned sharply to the right when the party line insisted on a five-cent fare for New York City's transit system at a time when a 10-cent fare was essential to winning a pay raise for TWU.

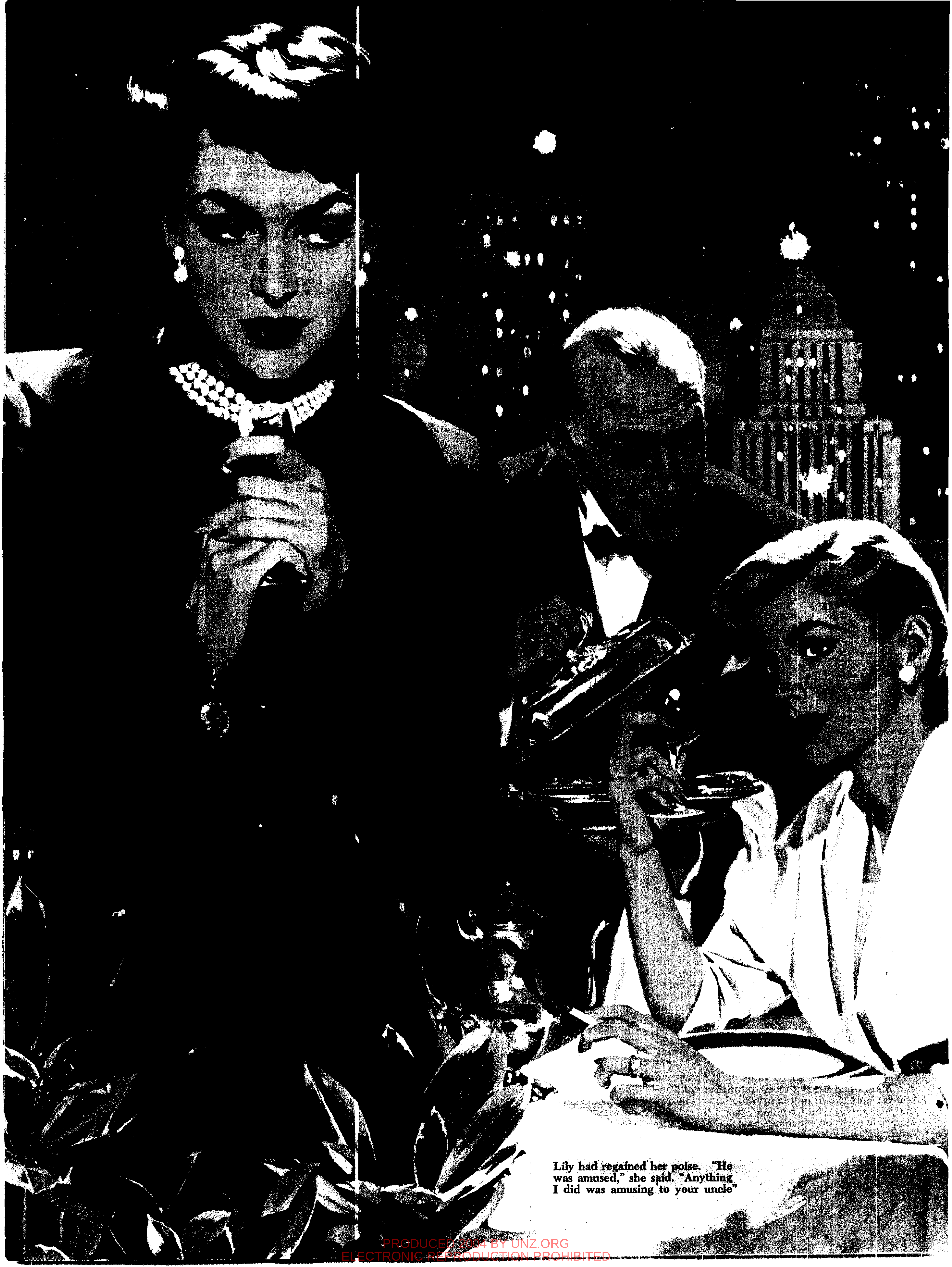
Twelve left-wing unions stuck with Wallace. They are still fighting the Marshall Plan today. By their own estimates of their membership—which are almost invariably high—they now control less than 1,000,000 workers. This is the line-up:

Left: United Electrical Workers; American Communications Association; Farm Equipment Workers; Food, Tobacco and Agricultural Workers; Fur and Leather Workers; Furniture Workers; International Fishermen; West Coast Longshoremen; Marine Cooks and Stewards; Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers; Office and Professional Workers; United Public Workers.

Right: United Steelworkers; United Auto Workers; Amalgamated Clothing Workers; Textile Workers; Communications Workers; National Maritime Union; Transport Workers Union; United Rubber Workers; Oil Workers; American Newspaper Guild; Barbers Union; Brewery Workers; Gas, Coke and Chemical Workers; Glass Workers; Amalgamated Lithographers; Marine Engineers; Shipbuilding Workers; Optical Workers; United Paperworkers; Retail and Wholesale Store Employees; Jewelry Workers; American Radio Association; Shoe Workers; Stone Workers; Transport Service Employees; Packing House Workers; Utility Workers; Woodworkers.

Once hesitant and conciliatory, Phil Murray has gone all out on the anti-Commie front since November, 1948. "I am sick, I am sore, I am tired of these subtle maneuverings . . . to undermine the interests of this mighty labor organization," he said then. He was sicker, sorer

(Continued on page 80)



Lily had regained her poise. "He was amused," she said. "Anything I did was amusing to your uncle"

A DINNER FOR LILY

By BARBARA CORRIGAN

Somehow the meal stirred an old memory—and something happened to the perfect poise of Lily, sleek darling of the fashionable world

THE main salon at Lily Costigan's is expensively hushed, with quilted velvet walls and lush carpeting. I heard Lily before I saw her.

"Alice, *chérie!*" She was running toward me, a tiny figure in a cerise frock. "Little one!" The top of Lily's sleek dark head comes to my chin.

"Hello, Lil!" I kissed the end of her nose.

"I am overcome." Lily's arm linked mine. "I am mad with delight!" She steered me toward a door at the rear. Midway she halted and narrowed critical brows at a model parading white satin and tulle before a sulky girl in a crumpled trench coat. "I think, Antoinette, this is too conventional for Miss Vandercook. Perhaps the medieval costume? She is the type, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Antoinette nodded and whisked away. Miss Vandercook preened a lank fringe of bangs and looked pleased.

"What customers won't swallow!" Lily whispered, thrusting me ahead of her into an office decorated in vibrant shades of salmon and kingfisher blue. "Oh, darling," she spoke in a normal voice as the door swung to behind us, "it's so wonderful to see you! It's been eight years!" She made a small face. "Family prejudice, I suppose?"

"Just family," I denied. "Two boys and a girl."

"Let me look at you!" Lily pulled me down beside her on a cushioned window seat. "Three children and still a size twelve!" She lingered over the details of my best tailored tweeds. "Lincolnville Bon Ton Shoppe," she sighed finally. "Never mind. I shall find you something entirely perfect."

"Not on my budget," I objected. "Wives of struggling young doctors can't afford clothes by Lily Costigan."

"You can afford anything I have and you know it!" Lily snapped. "But please let's not argue about it now. I want to hear all about Lincolnville."

"Uncle Phil's fine," I began.

A slight flush crept over Lily's pale cheeks. "I'm glad," she disposed of Uncle Phil briskly. "Now about you, Alice. Where are you staying? I would insist you come to me, but my apartment is being redecorated."

"We're at the Kendall."

"We?" Again the smooth planes of her face colored.

"Uncle Phil's here on business."

"I don't want to see him, Alice!"

"You needn't," I said.

One of three telephones rang and Lily unerringly burrowed through the litter of sketches on her desk to the proper instrument. The conversation was embarrassingly laden with references to myself. Evidently her caller refused to believe Lily had a niece old enough to interfere with a theater and supper engagement. When she'd hung up, I remarked belatedly that I hoped she hadn't changed her plans on my account, that there was a movie I wanted to see at the Radio City Music Hall.

"A movie on your first night in New York?" Lily protested. "Oh, no, my child! We'll eat somewhere small and outrageously chic, and—"

"Why not have dinner with me at the hotel, Lily," I interrupted, "where we can really talk? I suspect my current wardrobe isn't suitable to anyplace chicquer than a one-arm restaurant. I promise to get rid of Uncle Phil."

Lily hesitated, but apparently the risk of encountering her ex-husband was outweighed by her mental picture of the Bon Ton version of "a nice little basic black dress." "All right," she decided. "About seven?"

"Swell!" I stood up. "I'll go along now and let you get back to work."

I took the taxi the doorman called for me and rode down to the Modern Museum. Clutching a catalogue I conscientiously toured the galleries, and was limping when I found a vacant bench in the garden and eased off my pumps.

Warm, slanting rays of early autumn sunshine made my tweeded shoulders itch, carried me back across a dozen years to the dingy flat above the drugstore and my first meeting with Lily Andre . . .

I HAD been standing on a footstool, in a pink organdy dress which scratched horridly under the arms, in front of the pier glass in Madame Andre's combined dining-sewing room, wishing I were dead. I was almost fourteen. I was going to a dancing-school party where mine would be the only dress with sleeves.

My misery was so acute that I didn't notice Lily's entrance; I was not aware of her presence until her image appeared beside mine in the mirror. She wore a starchy middy blouse and a voluminous, pleated serge skirt. Her hair was tightly plaited and looped on her nape with green and gold ribbons, the colors of Sacred Heart Academy. In the dim gentility of half-lowered blinds she looked dwarfed and prematurely old. By contrast, the rosy glow that the pink organdy lent my fair skin and sandy hair seemed less repulsively healthy.

Madame Andre stabbed a final pin in my hem, and arose from her knees. "Now, Lily," she directed, "you will show Alice your *bébés* while I fit Madame."

Lily bobbed a curtsy to Mother and led me to a narrow cubicle furnished with an iron bedstead and a single chair. A dozen cheap bisque dolls were arranged along the window sill. They were magnificently gowned in scraps of every conceivable fabric. I have never had a particular flair for fashion but Lily's genius, even in miniature, was unmistakable.

I touched a robe-de-style of deep mauve brocade. "This is from Gran's slip covers, isn't it?"

"Yes. Isn't it beautiful? Your *grandmère* is rich, is she not?"

"I guess so," I hedged.

Lily was unabashed. "*Maman* says she lives all alone in a house of twenty rooms."

"Well," I defended, "Uncle Phil lives with her when he's home. He's Mother's younger brother. And there's Henry, her houseman. And Dad's always scolding her for dipping into her principal. I don't think she's so awfully rich."

I went on trying to span the gap between our worlds. Already I had fallen under Lily's spell. She listened with flattering attention.

Toward the end of our visit she told me something about herself. She was older than I had thought—sixteen, and had been born in France. When she was seven her father had used all that was left of his wife's dowry to pay their passage to New York, where he had been offered a position with an art dealer. Within a month of their arrival he had caught pneumonia and died, leaving Madame Andre a legacy of doctor's bills and pawn tickets for paintings nobody would buy.

"He was a good man, my *papa*," Lily concluded, "only not practical. *Maman* and I, we are the practical ones."

Mother boasted to the members of her bridge club about the inspired little Frenchwoman she had discovered, who had transformed two dismally dated dinner ensembles into a vastly becoming pair of hostess pajamas. I asked her if I might ask Lily to my birthday party. She said, "Yes, of course, dear, anyone you like."

On the evening of the party, Lily wore a white crepe version of her convent uniform, high-necked and hot-looking for an early September night. The other guests, all alike in crisp cottons and loosely curled page boys, clustered at the opposite end of the sun porch. They made no attempt to include Lily in their chatter. I was dank with relief when Uncle Phil's arrival summoned me out into the hall. He had brought me his present, a sapphire bracelet.

"Mother won't let me wear jewelry yet," I mourned, "but I can just look at it! It's lovely, Uncle Phil!"

"And so are you, baby." He returned my hug. He was in dinner clothes, mess jacket and dark trousers. He looked handsome for an uncle.

"Come in and give the girls a thrill," I coaxed.

UNCLE PHIL glanced through the arch. "Sorry, chick. I have to run along—" He broke off. Under the circumstances I couldn't miss the direction of his gaze. Lily was sitting alone on a needlepoint sofa, hands quiet in her lap. The simpering self-consciousness of the younger girls made her immobility the more arresting.

"On second thought," Uncle Phil said lightly, "what are you having for supper?"

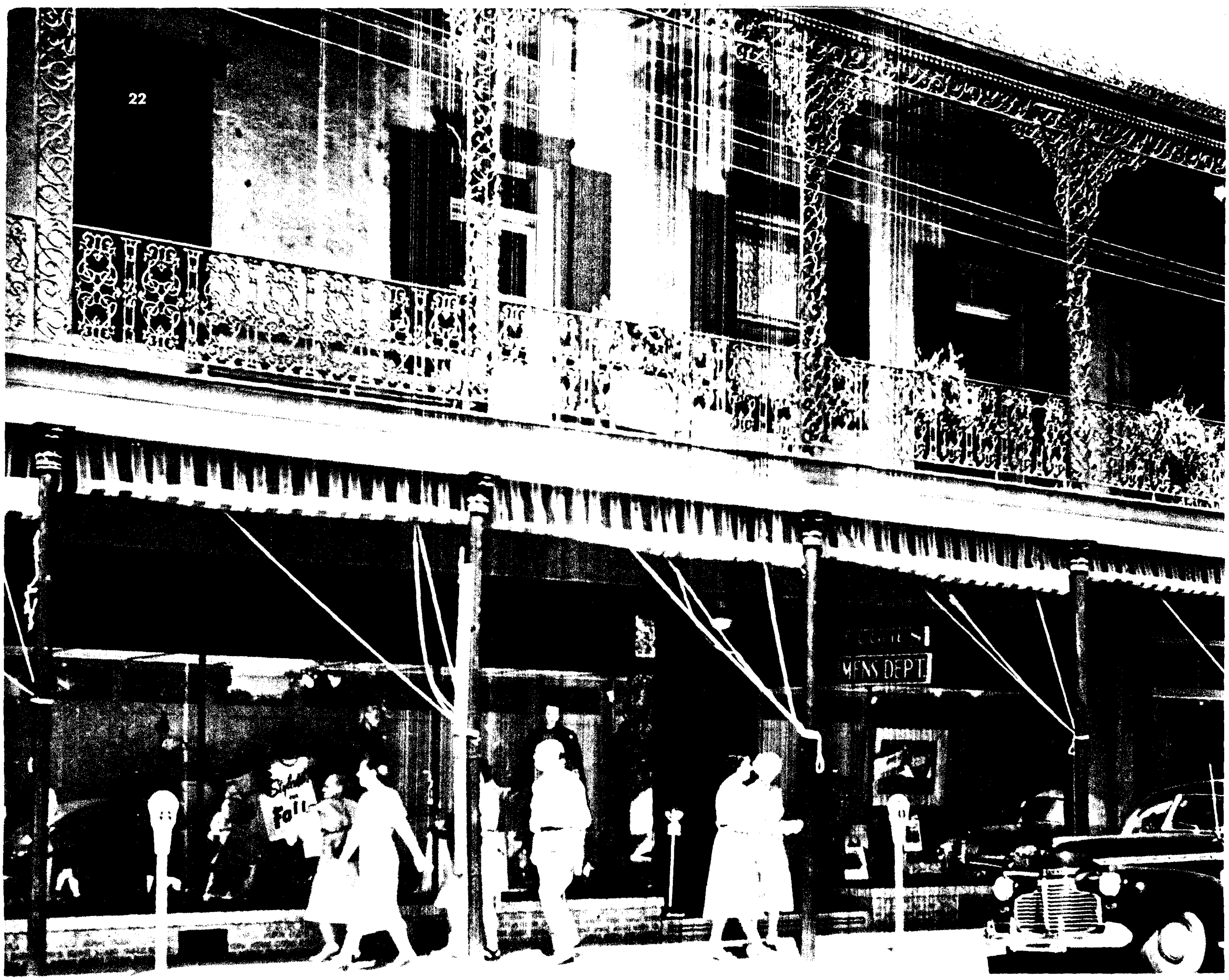
"Chicken salad and fudge sundaes, mostly," I replied.

My uncle winced. "Delicious!"

But he stayed, and the party was a tremendous success. His anecdotes about the weird people and places he'd seen in his travels collapsed all of us, except Lily, into fits of helpless giggling. Lily merely smiled until, absently, he said something in French. Then she answered him in the same language, and *he* laughed.

He served her plate from the buffet. There was nothing ethereal about Lily's appetite and he refilled her plate again and again, sat beside her while she ate. When Madame Andre came to fetch her at ten *(Continued on page 71)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN



JOHN GASQUET

The Elks' Club on Front Street boasts a particularly fine example of the antique wrought-iron "lace" decorating the store fronts and old homes of Natchitoches

Mary Gunn, 16, is a descendant of the Prudhommes, one of the oldest, "inner circle" families

PAUL DORSEY

When the [illegible] Was Called

"SMITH"

They just couldn't pronounce Natchitoches —a disturbing fact to the proud residents of the Louisiana Territory's oldest colony

By JAMES ASWELL

PAUL GORSEY

Debutante Lallah Cunningham poses on a spiral staircase imported from France during the 18th century

URING the war thousands of soldiers on maneuvers in north central Louisiana gave up trying to pronounce Natchitoches (population 10,000, chamber of commerce estimate) and unofficially changed its name to Smith.

This cavalier treatment annoyed Natchitocheans. Their pride in whipping out the name with casual precision may be topped by the natives of—say Xochihuehuetlan, Mexico, but this is doubtful. Uttered by a native or by a devoted *aficionado* who has spent years learning how, it first falls on the unaccustomed ear like a sneeze. "Nak-a-tush," it is, said very rapidly without stress on any syllable.

In recent years, for the benefit of furriners and frantic long-distance operators, a second pronunciation has been tolerated: slow and clear now—"Nak-a-tosh."

Natchitoches is the oldest white settlement in the 13 states of what was the Louisiana Purchase. No civic patriot ever forgets that or allows anyone else at hand to forget it. That goes especially for visitors from Johnny-come-lately New Orleans which did not get under way until 1718, four full years after Natchitoches was founded as a frontier trading post by Louis Juchereau de St. Denis.

There is no other town in Louisiana which resembles Natchitoches physically, and certainly no town in the United States is so sure of its nationwide fame and historic significance and yet so apt to be unheard-of by an increasing number of Americans beyond a 200-mile radius from the center of the town.

How could any literate citizen fail to be aware of the name and location of the oldest town in the Louisiana Purchase? The question baffles really careful historians, especially historians domiciled in Natchitoches.

Natchitocheans take their prominence for granted. The immense satisfaction derived by its citizens from the town's antiquity is difficult to communicate. It does not take the form of brash boosterism, but is more a quiet complacence. Less than a month ago I heard a man talking about a job he had been offered in a distant city, promising more money and leisure than his Natchitoches chores.

"But of course," he said judicially, weighing the offer, "I would lose the prestige value of living in Natchitoches."

Natchitoches is a beautiful town hugging the banks of 36-mile-long Cane River Lake, which used to be the main channel of Red River until that stream ungenerously changed its course between 1825 and 1832. The switch brought about a curious circumstance. Up to that time Natchitoches actually had been the most celebrated community in the Louisiana territory, by virtue of the fact that it lay at the navigation head where a natural log jam which had been accumulating for centuries made further penetration upstream on the Red impossible.

But when the Red River changed its main bed at the village of Grand Ecore, four miles north of Natchitoches, and carved out a new route that rejoined the old course far downstream, all of this was altered. Natchitoches, left orphaned on a measly trickle, was bereft of river commerce and Grand Ecore became for a time the metropolis of the river. It was not until the twentieth century that the anemic river to Natchitoches was dammed and converted into the lovely Cane River Lake.

Natchitoches has never been aware of her eclipse, although even before the War between the States steamboats, flatboats and keelboats changed the consignment designation for cargo and passengers from "Natchitoches and Up-River Points," to "Grand Ecore and Up-River Points."

Natchitoches today is on no main highway. No air line has a stop there. The Texas and Pacific Railway does, but it has the additional distinction of stopping everywhere else, so travel in any direction is on the poky side. Nevertheless, no one in Natchitoches thinks he lives in anything other than a veritable crossroads of tourism.

French-Spanish Culture Prevails

Natchitoches is much more remarkable because of its peculiarities, which the natives never consider, than for being the oldest town in the Purchase, a fact which they never forget. For instance, the place is an island of French-Spanish culture in Protestant, Anglo-Saxon north Louisiana. The citizens of Natchitoches are not only different from the English-Irish-Scandinavian stock of their section but also from the Gallic people of southern Louisiana.

There is a sharp contrast between the Cajun-Creole French of south Louisiana and the French of Natchitoches. The Cajuns came down from Canada. The Natchitoches French convey the impression that they have just arrived from Cherbourg and Marseille.

The Cajuns are notably friendly to strangers and quick to set out the *café rosé* on the slightest pretext—or on no pretext, except perhaps that a cloud has passed over the sun and the day is obviously failing. But not so the Prudhommes, Cloutiers, Breazeales, Tauzins, De Blieux, and half a dozen other families of the Natchitoches elite. Compared to them, the Lodges and the Cabots of New England are hail-fellows-well-met types.

The first families of Natchitoches are not snobbish in any sense known to the East. They simply enjoy one another's company. When it is pointed out that their ancestors were often blacksmiths, carpenters and private soldiers, they swell the more with pride. The *original* town required blacksmiths, carpenters and private soldiers. And, in case you have forgotten, this is the oldest white settlement in Louisiana.

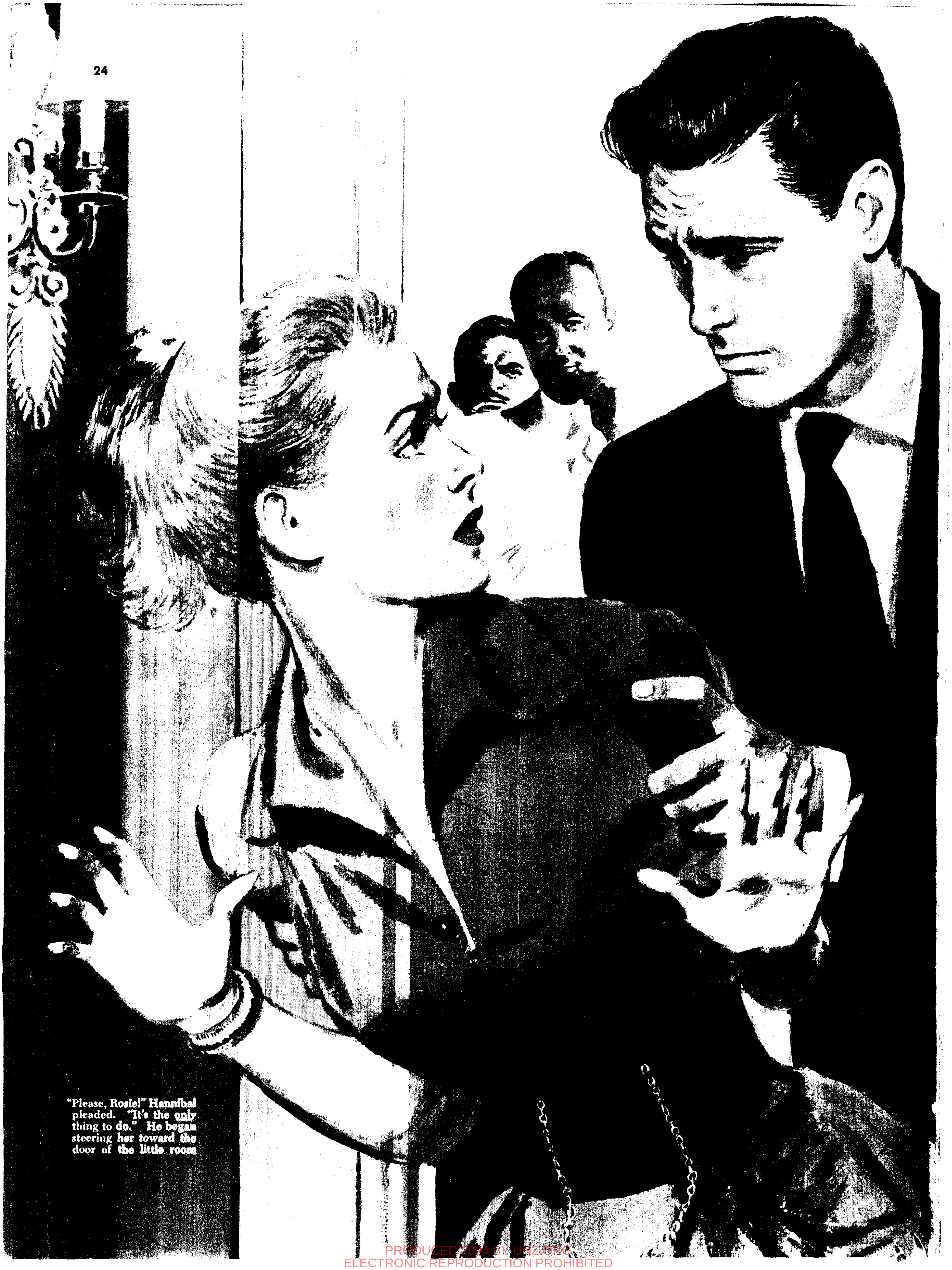
The fact that only about 10 families associate freely and on equal terms makes it a little hard on new arrivals in the community, such as professors and their families. Natchitoches is the seat of Northwestern State College, but the school enters amazingly little into the life of the town, except when the townsfolk decide they disapprove of an incumbent college president and set forth in motor caravans to the state capital to have his scalp.

I have seen a professor's wife in tears because of her inability to crack the corpuscular blue curtain of the town. One of the patriarchs was heard to refer to a leading businessman, who had been a resident for 41 years, as "that new fellow." I have heard this same story told of Maine society, but of course the "new fellow" in the Maine yarn had only 22 years' standing.

Natchitoches lives in another pretty illusion: that Natchitoches is an "artists' and writers' colony," brimming over with glamorous characters in smocks and berets who exude intellectuality.

Natchitoches does look like an artists' and writers' colony, being as picturesque as a post-card Alp. It ought to be an artists' and writers' colony. So it imagines itself to be one and has succeeded in disseminating this fantasy widely among those who have heard of the town. As far away as New Orleans, where French Quarter artists and writers are a tourist attraction second only to the strip teasers, a certain petty

(Continued on page 46)



"Please, Rosie!" Hannibal pleaded. "It's the only thing to do." He began steering her toward the door of the little room

BOOTLEGGER'S TREASURE

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS and NELL O'DAY

Continuing the story of a joy ride into danger

The Story: The Maine fishing village of Abel's Harbor was about as exciting as prune whip for young DR. HANNIBAL JACKSON until brash and beautiful ROSALIE WILKINS sought his aid for her uncle, the famous baritone NORMAN RICHARD JOHNS. Hannibal's own concoction, "Pikerole," fixed the golden larynx. Then Rosie took over Hannibal's jumbled business affairs—not to mention his heart.

On a picnic Rosie told him about her childhood in Abel's Harbor and how she used to search for the fabled hidden loot of the late DOC CARTWRIGHT, noted rum-runner. She also mentioned the strange group of "gentlemen sportsmen" who had just rented the mansion on Cutler's Point.

Later Hannibal treated the sprained ankle of MR. ARCHIBALD, an elusive butterfly collector he and Rosie had seen on near-by Cain's Island. He saw him after a few days in the post office; he also saw one of the men from the Cutler place, and TIPPECANOE, a local eccentric.

Shortly after this three things happened: Mr. Archibald was found dead, presumably a suicide; Rosie got miffed at Hannibal's impracticality and walked out; and Hannibal was summoned to Cutler's Point on an emergency. On the way, in the big plum-colored limousine with bullet-proof windows, Hannibal happened to put his hand in a sticky mess on the seat. It was blood.

PART TWO OF FOUR PARTS

HANNIBAL didn't even try to speak, but edged back into the corner of the seat, dabbing at the stain on his hand with his handkerchief. If the chauffeur noticed his action in the mirror, he gave no indication of having done so, but drove stolidly on. The dusk was deepening quickly; but if Hannibal had been less intensely preoccupied with his discovery inside the speeding limousine, there was still light enough outside for him to have seen Rosie sitting pensively in her yellow convertible at the side of the road in front of Uncle Norman's house.

As it was, however, he saw nothing. But Rosie did catch a fleeting glimpse of Hannibal—his familiar profile looking oddly rigid and pale through the car window. Even before she could be certain it was he, the plum-colored limousine had swept around a corner and out of sight along the road to the point....

While Hannibal sat thinking wildly scattered and unproductive thoughts about the party of gentlemen sportsmen he was being rushed to attend, the gentlemen themselves were less idly engaged. In the cavernous Victorian living room of the Cutler summer mansion on the point, three men sat silent, listening to a fourth, a big, square-set man of forty-five or so, who paced nervously back and forth along the edge of the carpet and made no effort to control the anger in his voice. He was addressing himself chiefly to the one who lay propped up on a sofa with his shirt off, gingerly applying first aid to a bullet wound in his right side.

"Frankie, you got brains in your head like I got in my feet!" the big man said scornfully. "I set up a nice clean job for you, everything worked out. A baby could have pulled it off. Then just to make sure, I send two of you—not one, two—and still you have to go and get yourself shot like you were a clay pigeon. Now we got to get a doctor in from the town to go snooping around our business, all on account of you."

Frankie, a round-faced, blond man, younger than the other, looked up unhappily from his ineffectual cosseting of his injury. "But, boss, how was I supposed to know Arch had a gun on him?"

"How were you supposed to know, you dumb Armenian?" the big man cried. "Who do you think you were dealing with, some eagle scout or other? Arch Roper was the busiest finger man Cartwright ever had on his staff in the old days. He even used to sleep with his heater under his pajamas, and now you ask me questions like that. You're just lucky you've only got a little hole in you instead of being dead, is all. Arch managed to sell the rubes around here he's some kind of a butterfly chaser named Archibald, that's no reason he's got to sell you on it too."

"But I keep telling you there isn't anything to worry about, Dillon," Frankie said plaintively. "After all, I'm the one that got shot, not you, you know. We did everything just like you said. Arch only got in one shot, then Ernie cleaned him off. We switched the guns so the one in Arch's hand will match the slug. We cleaned up the stains. We put the note Harry wrote right on the table where they can't miss it—"

"And that note," interrupted Harry, a gaunt, cadaverous-looking man with a neat waxed mustache, "is one hundred per cent guaranteed. I don't like to have to say it myself, but in a lifetime of penmanship work I don't remember an all-around cleaner job. There was a capital G in the second line...."

"All right, Harry, all right," Dillon said impatiently, "the note was all right."

Harry shrugged, a trifle haughtily, poured himself a tepid drink of whisky and water with which he washed down two enormous pills. As he set down the bottle, it was taken out of his hand by the fourth man, the wiry dark man in the sharp plaid suit whom Hannibal had seen a few days earlier in the post office. He poured himself a large drink and had drunk off half of it before Dillon crossed the room and snatched it.

"Cut that out, Ernie!" Dillon said angrily.

Two brilliant spots of color appeared on Ernie's sallow cheeks as he glared up at Dillon. "Keep your meathooks in your pockets," he said fiercely. "You been making a lot of noise about what a bad job me and Frankie done. If you don't like the way I work maybe you should have got yourself another boy."

Dillon grasped Ernie by the lapels of his tony suit. "Listen to me, you small-time porch climber," he said. "You never had it so good and you know it. The only reason you're in this high-class organization is because you used to work in Cartwright's cannon group, and don't forget it. I heard you were quick with guns; I heard you used to fly Cartwright's plane for him around this coast when he was moving sauce down from Canada in the old days, and that's what you're doing here, nothing else."

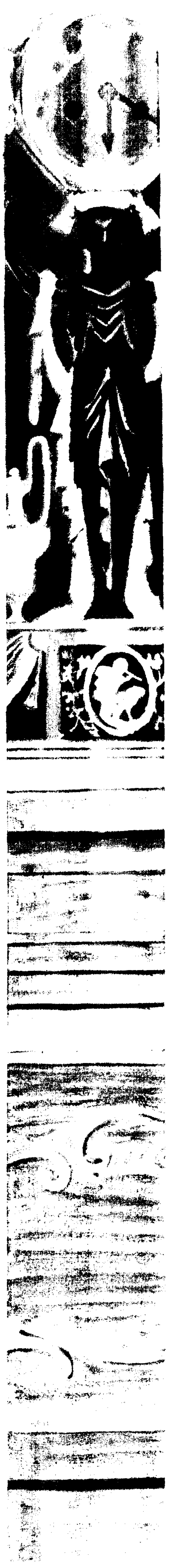
Ernie lowered his eyes, and said sullenly, "You don't have to get tough about it."

But Dillon wasn't through. "Listen to me, little man in the pretty suit," he said deliberately, "you've never seen me get tough. I want to tell you something. I want to tell all of you, while I'm telling. Get this into your heads and don't forget it. This job isn't just any old job for me. This is the *one* job of my whole career, since the good days. Doc Cartwright thought New York wasn't big enough for the two of us, and he finally squeezed me off the island. Then he squeezed me out of the Bronx, using any kind of dirty tactics he could think of, then out of Brooklyn. And then—then he even squeezed me out of Passaic, New Jersey!" Dillon's voice was unsteady as he reviewed his bitter memories.

He continued: "Well, one day they fried Doc, and Arch Roper got ten to twenty years.

"I began to plan how I was going to get hold of Doc's pile. I knew it was plenty. I found out he'd put it all into one handful of big sparkling stones like *(Continued on page 38)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON



Pilotless Fighter Plane

Guided missiles made of fabric and steel can intercept the jet-powered enemy bombers of the future. Here's a convincing argument that machines are about to outdistance us mortals

SIMPLY take the components," the owlish-looking aeronautical engineer said, "and put them together. We have them now. We have parts of the V-1 and parts of the V-2 plus parts of our own experimental gadgets. We have the proximity fuse. We have radar. We have the turbojet engine. We even have a new fuel for it. Put them together; put the components together"—he paused—"and you have your new kind of air war."

So I put the components together—on paper—and here is what I came up with. It may be the fighter plane of tomorrow.

This plane is about 12 feet long, just the length of your automobile. Its fuselage is startlingly slim and its fragile wings have a peculiar, uplifted tilt much like those of a dragonfly skimming across a pond.

It doesn't need a concrete runway, but takes off from a kind of railroad track which can be laid down anywhere in a few hours. Since it carries no pilot, the little ship needs none of the equipment a pilot needs today: a cockpit, for instance. Or oxygen paraphernalia. Or a radio transmitter. Or maps or navigation devices. It carries no guns, no bombs, no rockets. It has no armament. The only metal in the ship is in the nose, in the engine and on the leading edges of the wings. All the rest is fabric.

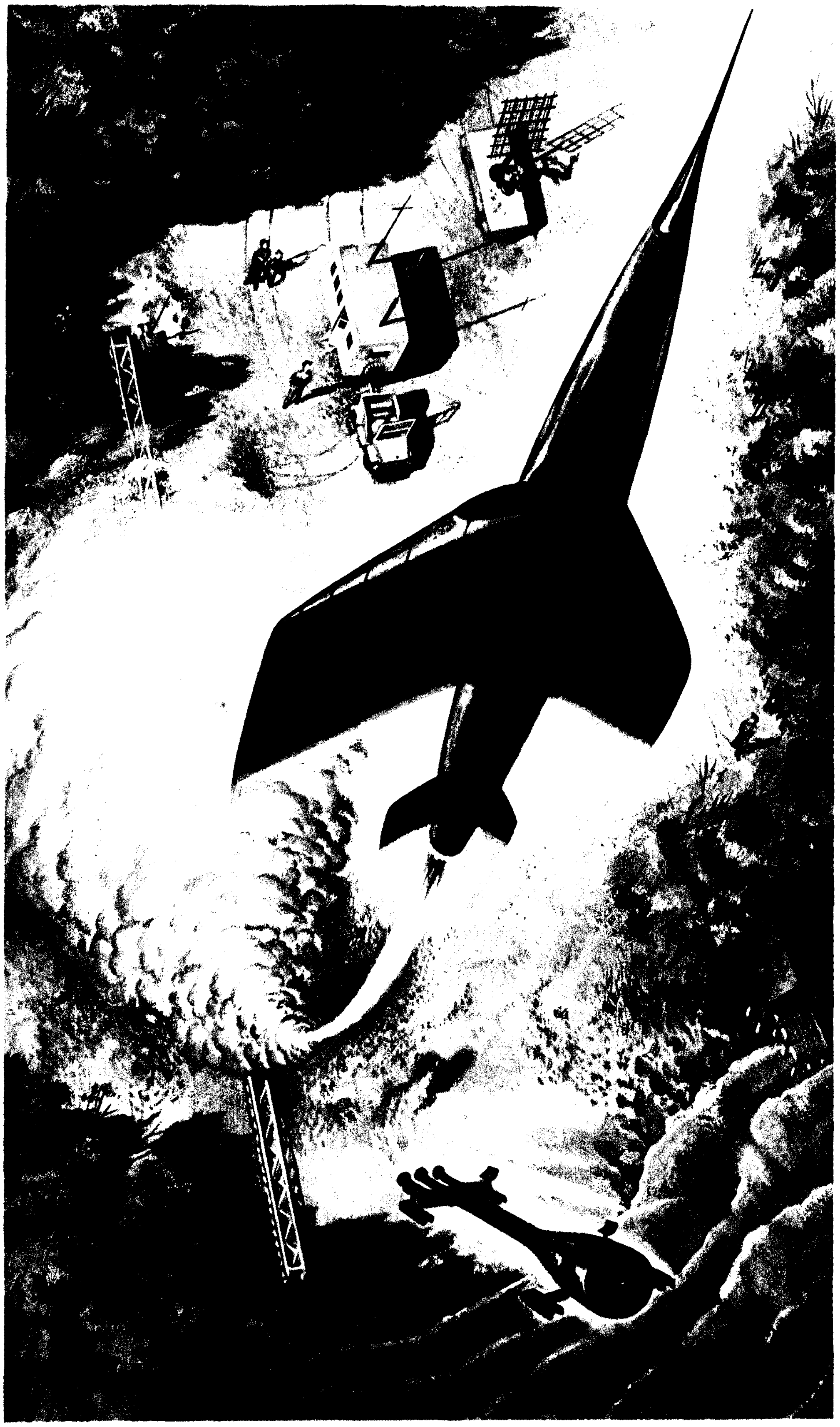
A man seated in a control tower half a mile away from the railway track pokes at some switches in front of him. The turbojet engine in the little plane responds, turning over steadily faster until it is howling in the characteristic wail of the jet. Suddenly, because it is so lightly loaded, the plane starts screaming down the track and is airborne. As it leaves the ground it automatically jettisons its wheels.

Still guided by the man in the tower, the plane speeds up to and beyond the pace of sound. But even while it is hitting better than 700 miles per hour, it doesn't turn and veer in the manner of piloted aircraft. It flies straight for its target, the enemy bomber coming in at 38,000 feet which was spotted by ground radar.

Two miles from the bomber, the little plane takes over control of its own direction by means of a tiny radar set in its nose. It automatically chokes off the signals coming from the ground, where a small light on an instrument panel tells the tower the little ship has found its target.

From that moment the bomber acts like a gigantic, irresistible magnet and thus becomes the agent of its own destruction.

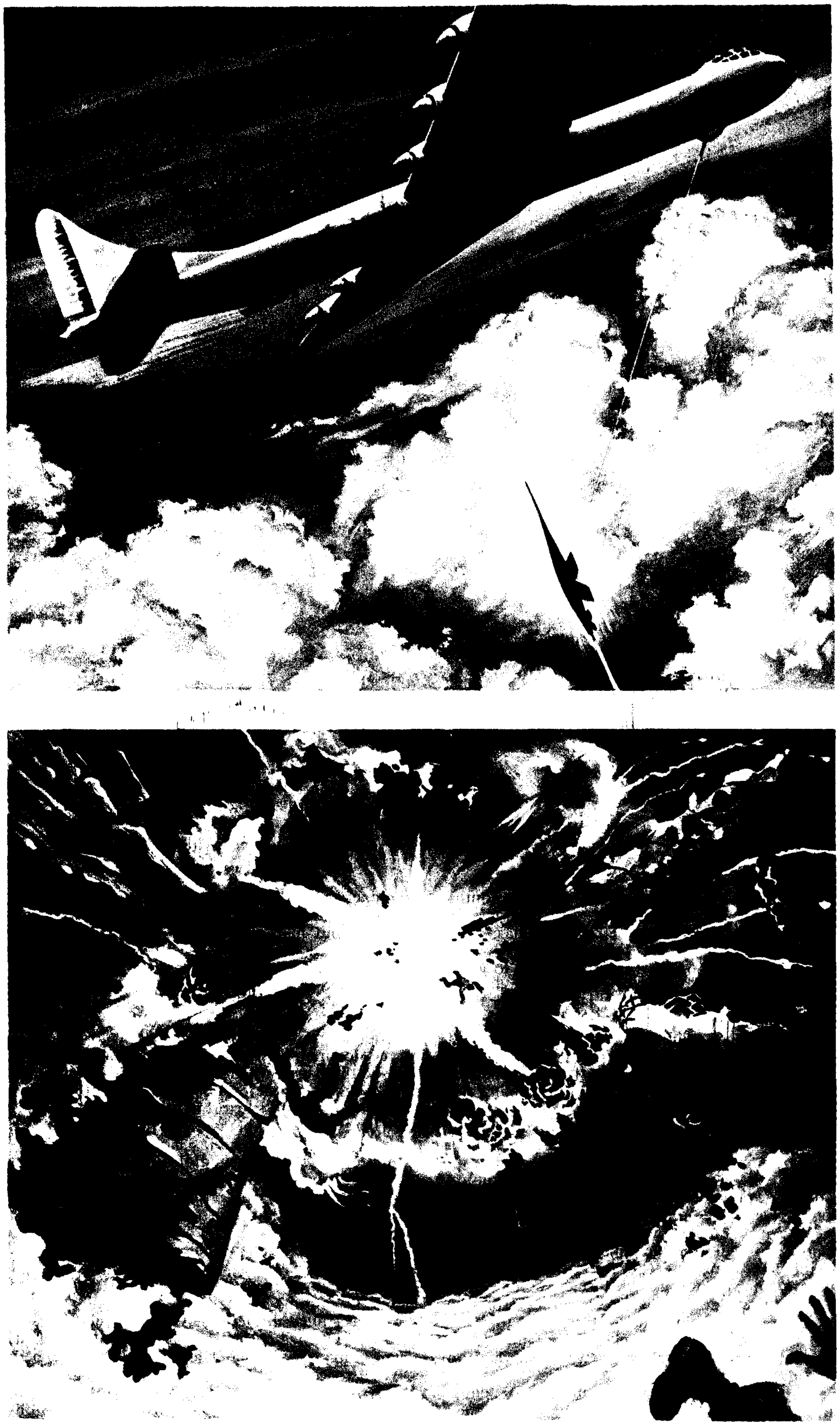
The bomber, of course, is radar-equipped, too. But the fighter is so tiny it is difficult to detect. It comes so fast that it is little more than a minuscule blur on the enemy ship's radar screen. Moreover, the bomber's crew is baffled because the fighter's radar sends out a mass of confusing, fake radar



We already have all the necessary components for a pilotless fighter—rockets, turbojet engines, radar, special fuels and proximity fuses. All our experts have to do now is fit the parts together

# of Tomorrow

By SAM BOAL



The robot craft will be steered toward the enemy bomber from the ground. Two miles from its goal, radar controls in the nose will take over (above) and unerringly carry its explosives to the target

ILLUSTRATED BY BIRNEY LETTICK

signals concerning both its position and its size. The bomber boys have no idea whether they're being attacked by one plane or 100.

About 100 feet from the bomber the little fighter ends its own brief and violent life by exploding a 500-pound charge of gunpowder in its nose. The trick is done by a proximity fuse, a simple gadget set in advance to go off at that distance. Theoretically at least, the explosion takes place close enough to disintegrate the bomber. A wing crumbles off, perhaps. Or the fuselage cracks open. Or the tail assembly is wrenched loose.

If the bomber can get the fighter in its cannon or rocket sights, it may be able to shoot it out of the air. This is difficult because of the fighter's size and phenomenal speed. If a shell hits the fighter's engine or brainlike radar, the tiny attacker would be effectively stopped. On the other hand, the shell may somehow explode the fighter's dynamite charge with the same effect as if the proximity fuse did the job.

What happens to the crew of the bomber if the fighter explodes almost under their noses?

Dilemmas of the Man Who Bails Out

A man who survives the explosion will find himself—at 35,000 feet—in a deep freeze 67 degrees below zero. He will doubtless be wearing an electrically heated suit, but once he leaves the plane he has no electricity. If he is foolish enough to open his parachute at that height (and not to open it takes heroic self-control) it will take him about 22 minutes to reach the earth. By this time he may be frozen to death, or suffocated since the oxygen in his bail-out bottle lasts only nine minutes.

Let us assume a crew member manages to stay with part of the bomber after the breakup. After he loses the momentum of the speed of the ship, he has approximately three minutes to free himself from the bomber splinter before it hits the earth. Unfortunately, as his splinter falls it will be twisting, spinning, lurching, swaying.

The foregoing account of what may happen in tomorrow's war is not set down as a scare piece. The speeds involved, the temperatures to be faced, the probable stresses—all of these are precise facts. The only margin of possible error lies in the way the components are put together.

It would appear that the fighter pilot's sun is setting. Indeed, some aircraft designers think the fighter pilot will be completely unnecessary within six or seven years. This has been said before, it is true, and we still have fighter pilots. But now completely automatic planes can be made, which wasn't so before.

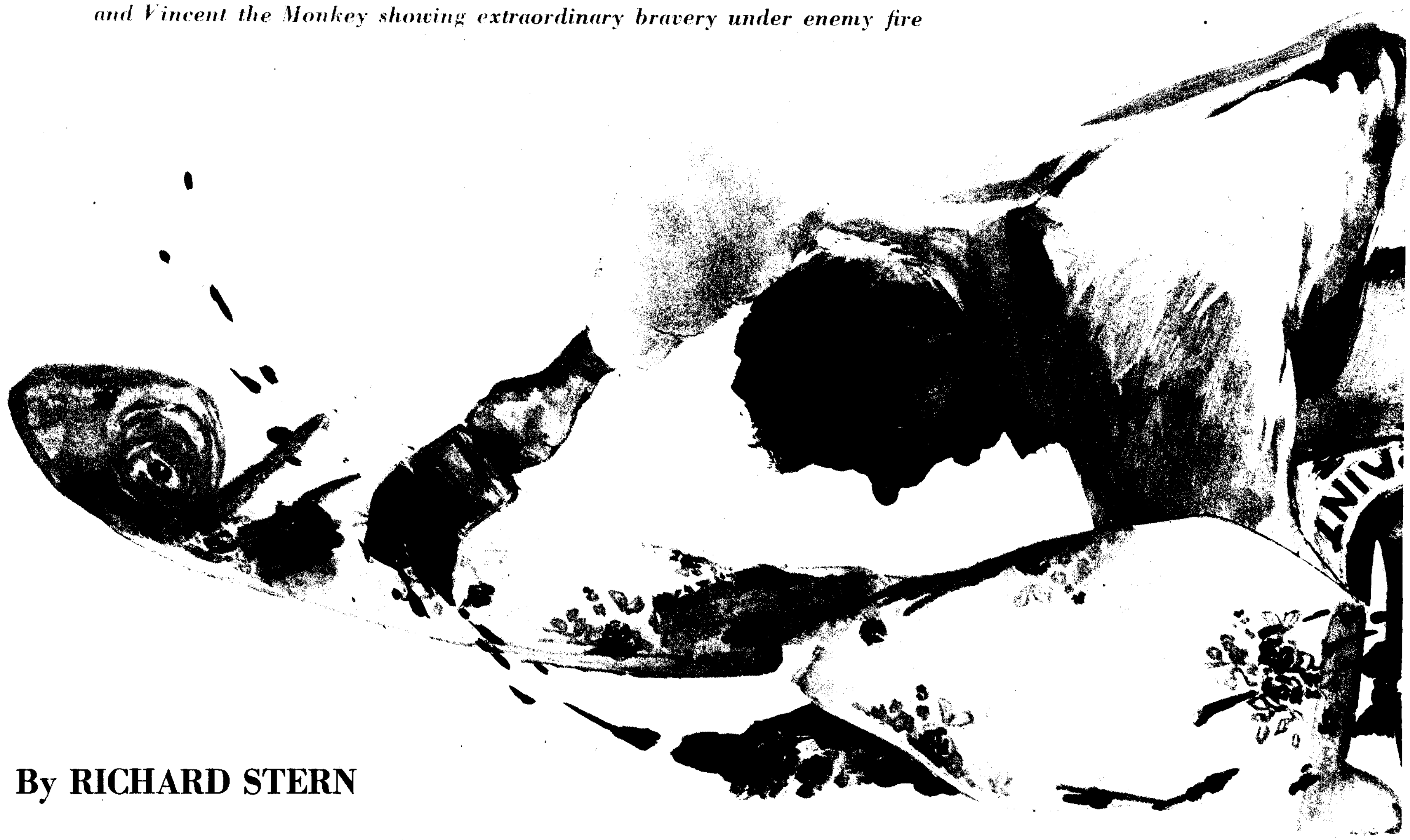
"About all a fighter pilot does these days," one morose combat flier told me, "is to monitor the equipment on his instrument panel."

What has happened is that we are now capable of making superplanes. We aren't yet capable of making superpilots. The machine has almost outdistanced the man. Some present-day experimental planes can actually fly faster than some World War II rockets. This is a mountainous achievement, but in terms of air warfare and aerial gunnery the problems it poses seem almost insuperable.

There are several ways for one plane to down another. One is to outmaneuver, either through greater skill or better equipment, and so quite literally drive it into the ground. This is the trick the British Spitfire boys used *(Continued on page 55)*

Decorator's Helper

A new glimpse into the eccentric home life of the McCoys, with Joe the Cat and Vincent the Monkey showing extraordinary bravery under enemy fire



By RICHARD STERN

HONOR DEWITT has just finished redoing her house," Lucas McCoy said to her husband, Tim. They sat in their pleasant bedroom, which also did very well as a sitting room. Lucas sat on the bed against propped-up pillows; Tim sat in a big easy chair, and both were sipping highballs. Lucas hoped her remark sounded casual.

Tim had kicked off one of his shoes and was wriggling his toes. He must have regarded the remark as casual, for he didn't trouble to answer, but merely smiled in her direction with abstracted benevolence. The remark wasn't intended to be *that* casual, and Lucas tried again. "I saw Honor DeWitt this morning," she said. "Just ran into her by accident downtown."

"That must have been nice," said Tim vaguely. Then abruptly he asked, "Don't you think we ought to take a vacation—go away somewhere? I'm entitled to a week, you know, even though I had all that time during the summer. Sort of a bonus, because I am so brilliant and indispensable."

For the moment, Lucas thought, it would be wiser not to be sidetracked. "Honor has redone her house completely," Lucas said. "Floors—walls—wallpaper."

Tim also refused to be sidetracked. "We could take the baby with us, if you like. Or leave him here with the nurse, so it could be a vacation for you too. You've been tied down a lot since he came."

Lucas' eyes grew soft at the mention of young Thomas, whose age could be reckoned in months and very few of those.

"I don't need a vacation from Thomas," she said. "And he's really why I think the house ought to be done over, Tim. So bad for a child to grow up in an uncongenial atmosphere."

Tim stared. "Uncongenial? Has Thomas been complaining about the wallpaper? Last time I saw him all he did was bubble and make assorted odd noises."

Lucas said coldly, "It's no use trying to make a joke of this, Tim." She sipped her highball, and Tim gulped his. The conversation had got out of hand, and Tim could think of no way to bring it back to the subject of a vacation without seeming to be an unnatural father.

Lucas was bothered by no such nice scruples. "The house does look grubby, Tim," she said. "And Honor says she's found the most marvelous man. Not expensive at all. And he's a character, Tim. Honor says we'll just love him."

Tim parted his lips—a futile movement since Lucas was now thoroughly warmed up. "Honor had such a wonderful idea." She sprang from the bed and opened a closet door. "We went together to a little place—" She backed out of the closet, carrying a large, long package, which she laid on the bed.

"This place has wallpaper at such bargains, Tim," Lucas said. "Some at *ten cents* a roll!" She opened the package and turned from the bed brandishing a roll of paper. She spread it on the floor. It was yellow, and had green figures of small Oriental men, dancing, climbing trees, fishing, and performing all manner of unlikely activities.

Tim held his glass in both hands and leaned forward. "Was *that* ten cents?" he asked.

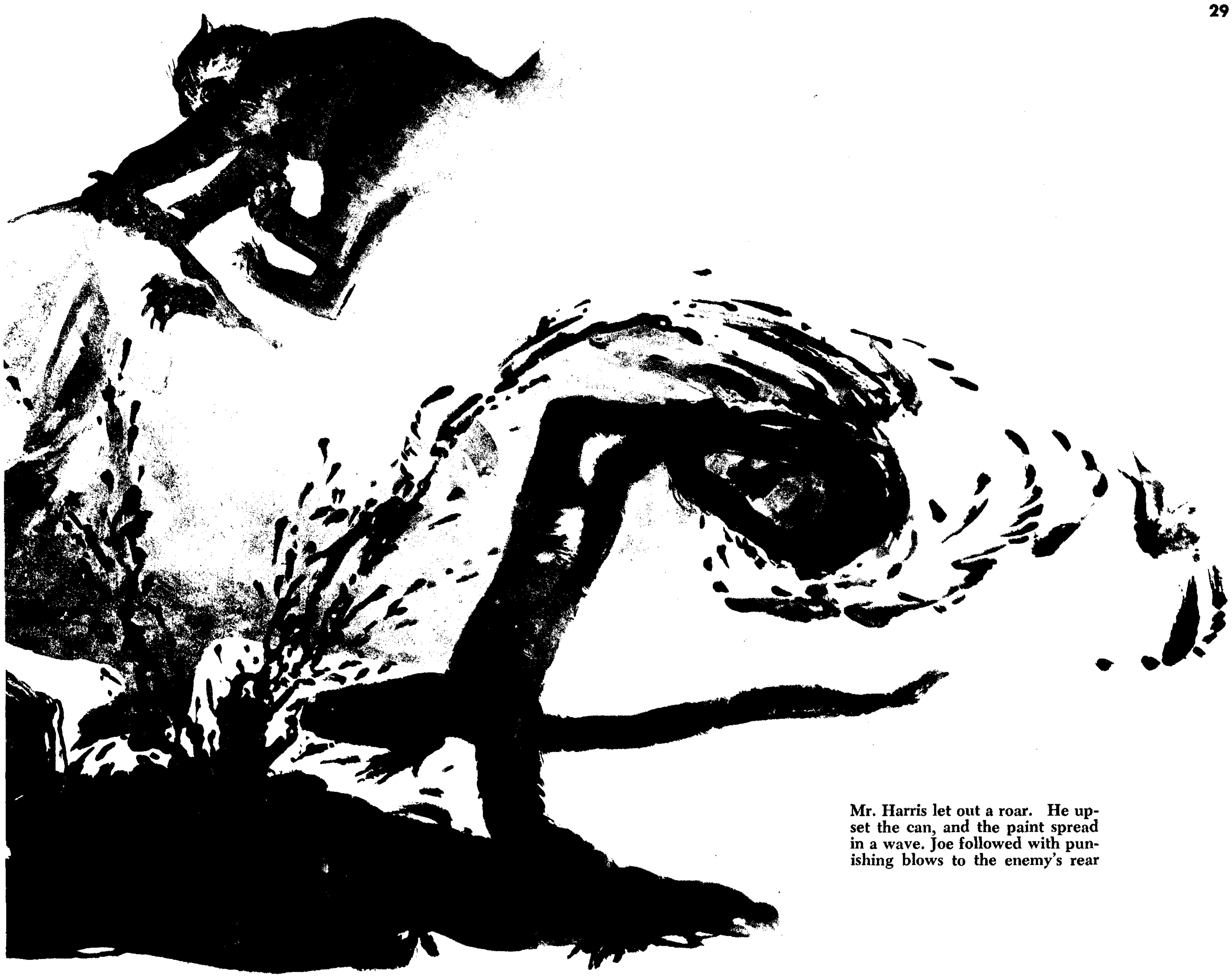
"Well—" Lucas began to roll up the paper. "After all, this is an original design. It was only three dollars a roll," Lucas said defiantly. She caressed the paper, which Tim eyed without enthusiasm. Cut the price by one third—Tim thought—and it would still be exorbitant.

There was a tremble in Lucas' voice now. "You just don't care," she said. "You just don't understand. I want to be proud of our house. I want it to look bright and happy for the baby—" She stopped there, because the tremble was uncontrollable. Tears stood in her eyes; emotion came easily to Lucas.

Tim spread his hands in a submissive gesture. "Look," he said. "I just asked. Good Lord, I didn't mean to cause any trouble." He looked gloomily into his highball.

Lucas smiled through the tears, bravely; she was always brave when she was winning. "It's all right, Tim, I'm sorry." She laid the roll on the bed. "We'll forget all about it."

"Now, let's not be hasty," Tim said. "After all, you run the house, and—" He stopped, won-



Mr. Harris let out a roar. He upset the can, and the paint spread in a wave. Joe followed with punishing blows to the enemy's rear

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

dering how he had got himself into this position.

Lucas turned to face him. Her eyes were shining. "Tim," she said.

Tim took a long drink, holding the glass shakily, as though he had a hang-over. "This fellow Honor found—" he said.

"Oh, Tim," Lucas said, "I knew you'd see it. He's coming Monday morning. He'll be here at nine." . . .

Later, not much later, Tim sat by the edge of the empty swimming pool, his second highball in his hand, and Joe, the McCoy cat, and Vincent, the McCoy monkey, on the grass beside him. Their bowl of warm milk and dark rum was empty. They were members of the family in good standing, and entitled to know what went on. They watched Tim and listened. Tim said, "I swear, fellows, I don't know how it happened. I never do. But come Monday—"

Joe raised his forepaw with a great display of solid imperturbability. He studied it. He began to scrub his whiskers. He said nothing.

"The stoic approach," Tim said. "All right." Vincent clambered into Tim's lap, swarmed up Tim's shirt front and perched upon his shoulder. He wrapped his tail and one small arm around Tim's neck and pressed himself close. Tim's eyes were still on Joe. "Have you ever smelled a house full of paint? Have you any idea of the confusion that'll go with it?"

Joe said nothing. He washed on.

"You'll see," Tim said. "We'll all see, I'm afraid." He paused there. He rubbed the soft fur behind Vincent's ear with a gentle forefinger. "Monday morning. Zero hour at 0900." . . .

By fourteen minutes past ten o'clock on Monday morning—the time of Mr. Harris' arrival in a small noisy truck which dripped oil on the driveway—the entire household had been awake and churning for three hours and a half. Young Thomas, in the nursery, bore up best, squalling only occasionally when the sounds of moving furniture offended him.

Miss Henderson, Thomas' nurse, a large, rather solemn young woman, did her level best to pretend that nothing was amiss.

Cook was called upon for thrice the normal quantity of coffee, cut her finger with a paring knife and tore her apron on the corner of a partially opened drawer.

Tim worked in glum silence, pausing only once, long enough to call the office and inform his secretary and his assistant that he was taking a few days off. "Yes, you can call it a vacation, if you like," he said bitterly. Then he went back to the bedroom and rolled the dressing table over his toe in the act of wheeling it through the door.

Lucas, in slacks and a short-sleeved shirt and with her hair done up in a kerchief, was here, there and everywhere; a Joan of Arc deploying her forces—which consisted entirely of Tim—ordering, advising, criticizing.

"If you block the hall entirely," she told Tim, "Miss Henderson and Thomas won't be able to get out of their room. You do see that, don't you, Tim?"

Tim wondered if the toe was really broken. He said, "We can feed them through the windows."

"Tim!"

"I know," Tim said. "I'll level it all off, and they can crawl over."

And then Joe and Vincent, finished with breakfast, came to investigate the confusion. "Hi, fellows," Tim said. "Remember I warned you."

"Tim," Lucas said, "they'll have to stay outside."

"We can use Vincent to carry messages." He watched Vincent disappear into the pile of furniture. Joe followed. "See?" Tim said.

"Oh!" Lucas said. She stamped her foot. "You're impossible. All of you."

Vincent reappeared, climbing hand over hand up a floor lamp. He nestled among the light globes. He looked at Tim and chattered furiously in a high squeaky voice, rising onto his hind legs and waving his small arms in broad gestures. "Fun, huh?" Tim said. "If you find my golf shoes back in there, bring them out, will you?"

It was at this point, not any too soon, that Mr. Harris arrived.

Mr. Harris was large and *(Continued on page 64)*

Grunt, groan and get yourself a gimmick. That's the secret if you want to be king of the torso twisters—providing, of course, your manager is a slick guy who can arrange nothing but wins

What Gives in RASSLIN'

By C. L. "STEVE" MC PHERSON

with OREN ARNOLD

This is the lowdown on the grunt game as told by Steve McPherson, who has been promoting professional "wrestling exhibitions" in key American cities for the past 20 years

If YOU have 200 or more pounds of healthy muscles and aren't over fifty years of age, you can get interesting work nowadays in our new, mid-century American vaudeville.

You won't perform on a conventional stage but you will play to increasing millions—on television. Your fees generally will be good. You will be called a wrestler, but don't let that fool you. Wrestling today is not what the Greeks and Romans envisioned. You may have to warp your conscience a little—but no more, I imagine, than any other showman must do. And the records indicate that you will enjoy emotional stability far greater than that of the average person who watches you on the screen at the neighborhood bar, and that you will die only after a happy old age.

I know whereof I speak, because for 20 years I have been hiring your type and developing it to meet an incredible demand. I have been an entrepreneur of wrestling—call it that—in dozens of cities, including Cleveland, Providence, St. Louis, Kansas City, Wheeling, Portland, Oregon, and Bellingham, Washington. I have even staged matches in Newfoundland and Gibraltar. I have made two fortunes in the furtherance of this type of so-called combat, and my judgment in losing both through bad investments is no worse than that of wrestling fans who buy tickets thinking they are sure to see a real bout.

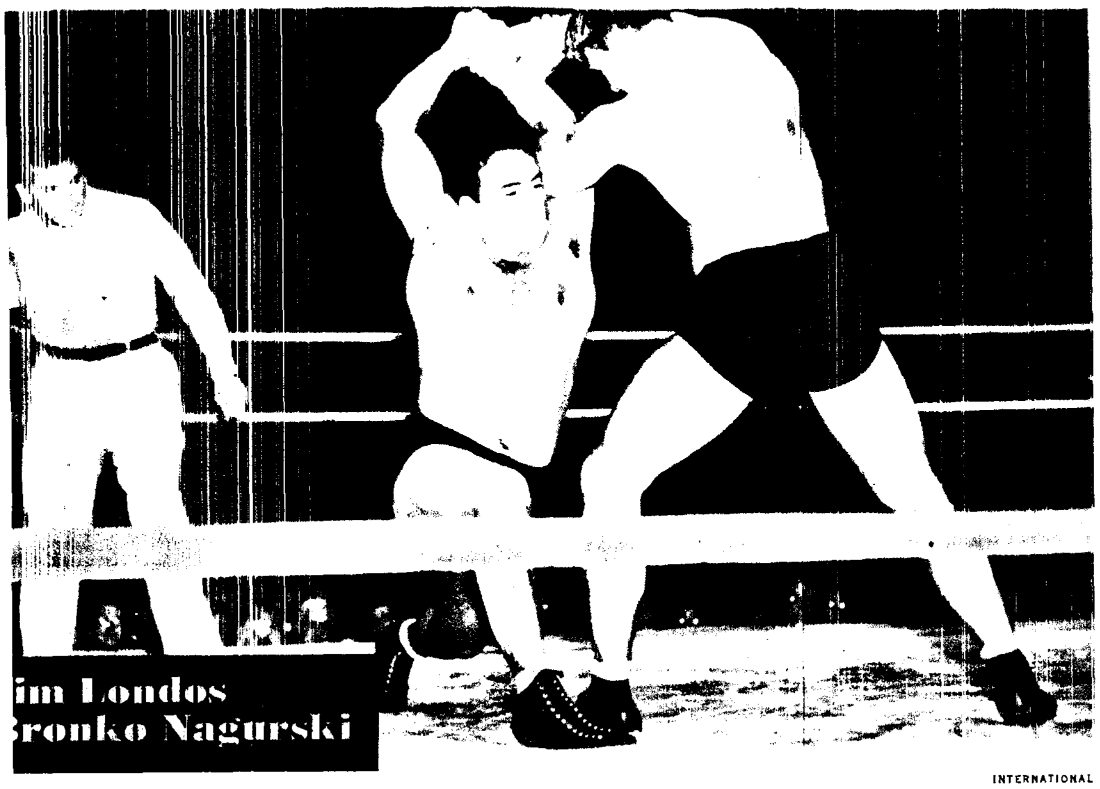
Skill with half nelsons, hammer locks and such is no longer the secret of professional wrestling. A change which came rather suddenly into this ancient form of physical competition has lifted it from pure sport to pure hippodrome. Recently I sat at the ringside in what Phoenix, Arizona, calls its Madison Square Garden and watched Hollywood's "Gorgeous George" perform. George might well have been a movie idol. He entered the ring clad in a silk robe that made him look like a Chinese potentate of 1200 A.D. Accompanying him was his valet, no less, who combed back his blond curls, removed the robe, adjusted the trunks—and sprayed the wrestler with perfume!

George tangled with a character called Managoff, and between falls, Managoff "heaped opprobrium"—I quote a local sports writer—on the Gorgeous One, on the valet and—worse—on the referee. All four of them began a sort of Comanche war dance around the ring while the galleries howled. When the "opprobrium" reached an unprintable limit, the referee, a sensitive individual no doubt, awarded the match to George. Why? So there could be a return match, of course.

Gorgeous George is currently one of the most unusual attractions in sports. People turn out by the thousands to hiss and boo him. I remember talking to a boy of twelve who had walked six miles through sleet and *(Continued on page 75)*

The more the fans hate a grappler, the bigger the box office take—Gorgeous George, with valet (below) and in lace, satin, bleached curls and flowers (left), is a sensation

INTERNATIONAL



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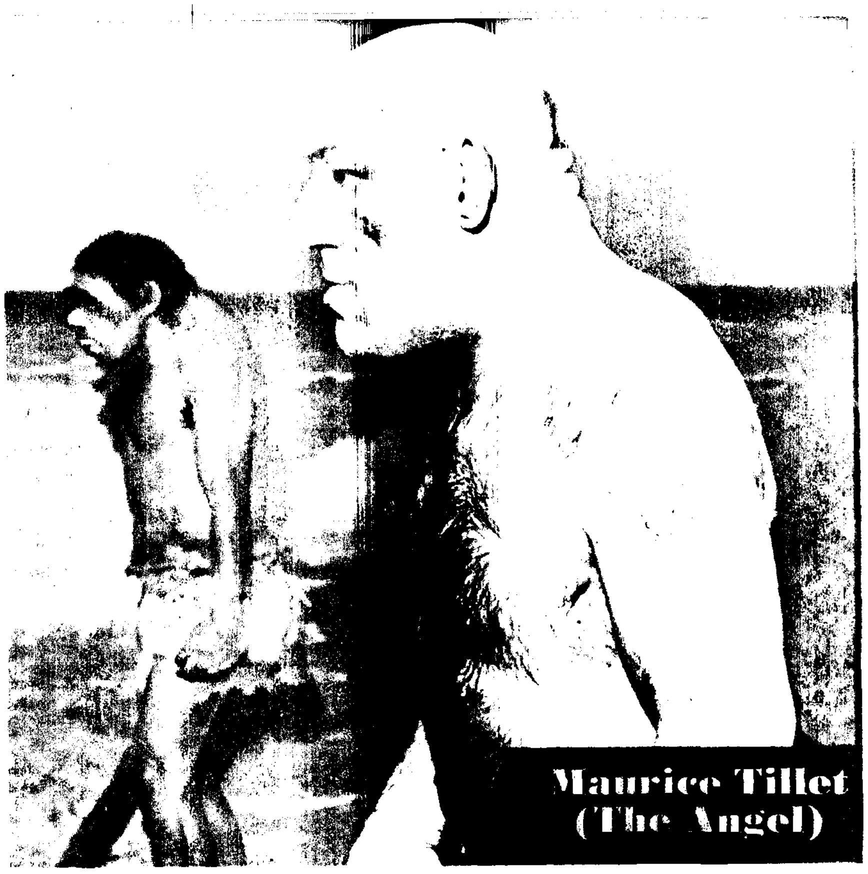
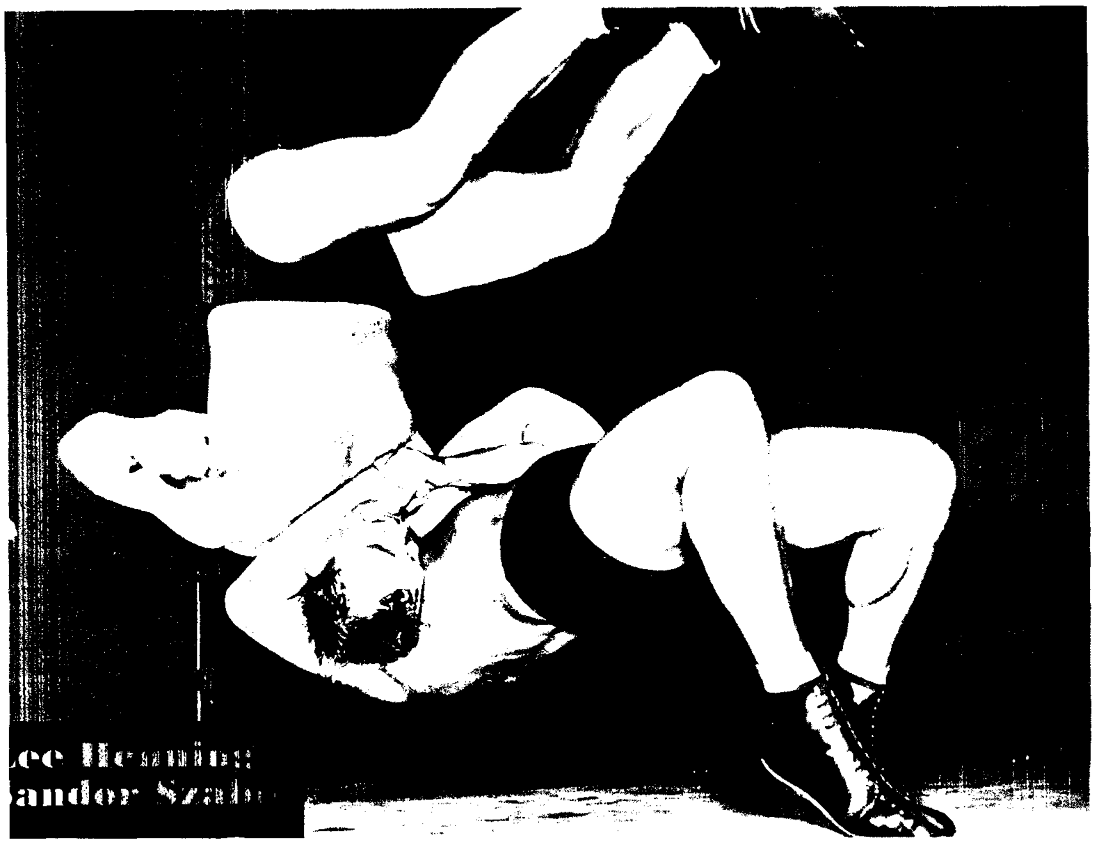


Maurice Tillet
(The Angel)

WIDE WORLD



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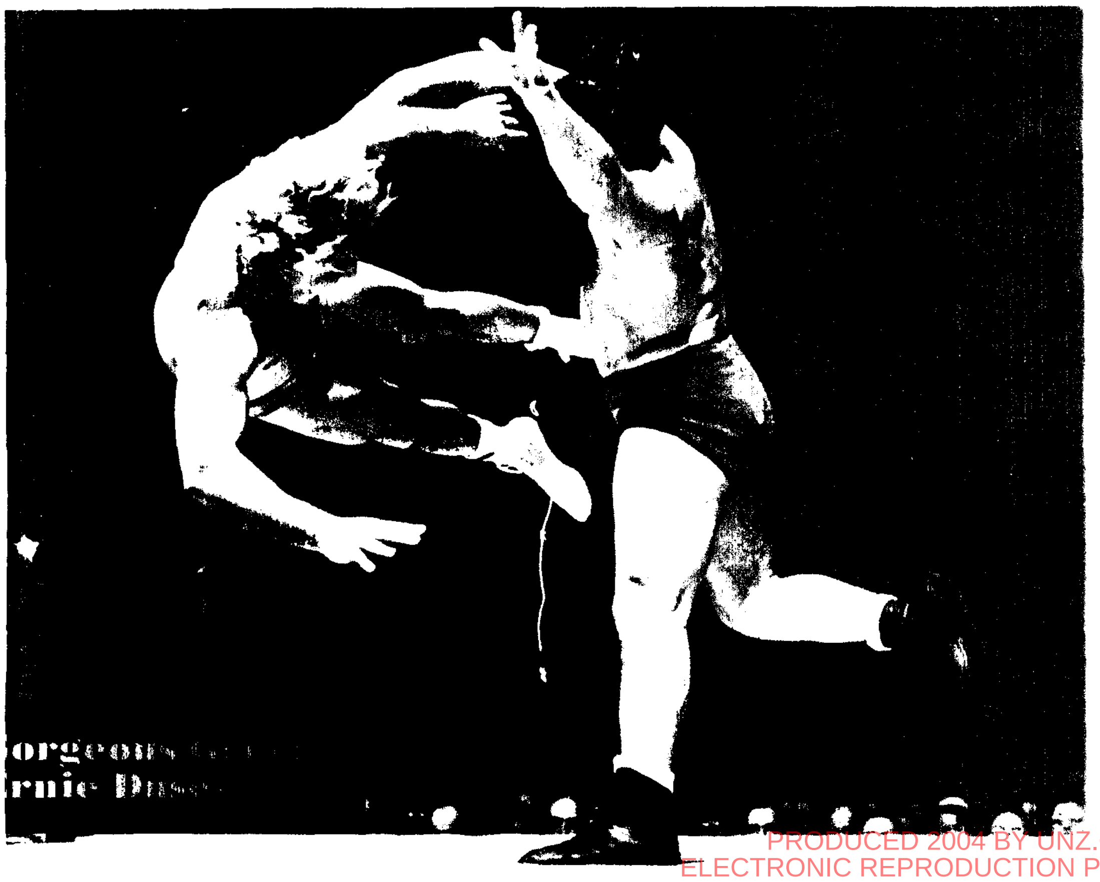
WIDE WORLD



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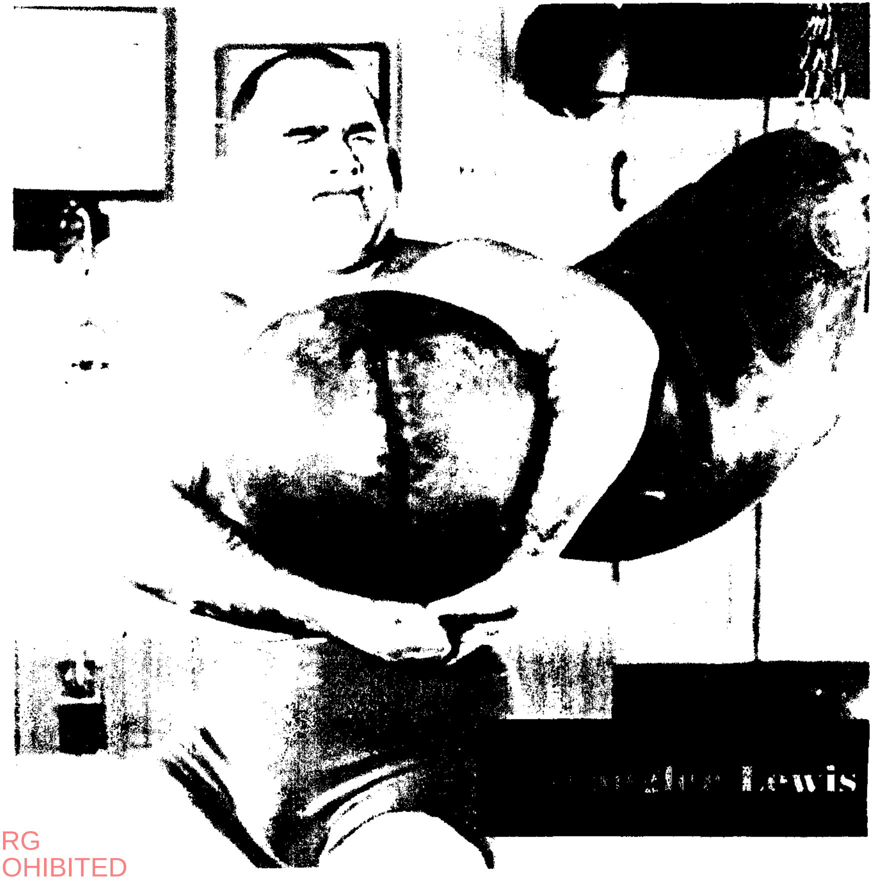


Strangler Lewis

INTERNATIONAL

NICEST GUY
in Washington

By WILLIAM S. WHITE

General Omar Bradley occupies a new and exalted niche in our military hierarchy. But his greatness as a man surpasses his extraordinary capabilities as an officer

HE WALKS into his office at eight o'clock every workday morning: an elderly, fatherly sort of man, quiet and businesslike in an easy, good-tempered way. He says, "Good morning, Willis; good morning, Chet," and nods a friendly greeting to the two uniformed young ladies at their desks.

Willis is a colonel in the United States Army—Willis Matthews. Chet is a lieutenant colonel in the United States Army—Chester Hansen. The girls, one a Wac and the other a Wave, are typical of the efficient girls who do the office odd jobs for any well-run corporation in the United States.

The boss who thus opens their working day in so unassuming and conventional a fashion might utter a most colossal thunder and cause all manner of heel-clicking and saluting. But he doesn't; among the folks who know government officials, he's considered the nicest guy in Washington.

He is General Omar Nelson Bradley. As the new chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—of the Army, Navy and Air Force—he is the highest military officer in the United States.

In the same patient way in which he pursued the Germans across Tunisia and Sicily, and across France and Belgium and Holland and Germany, General Bradley now pursues a fugitive peace. No other man in uniform has ever had so much to do personally with this unending search. For Bradley, who was the greatest field commander for the Western world in the late war, is much more, now, than an officer. No important document of state bearing upon the cold war, no significant detail—political or military—of the world-wide American effort to contain aggressive Communism is unknown to him.

What happens in the general's office is so confidential that the old Army term "top secret" is not nearly descriptive enough. Yet the general is always trying to find ways to let the public in on some of it, at least.

There is a heavily barricaded area inside the Pentagon which, in the corridor talk within that great gloomy building, is called "anointed." It is reserved for the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Originally a triply "anointed" space, deep within the secret recesses of the restricted area, had been laid out for Bradley. The general looked about him, however, and demurred. "Nope," he said. "I ought to be out where people can look at me."

By necessity, he has been located pretty close to the innermost barrier, but he declines to move actually inside it. He does not want to scare away any man who might have something on his mind that would be helpful to the interests of this country.

The Joint Staff, on which body the general monitors the agenda and debate (though he himself cannot vote), has a job to do that is rather new to this country. The three chiefs and General Bradley have to divide up the money the United States spends on military preparedness. And they must also supervise the military aid which goes to western Europe for the anti-Communist defensive alliance.

The chairman's post is a job only for the toughest and most stoic. For at some point—when perhaps Army needs an extra dollar and the money must be given up by Navy or Air—a clipped admiral or general can be pretty hard to convince that the shearing was for his own good.

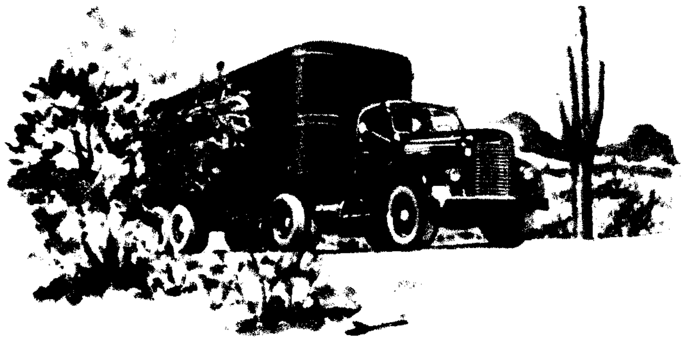
In addition, the chiefs must prepare a constantly changing complex of plans for defense against this or that hypothetical emergency. Here, discussions of strategy tend to reach up to the thin air of abstractions.

As an old foot soldier, Bradley is an impassive enemy of vagueness. If one of the chiefs gets to talking above, and forgetting, the ordinary realities—like what a heavy bomber can really accomplish in bad weather or what a mortar can do over a 30-degree hill—Bradley invariably brings things down to an ordinary atmosphere in which realistic men can comfortably breathe.

His nasal, kindly monosyllables likewise have a way of quieting Congressional committees. Once, when an aspect of the North Atlantic treaty was up in the Senate, the legislators were anxiously inquiring whether our signature to that document would mean instant war if Russia should overrun a treaty partner, say Norway. To this rather uncomfortable question the State Department experts returned a series of studied replies, the exact sense of which was easily lost amid all the

(Continued on page 88)

"EVERY DAY OUT WICKENBURG WAY— he gives me a hand for safe driving!"



"My name is Bud Sherman.

"I'm a lot like the other 4,750,000 truck drivers in America. I'm married, have two swell kids, and am proud that my job helps feed this country, build its homes, and clothe its people.

"For months I've been wheeling a big semi-trailer job out here in Arizona. That's my part in a Field Test Program set up to help build better International Trucks, safer trucks.

"And every day out Wickenburg way I see Hugh Smith. He's law and order out there . . . keeps a sharp eye out for safe driving, too. He gives me a hand every time I go through. Helps me keep alert for youngsters who might chase a ball into the road . . . keeps traffic moving properly . . . gives me signals that make my job easier.

"One day I got to thinking. It's fellows like Hugh, and me, and maybe YOU who prove that—

'Safety is No Accident'

"So I pull in and say 'thanks,' to Hugh. And he tells me that if all drivers were as careful as truck drivers, traffic accidents would drop *pronto*.

" 'Sure that's not Hassayampa Water* talking now?' I ask him.

" 'Not a bit,' he laughs. 'Matter of fact I'll go farther and say that you truck drivers are just about tops in safe, courteous driving.'

"We shake hands on that, and away I roll. And now I'm telling you the story—thinking that maybe if all of us, truck drivers and passenger car drivers, can work closely with highway patrolmen everywhere—we'll make our highways safer for everyone. Are YOU with me?"

*According to local legend, those who drink Hassayampa River water are prone to exaggerate.

HASSAYAM
WELL

Photos by Joey Starr

This message is published in support of the Safety and Courtesy Campaign of the American Trucking Associations, whose annual convention is being held in Boston, October 21-26.

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IH

Tune in James Melton and "Harvest of Stars."—NBC, Sunday afternoons

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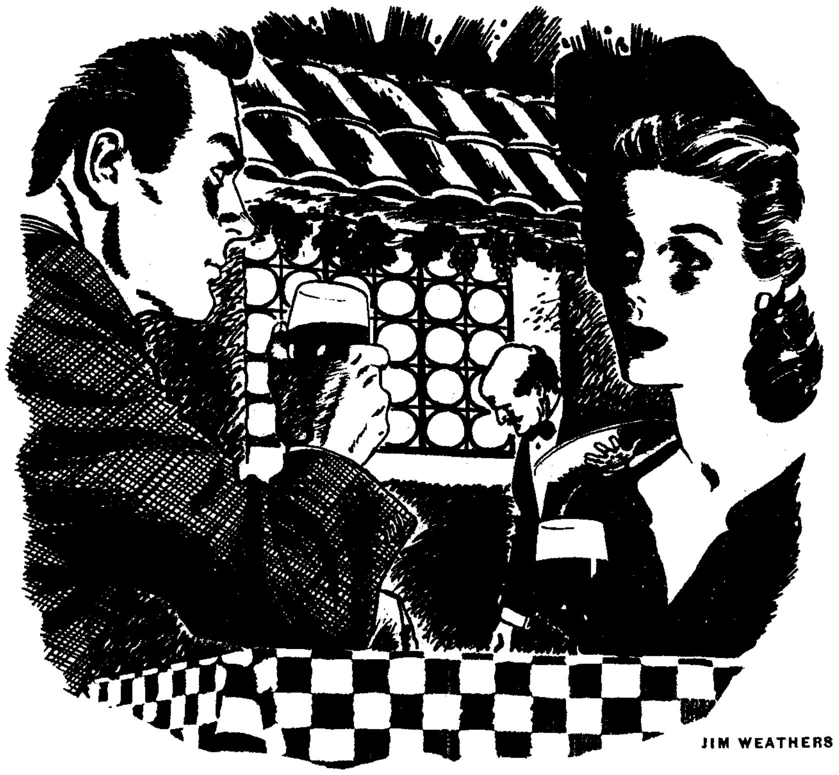
Where They Make the WINE

By MATTHEW PETERS


JIM WEATHERS

"We might as well face it, Louise," Jack said. "I'm trapped"

SUDDENLY Jack Young knew he had had too much of Vittorio's special, heady red wine. For one thing, the girl sitting across the red-checkered table from him in the little Italian restaurant, who ordinarily was only as pretty as one tenth of the women in New York are, was assuming the proportions of real beauty. For another, Jack Young was losing his inhibitions. He was talking a great deal more than he usually did. For most young men in New York City on a warm autumn evening—fully a tenth of them, anyway—these would have been the factors in a most attractive situation. But Jack Young had more serious things on his mind.

"Listen," Jack Young said. "I'm trapped."

The girl, who had been uncertain for an hour now whether the conversation called for tears or amusement from her, resisted a sudden temptation to glance furtively at Vittorio's great gabled door. She interlaced her fingers instead, resting her chin on them. "Yes, Jack?" she said.

"I'm trapped," Jack repeated. "We might as well face it, Louise. We might as well go ahead and get married, because we have to get married."

Here was a sentence the girl refused to misunderstand quietly. "Why, Jack Young!" she said indignantly. "We do not either have to get—"

"I don't mean that," Jack said. "You know what I mean. No, you don't, either. I've been talking for an hour and you don't even know what I've said." He took a deep gulp of the red wine.

"I do, too, know," Louise said. "I've listened to every word, though I can't honestly say that they've been the simplest words in the world to understand. You said you wanted to travel, and your eyes were going bad."

"I *didn't* say that," Jack exploded. "I said that sooner or later I'd have to begin wearing rimless glasses."

"Well, it's the same thing. And you said you wanted to get on a banana boat and go see a black widow spider."

"Oh, for God's sake." Jack took another long draught of wine. "Listen, I didn't say any of those things. Listen, for the last hour I've been trying to tell you that there are other things a man ought to be able to do than just—well, just holding a job and getting married, for instance." He drank again and nodded solemnly. "I don't want to be like one false tooth between two others, chewing on forever. I want to go out and watch things being done."

There was a little silence. Finally Jack reached over and put his hand on Louise's, resting on the table. "You know very well I'm sort of in love with you," he said, a little more softly. "We should have met and got married five years ago. Then there wouldn't be any of these doubts. But now—well, if we got married now, we'd just get tied down, both of us. I'd never be able to quit Finchley, Pearce & Allen. I'd never be able to get out and see the way things really are in the other parts of the world."

"Jack," she said, "most people sort of believe that every man has his own little part of the world, and that all he ever needs is right there."

"Why, Louise," he said, shocked, "that's a *terrible* idea. The world would never move an inch if—" She was standing up. "Where are you going?"

"I—I'll be back in a little while, Jack," she said.

"Now, don't cry, Louise," he said, getting up.

"I always cry when I drink wine, Jack." She smiled miserably. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

He watched her go across the room, then sat down and took more wine. She hadn't understood him, he told himself. Maybe he should have told her all about this afternoon, all about Mr. Finchley and the damned money, so she'd see just the way life worked.

Mr. Finchley had been pretty decent, he guessed. When Jack stood in front of Mr. Finchley's desk and blurted out that he wanted to quit Finchley, Pearce & Allen—and it took a lot of courage to get it said—Mr. Finchley hadn't got what you might call *sore*. He'd been more puzzled than anything.

"You want to quit, Jack?" he had said. "Why?"

That was the main trouble. You had to have an answer. You try to quit a job like accountant with a firm like Finchley, Pearce & Allen, and some guy like Mr. Finchley with disbelief all over his face is going to ask you why and expect you to tell him in so many words.

LOOKING into the pool of wine before him on Vittorio's red-checkered table, he told himself that as he had stood on the gray carpet before Mr. Finchley's slick, polished desk, he had had a real vision. He had seen all the bridges he wanted to build since he was fourteen and Old Man Hernsey had flunked him for daydreaming, all the plays he knew he could write if ever he could get ten uninterrupted minutes and just the faintest idea of a plot, all the cows he'd like to punch and all the crimes he'd like to solve.

More than that—he took a deeper gulp of the red wine than he had intended and the lining of his nose began to burn—he had seen all the land he wanted to travel, the wild, rich places that could give real meaning to a man's life. How—he sneered a little and his nose burned more—could he tell an unimaginative guy like Mr. Finchley that what he really wanted in life was to be where things were done?

He wanted to travel down hot, wheat-bordered roads that he'd seen all his life from train windows; watch the peasants in Bolivia do whatever it was peasants did; stand in the little vinery, probably nestled in the toe of Italy, the land of the red, red grapes and the blue Mediterranean, where this wine he was drinking was made, and watch them make it.

The flash of life's meaning had been interrupted by Mr. Finchley, who, not sharing the insight, had taken the pause in the conversation the wrong way.

"You want more money, Jack?" Mr. Finchley asked.

That, Jack reflected, told the whole story. You present a guy like Mr. Finchley with a problem about life and right away he makes it a money problem. You tell him—or come close to telling him—that you want to go watch the wine being made and he asks you if you want more money.

"Yes," Jack said.

He had felt that answer was safe enough. Finchley, Pearce & Allen would never pay him any more money, so it was safe to say he wanted his salary doubled. That would do it.

BUT that didn't do it. At the end of the day, as Jack sat at his desk with the happy melancholia of parting, watching the sun dip into New Jersey, Mr. Finchley came in and said he'd give him the raise. "With a little more responsibility, of course," but they were glad he was staying.

He could almost feel the walls close in. If they didn't keep you one way they kept you another. If they didn't do it with chains, they did it with money. He was helpless. How could you walk away from that kind of money?

As he phrased the question and took another deep gulp of Vittorio's red wine, Jack saw the sudden answer. Why, you just walked away. . . . Simple. Excited and emboldened, he took a sheet of paper from his pocket and scribbled a note to Louise: "Maybe you won't understand this but I wish you'd try. I'm going to go watch them make this wine." He felt a little bad about that and he found himself hesitating. But if you wanted to be a man of action you struck out boldly.

As he struck out boldly for the door he found that he was unsteadier on his feet than he had thought. He smiled widely at the check girl who gave him his hat. He got into a taxicab standing at the curb and told the driver: "Go west."

"West where?"

"I don't know yet. Just west. Central Park, Hoboken, China. Go west, go west, go west, young man, and grow up with the country."

The taxi driver grunted. "You've had quite a bit of Vittorio's wine," he said. "Maybe I should just take you home—if you got an address."

"It's very strong, the wine," Jack agreed. "Rich and strong for strong men who are alive. We'll go watch them make it. Where do they make the wine that Vittorio serves?"

"In the basement," the driver said.

"Where?"

"In the basement. Maybe it ain't legal, but Vittorio's makes their own wine."

"Stop the car."

"It is stopped. We ain't started yet."

Jack handed the driver a dollar and stepped out of the cab. With as much dignity as he could muster he walked back through Vittorio's great gabled door.

His table was still empty. The note was untouched under Louise's glass. He tore it up and settled back to wait for the girl he should have married five years ago.

THE END

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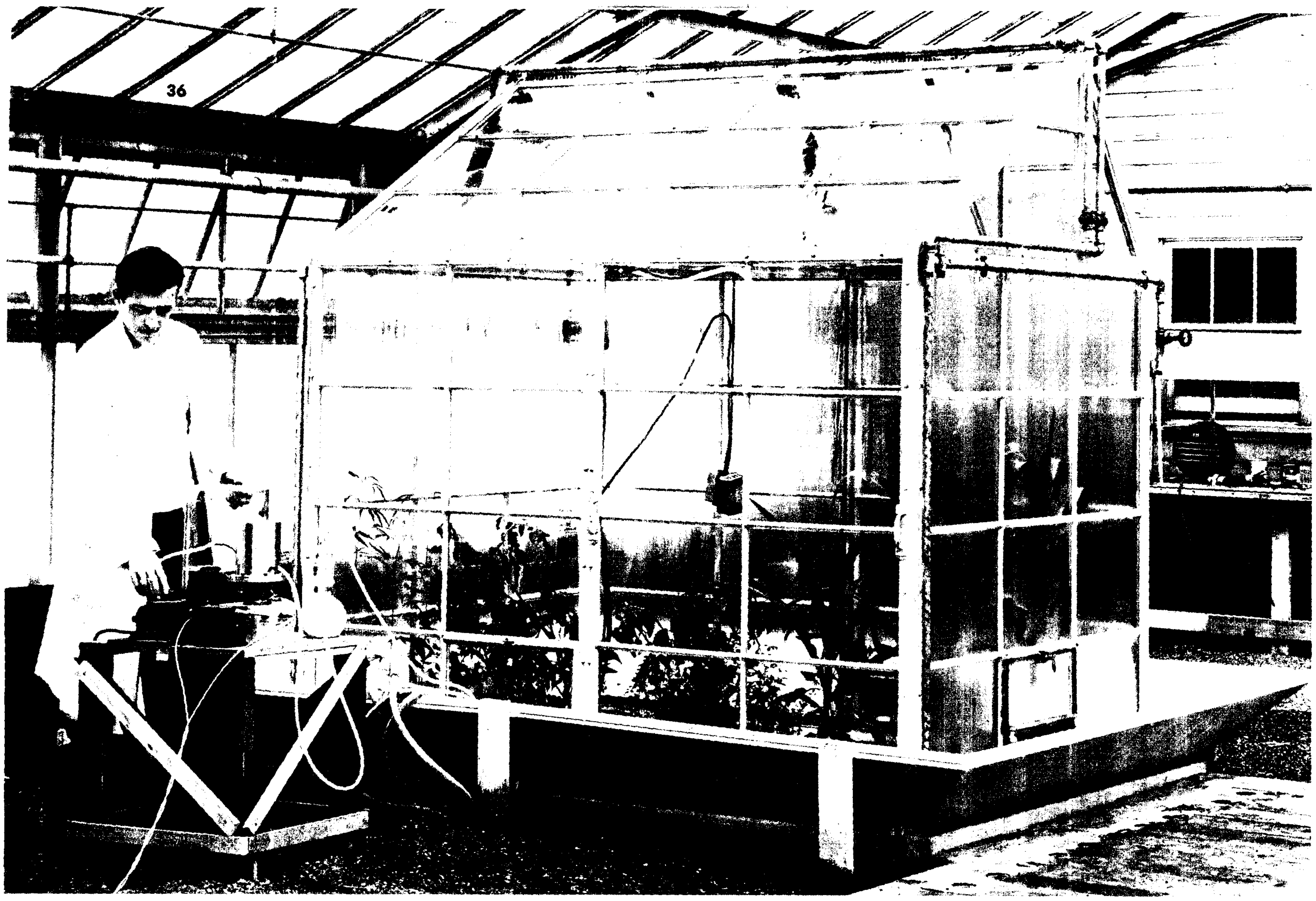

In this "hot house" at the Argonne National Laboratory, Dr. Norbert J. Scully produces radioactive drugs and other plant products which cannot be manufactured

STRANGEST Garden in the World

By JOHN W. WHITE

THERE is a garden in Lamont, Illinois, just outside Chicago, in which 40 stalks of flowers and vegetables are tended with infinite care all through the day and often late into the night by three men in long white coats. It is only as big as an office desk, it has no soil in which the plants can grow, and yet they do grow—a full month faster than in ordinary gardens.

The three men do not work in the garden itself, but outside it, protected from it by glass walls and a waterfall. For the air in which these plants grow is deadly poison to human beings. Merely to stand in the area where these poppies, cabbages, green peppers and tomatoes grow is to risk bodily harm. Because these plants are living and growing on a diet of radioactive atoms.

The world's first crops of home-grown isotopes are being harvested as an experiment at the great Argonne National Laboratory, which the University of Chicago operates for the Atomic Energy Commission. The chief harvester is a Ph.D. in Botany, Dr. Norbert J. Scully, whose scientific talk keeps getting mixed with the slang of the Atomic Age. Tall, slender, fortyish, and modest almost to timidity, Scully has that strange, almost mystic reticence that seems to characterize the botanical priesthood. He smiles through his eyes without moving any of the muscles of his face. While pottering around his garden he sometimes gets enthusiastic over the amount of radioactive isotopes his cabbages and poppies are absorbing. You can't see his pleasure in any way; but you can hear it in his voice.

I met Scully in the Argonne greenhouse. He was wearing a long, freshly laundered white smock and seemed to be performing some ancient Buddhist rite at a tiny table in front of a midget hothouse.

Only five feet wide, seven and a half feet long, and eight feet to the ridgepole of its tapered roof, this hothouse is giving birth to a new age in gardening. And it may be that even the design of the hothouse itself is brand-new. At least there aren't many like it. For it is only a large tray in a larger greenhouse.

The tray serves as a foundation for the tiny house in order to catch the sheets of cold water that continually run down the outside of the hothouse roof and the four glass walls.

The first thing any normal gardener does after he entices you out front to look over his handiwork is to scoop up a handful of black earth and begin bragging about his compost and fertilizers. Always, of course, that particular soil is the best in the neighborhood. Scully ran true to form by starting in at once to talk along this line. Being a conventional gardener myself, accustomed to talking with other conventional gardeners, it took two or three minutes for me to realize that what he was explaining was that his garden has no earth at all. He plants his seed in clean gravel, where anyone with two eyes would bet that nothing could possibly grow.

Scully sent all the way to Chillicothe, Ohio, for his gravel. It is an inert quartz, ground by a glacier in prehistoric times and exposed to the weather for so long that it is sterile. In other words, it contains no food on which plants can grow.

When Scully told me this I must have raised an eyebrow, because he called to another Ph.D. to come help him move some heavy boarding from the ground in front of the little hothouse. Then he pointed proudly to an unromantic-looking underground tank and exclaimed, "There it is!"

"There what is?" I asked.

"The nutrient solution that feeds my plants better than anything they could get out of the best earth.

"This is nutriculture," he explained. "I've washed the gravel absolutely clean with fungicides and germicides, so there is no fungus or bacteria in it, as there is in the earth. Now I can feed my plants exactly what I want them to have by flooding this 14-inch bed of gravel with the solution from the tank."

And that is only the *(Continued on page 90)*

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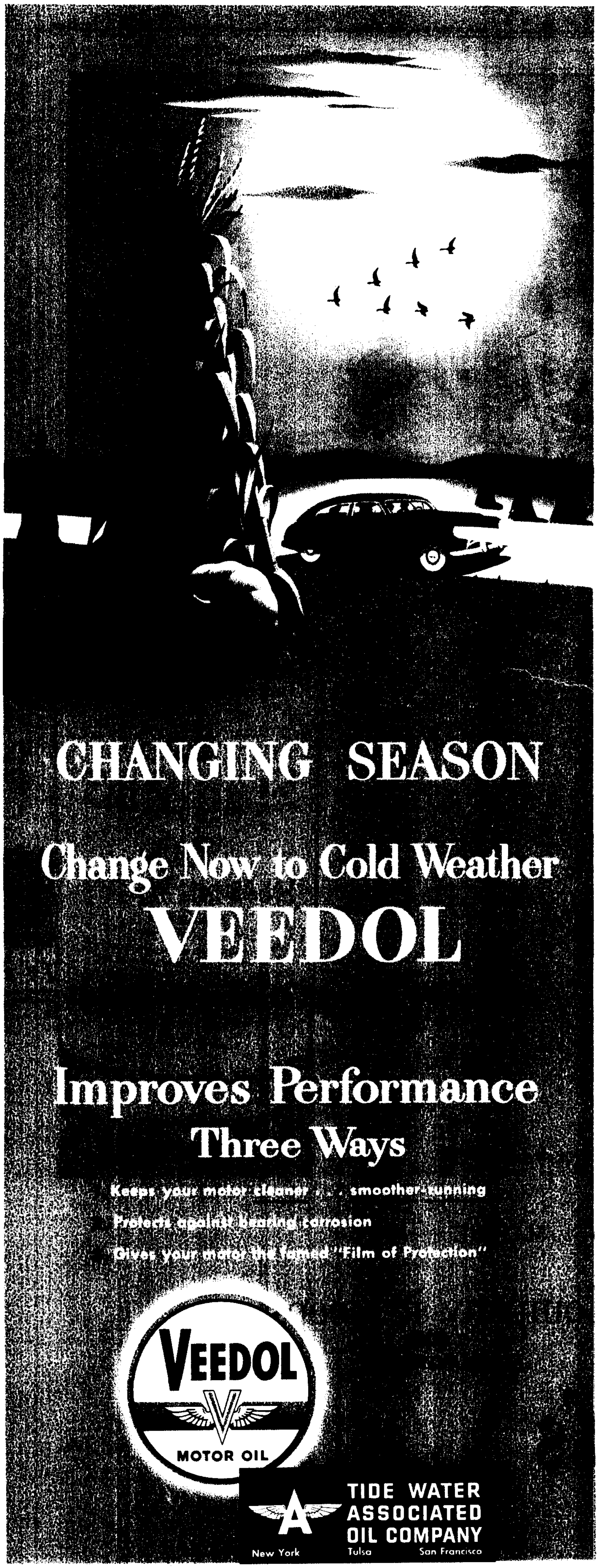
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Bootlegger's Treasure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

nobody ever saw before. But that's as far as I could get. There was only one guy alive who could know where Doc had stashed it away, and that was Arch Roper, so I began to wait for Arch. Sixteen years I waited. Sixteen years, praying every night for Arch to be on his good behavior and get some time shaved off his rap."

Ernie twisted uneasily in his chair. "So what are you getting all excited about?" he said. "So they spring Arch out of Ossining and we tail him straight up here. He don't even stay in the city long enough to change his shirt. So now Arch isn't with us any more, and we brought you Cartwright's map. So what's the matter with that? That's what you wanted, wasn't it? Now all you got to do is go where Doc says on his map and find the merchandise."

"Oh, it is, is it?" snapped Dillon, the anger running back into his voice. "I'll tell you what I'm getting all excited about. I been looking at this map of Cartwright's, and it *isn't any good.* That's why I'm getting all excited."

ALL three men became instantly attentive. "How do you mean, boss, it isn't any good?" Frankie said. "It's Cartwright's map, isn't it?"

"Sure, it's Cartwright's map, but there's something wrong with it. Just look at it." From his pocket Dillon took a yellow oilskin tobacco pouch containing a neatly folded, well-fingered sheet of paper on which a small map had been drawn in ink. He spread it out on the table beside a large stack of printed maps. Ernie and Harry peered over his shoulders. Frankie craned forward.

"Just look at it!" Dillon said indignantly. "What does it say at the top there? It says Abel's Harbor, Maine, doesn't it? All right. For a week now I've been studying all these maps of the country around here night and day. I know every nitch and crony of the coast line for fifty miles in both directions, and what good does it do me!

"Not one of the names of the places around here, not one of them, is even *on* Cartwright's map! Doc made an X here, right? And what does it say? McBurney's Point, right? Well, I got news for you. There isn't any such place as McBurney's Point! I got a million other kinds of points. I got Wentworth's, Shapleigh's, Duffy's, I even got Clambake's, but no McBurney's. And look at these other things! Hunter's Canal. No such a place! Islands of Langerhans. No such a place! Wernicke's Center. No such— What do *you* want?"

This last was addressed to a stocky, muscular man with a crew haircut, who had just entered the room. He wore a numbered football jersey and carried an egg beater in one hand. "I just wanted to tell you, boss," he said. "Benny is just driving up the driveway with the doctor for Frankie."

"All right," Dillon said. "And, Turkey—"

"Yes, boss?"

"Take off that sweater."

"But, boss—"

"Take it off! I don't want anybody asking you questions about football. You talk too much, anyway. The first thing I know you'd be telling this doctor about the time you ran eighty yards for a touchdown for Dannemora."

"Oh, okay, then," Turkey said, and left the room.

"Now, you three guys," Dillon said, turning to the others, "let me do the talking to the croaker. Remember you're sportsmen. Sportsmen. You're always hunting and fishing, right? Frankie, how did you get shot? Quick."

"I was cleaning my gun," Frankie recited, scowling thoughtfully, "although never dreaming it was loaded, when it suddenly went off and drilled me."

"Shot me, shot me!"

"Shot me," Frankie repeated. "All right, boss?"

"All right, but don't call me boss. It doesn't sound so much like we're all pals together," Dillon said. "Let's see—call me Michael. That's only for now, understand. And you, Ernie, you dummy up entirely."

"Look at me," Ernie said sourly. "I'm a clam, Michael."

"I wish you were, you rum-dum—" Dillon began, then bit off his sentence as Hannibal was ushered into the room by the big chauffeur. Instantly, his whole manner changed. He shook Hannibal's hand soberly. "How do you do, Doctor?" he said. "Thank you for hurrying. I'm Mr. Dillon. We've had a little accident here."

Hannibal looked around the big gloomy room furtively. He was still filled with apprehension, but the sight of Frankie stretched out on the sofa jarred his professional instincts into motion. "Yes. How do you do?" he said. "I guess I'd better look after the patient."

"My friend Franklin here," Dillon went on, "had a piece of bad luck with his hunting gun."

"Like Michael says," Frankie said, "I was cleaning my gun, although never dreaming it was loaded, when it suddenly went off and—shot me."

Hannibal's preliminary examination was brief. "Well, you're mighty lucky, Mr. Franklin," he said presently. "It's entirely superficial."

Dillon nodded in satisfaction. "Well!" he said heartily. "Isn't that fine, Franklin? See, there's nothing to worry about."

Hannibal bent over Frankie and began cleaning, then dressing the wound.

"Say, here's a curious thing," Hannibal said, as he finished taping the dressing. "Did you notice your belt buckle here, Mr. Franklin? You're even luckier than we thought. It looks to me as though it probably saved your life."

"My belt buckle?" Frankie said, peering down at the buckle, an unusually large silver affair with Frankie's initials intertwined on its face in richly ornate letters. Just now, however, it was sadly twisted out of shape.

"I think your buckle had slipped a little around to the right," Hannibal explained. "Then, I think your shot hit it and sent the bullet glancing off to the side, where it didn't do much harm."

FRANKIE'S eyes bulged as he stared at the mutilated buckle. "Well, roll me for a fresh fish!" he breathed. "Look at that. That little old belt buckle. You know, Doc, that was gave to me by another group of sportsmen when I was in the hospital in Detroit after a different hunting accident—"

"Yes, that was certainly a real stroke of luck, all right, Franklin," Dillon interrupted hastily. "I know Doctor Jackson is a very busy man," Dillon continued, "and we don't want to hold him up from some kind of really important work. If you'll just tell us what we owe you, Doctor, I'll have the chauffeur run you right back into town."

"That's very kind of you," Hannibal said, closing his bag and beginning to feel that all his apprehension had perhaps been groundless. "You know, I think I can understand just how you must feel, Mr. Franklin. That's a real treasure, and it's right on McBurney's point."

From directly behind Hannibal there was suddenly a fierce outcry. When he jerked around in alarm he found that he was looking down at the gleaming barrel of an automatic, twitching ominously in Ernie's hand.

Then words began to rush out of Ernie every which way—wild, angry, not very sober words. "All right, wise guy, spill what you know!" he snarled savagely. "What about McBurney's Point! I thought I recognized you when you come in here. Now I just remembered I seen you in the post office a couple days ago talking to Arch Roper, making out you were talking about his bum leg. Well, you can drop the doctor pitch now. Who are you working for? What do you know about Cartwright's map? Come on, or you'll get what your buddy, 'Mr. Archibald,' got! Come on, you—"

SUDDENLY Dillon's great fist came chopping down on Ernie's wrist like a sledge hammer, sending the automatic spinning across the room. "Shut up!" he shouted viciously. "Shut up before I break your dumb skull!"

"But, Dillon! Didn't you hear what he said?"

"I heard what he said. Just sit down and shut up!" Dillon gave Ernie a shove that sent him reeling backward.

Hannibal, meanwhile, stood staring at these proceedings like a man who has wandered accidentally into a madhouse. Only two words of Ernie's tirade had registered on him with any kind of meaning, and he repeated them now in a sort of strangled whisper. "Mr. Archibald!"

Dillon stood watching him for several moments with a completely impenetrable expression, neither unfriendly nor friendly. At last, without moving his eyes in the slightest from Hannibal's face, he said, "Case him, Harry."

Harry moved quickly behind Hannibal, and before Hannibal knew what had happened to him, Harry's exploratory fingers had expertly covered each of his pockets, his armpits and his belt fore and aft. "He's clean," Harry reported.

Finally Dillon smiled. "I'll have to ask you to excuse my loudmouthed friend here, Doctor," he said, without glancing at Ernie. "He's kind of an excitable type."

"But—but—" Hannibal wavered, "I—don't understand. I don't understand anything!"

Dillon continued to smile. "Naturally, naturally," he said. "Sit down, Doc. Let's have a little talk. Like a drink?"

"No, no, thank you," Hannibal said, trying to pick up his bag upside down. "I think I'd better be running along now. Never mind about the fee. It wasn't anything, really."

"Don't be silly, Doctor," Dillon said. "We have a lot of things to talk over between us. Sit down. Go ahead, sit down." He took a step in Hannibal's direction, and mechanically Hannibal sat down. "There, that's better," Dillon said. "I understand Mr. Archibald was a friend of yours, right?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say he was a friend exactly," Hannibal said hoarsely. "He was really just—"

"Just more like a business associate, you might say," Dillon interrupted.

"No, no, just a patient of mine."

"A patient," Dillon repeated, then smiled with a sort of patient indulgence. "Look, Mr. Jackson, you came here; you tipped your hand. All right, I'm not dumb. I can take a hint, and I may be ready to talk business. But let's forget about all this doctor stuff—"

"No, you don't understand at all! I *am* a doctor!" Hannibal said.

He started to rise but Dillon pressed him gently on the chest and he dropped back into his chair. "Okay, *Doctor* Jackson," Dillon continued. "You know, I can't quite figure where you fit in. You're too young to have worked for Doc Cartwright in the old days—"

"Doc Cartwright!" Hannibal gulped. "Do you mean, do you mean, do you mean, do you—"

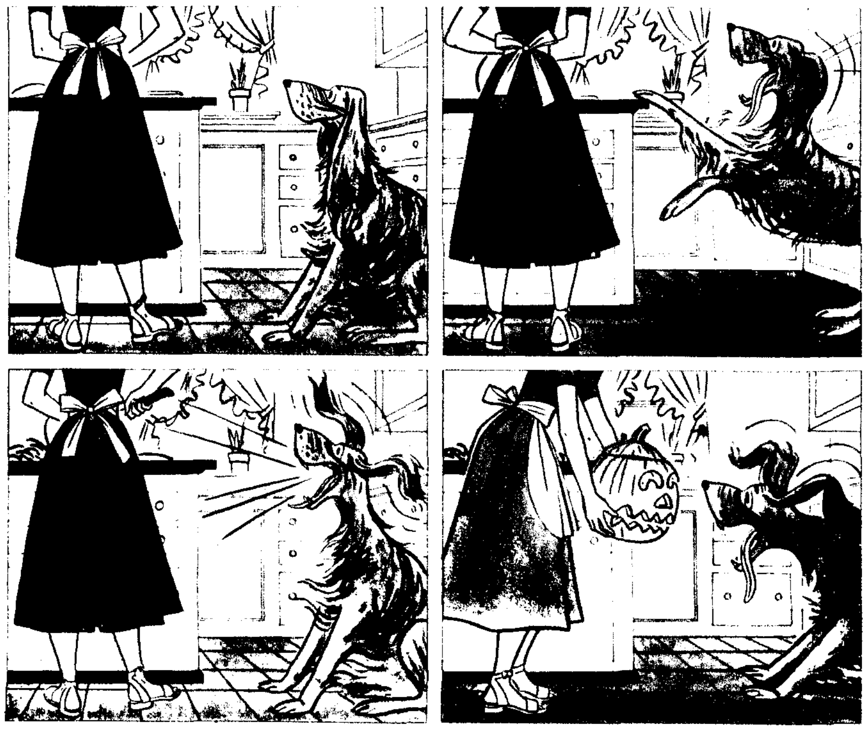
"Put it back on the hook," Dillon murmured absently. "Sure, I got it. You were on ice up at Sing Sing with Arch Roper. . . ."

"If—if you're talking about Mr. Archibald," Hannibal said. "I never saw him in my whole life until about a week ago. He came to me because he'd sprained an ankle while he was out chasing. . . ." His voice suddenly dwindled away, as he remembered the obvious inconsistencies in Mr. Archibald's account of his whereabouts on that afternoon. He remembered, too, the dim view Rosie had taken of the stranger's motives, and a cold feeling began to settle in his stomach.

"Say, boss," Harry said thoughtfully, "we don't want to make any hasty conclusions. Maybe this gentleman here is a solitaire man who was tailing Arch much like our own little organization, and would like to get close to Cartwright's—to what we're looking for."

"So would a lot of people," Dillon

CLANCY



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said, and reached to the table for Cartwright's map, and held the little sheet of paper up where Hannibal could see it. "I *know* I've got something *you* want, Doc. Now, how about the two of us pooling what we know and working together in a nice friendly way, right? Just one question before we start to talk turkey. Do you know where McBurney's Point is located around here?"

"Certainly, I know," Hannibal said at once, "but I don't see what—"

"Good!" Dillon went on, leaning far forward in his chair, his eyes shining. "Now we're getting some place. And maybe you know where a couple more places are too?"

Hannibal retreated nervously in his chair as Dillon's eager face came closer to him. "Why, I—I don't know. I suppose I might, if I knew what it was you wanted to know."

Dillon slapped his knee conclusively. "That's good enough for me!" he said heartily. "I'm not the type of fellow who tries to get things for nothing. Pineapple Mike Dillon pays his way, *right?* All right. I won't fool around with you, Doc. I'll give you ten per cent straight down the line. What do you say?"

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"You mean—to join your *gang!*" Hannibal said, in a horrified voice. "Oh, no! No, you don't understand—"

"But that's *net,* man, tax-free!" Dillon said indignantly. "Who in the business do you think would give you any better bite than that? Don't try to bear down on Mike Dillon, or you'll—"

"I don't want to bear down on anything!" Hannibal interrupted daringly, getting up and managing to dart around Dillon's chair. "It's *only that now* is when I think I'd better be getting on home. I have two postmaternity cases I promised to visit tonight"—he started sidling toward the door—"and a poor old man who's had hiccups for two and a half days, and a fellow who—"

"Look, Mr. Joseph Sawbones," Dillon said grimly, and very slowly, "you should have got the idea by this time that I couldn't let you walk out of here now even if I wanted to, which I don't. I only want to know certain things out of you. I been trying to make you a nice deal, but you think you can make a better one. Well, *that's* where you're wrong, chummy. Benny!"

The chunky chauffeur with the mashed nose came in the door at once and moved over beside Dillon.

Hannibal looked about him with bleak apprehension. "But I don't want anything!" he said, desperately. "Nothing at all! I don't really know anything about any of you or about anything! If you'd just let me go back to—"

"Benny," Dillon interrupted, "did anybody see you driving the doc here?"

"Not nobody," Benny said. "Anyhow, I'm pretty sure not nobody."

"What do you mean you're pretty sure?"

"Well, there was one dame by the side of the road out this side of town," said Benny. "But I don't think she seen the doc. It was starting to get dark, and I was hitting it up pretty good. She was a good-looking blonde, sitting in a yellow convertible."

Hannibal came so close to shouting "Rosie!" that it almost showed, but he clamped his mouth shut tight.

"I'll take a chance on the dame," Dillon was saying. "Maybe she wouldn't even know the doctor if she saw him, and if she did, and gets nosy . . ."

The rest of this sentence remained unspoken in Dillon's mouth, for just then the sounds of a lively scuffle just outside the door came to them. Turkey's voice, exasperated and out of breath, was heard to say, "If you'd just hold still, lady, we'd get where we're going a lot quicker!" To which an outraged female voice replied, "If *you'd* just hold still long enough, I'd hang on your beady little eye the mouse of the century! Let go!"

Dillon strode quickly across the room and threw back the door, to disclose Turkey trying frantically to pin down the arms of a wildly struggling Rosie.

"What's going on here!" Dillon roared.

"Rosie!" shouted Hannibal.

"That's the frill in the yellow convertible!" Benny said, staring.

TURKEY gave up the struggle and released Rosie, who stood glaring belligerently into the room.

"Al found this dame out on the grounds," Turkey reported, "giving the joint the prowl—"

"I just drove up the driveway!" Rosie interrupted indignantly. "Is that the prowl, for Heaven's sake! What kind of a— Oh, hello, Hannibal."

"Rosie, oh, Rosie!" Hannibal cried. "You never should have come here!"

"Well, you're probably right about that," said Rosie, "but I saw you whizzing along with Pretty Boy there"—she nodded toward Benny—"and I thought you might be on an emergency and need some help. Not, by the way, *that* things have changed any," she added loftily. "But what I don't understand is the layout in this training camp—"

"Wait a minute!" Dillon interrupted. "Benny, you say this is the lady you passed in the car?"

"I'm positive, boss."

Dillon's mouth began to rise in a smile again. "Say, that's all right," he said. "And, Doc, you seem to have made the lady's acquaintance yourself, right?"

Hannibal drew himself up to his considerable, lanky height. "Miss Wilkins is my assistant," he said grimly, "and if you should try to hurt even the littlest—"

"Oh, pardon me, Doctor Galahad," Dillon said, "but it looks like maybe a little piece of bargaining power just walked in the door. Right, Doc?"

"Mr. Dillon!" Hannibal said, standing stiffly like a man who has just refused his final cigarette, "I'm ready to talk business with you now!" He looked desperately around the big room where Harry, Frankie, Ernie, Benny, Turkey and Dillon all watched and waited for him with bland impassivity. His mind was spinning. He wanted only to think for a moment, to stall for a moment's time, to make Rosie see the inexorable trap her sudden appearance had sprung on them. Hannibal gulped twice noisily, and then he said, "Maybe we can work out a little deal. But before I say anything for sure, I've got to have a short conference with the dame and talk to her about your proposition."

"Well, you can just talk to yourself, Hannibal Jackson!" Rosie said indignantly. "I don't know what's come over you, but I should have had more sense

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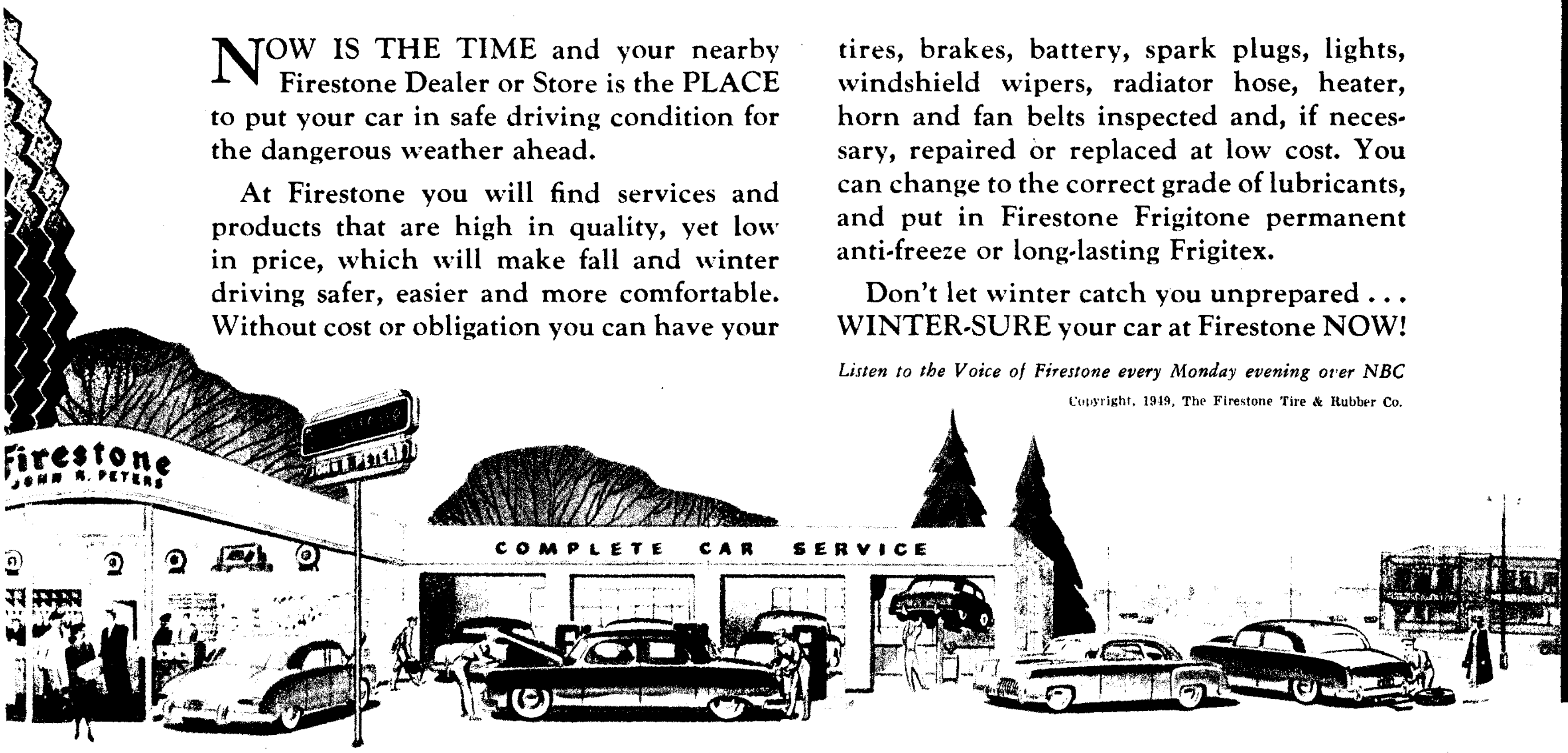

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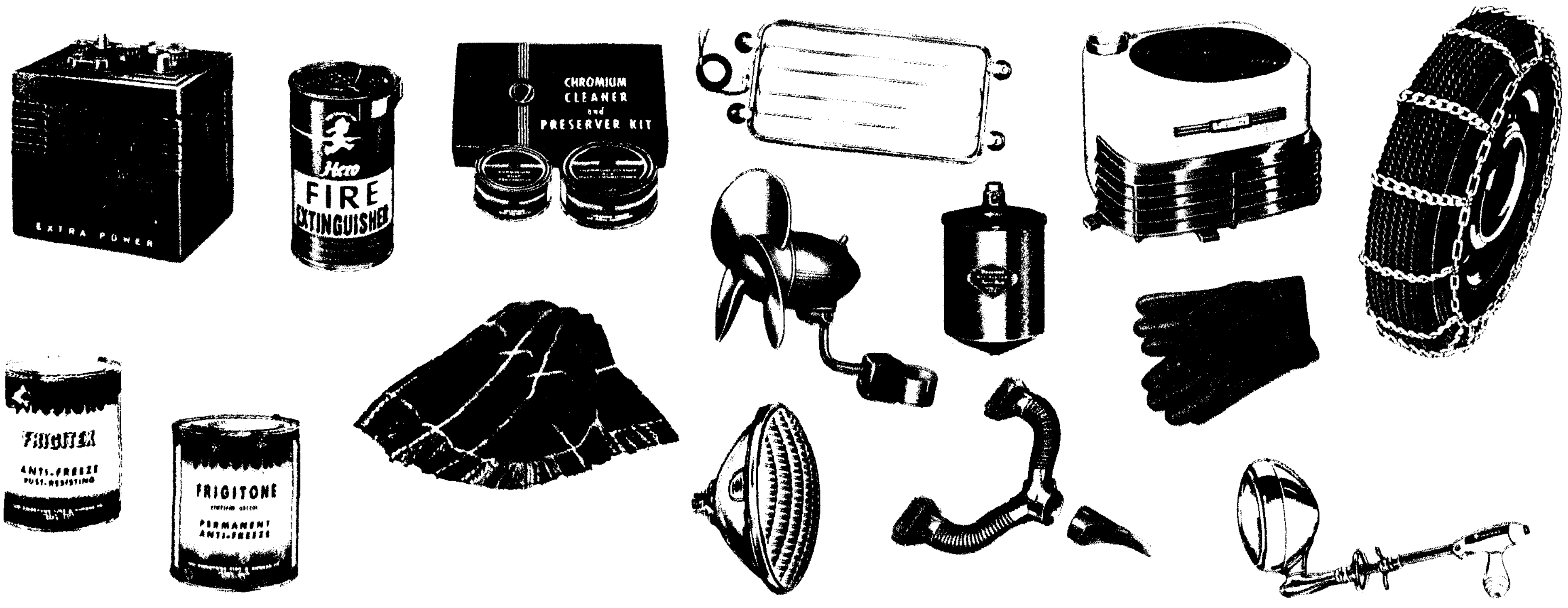

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than to let my better instincts get me out here in the first place. I'm going home!" She spun around on her heel, and marched toward the door.

"Oh, I wish you could, Rosie!" Hannibal said miserably. "But you can't, oh, you can't. Wait and see."

And, like two well-rehearsed actors waiting only for a spoken cue, Benny and Turkey moved quickly into the doorway and stood there looking unemotionally down at Rosie.

Dillon chuckled. "The Doc's getting some sense," he said to Rosie. "You might as well start getting some too, and listen to what your partner wants to tell you. You can go into that little room off the hall there and be all by yourselves."

"I think everybody in this room is crazy," Rosie said deliberately. "What do I want to go into a little room and talk to you for? I'm mad at you."

"Please, Rosie!" Hannibal pleaded. "It's the *only* thing to do." He took her by the arms from behind and began steering her quickly toward the door of the little room.

"Don't you start bullying me too, Hannibal Jackson," Rosie said, trying to twist herself free, "or I'll—"

"Forgive me, Rosie!" Hannibal cried, and gave her one final, violent shove through the door, which he quickly shut behind them.

WHEN they were alone, Rosie said huffily, "Really, Hannibal! I never would have guessed you had this Cossack side to your nature—beating up defenseless women! It's bad enough to find you and your little friends carrying on like somebody left over from prohibition, but—"

"Rosie, Rosie!" Hannibal interrupted in a passionate whisper. "They *are* gangsters. They *are* left over from prohibition. That's the point. That big man is Pineapple Mike Dillon, and the others—"

"Now, Hannibal, really," Rosie said impatiently, "nobody has been called something like Pineapple Mike—"

"All right, I know!" Hannibal hurried on. "But they're not all dead either. Dillon and his gang used to be friends of Doc Cartwright's a long time ago. Not so much friends exactly, but they're the same kind of men. For one thing, they just committed a murder. Anyhow, I think they did."

"Doc Cartwright!" Rosie repeated, and began to look at Hannibal soberly for the first time. "Why do you think they just committed a murder?"

"It's kind of a complicated story, Rosie," Hannibal said, "and you've got to let me tell it to you from the start as quickly as I can. There are still lots of things I can't understand, but I know we're in a bad spot. First, tell me if Uncle Norman knows where you are."

"No, he went to Boston," Rosie said. "He won't be back until later tonight. For Heaven's sake, Hannibal, tell me what you mean about Doc Cartwright and a murder."

"Well, you know Mr. Archibald," Hannibal continued. "Well, it looks like he wasn't a lepidopterist and he didn't shoot himself. He was somebody who once knew Cartwright, and had just got out of prison. This afternoon they shot him and stole some kind of map from him. The little weasel they call Ernie got all excited about something and practically told me so. Then the one they call Frankie got shot somehow. They called me in to patch him up, and now they won't let me go. And they won't let you go either, Rosie. Oh, Rosie—"

"A map," Rosie murmured, reflectively. Then she said, "Holy smoke, Hannibal! You know this might be the way you really play that game for keeps—Doc Cartwright's Treasure. If they've really got hold of Cartwright's—"

"It looks as if they have, all right," Hannibal said, glancing apprehensively at the door, "but the crazy thing is they think *I* know something about it. They keep offering me ten per cent."

"What do they think they're going to gain by giving you a cut? After all, what do you know about all this?"

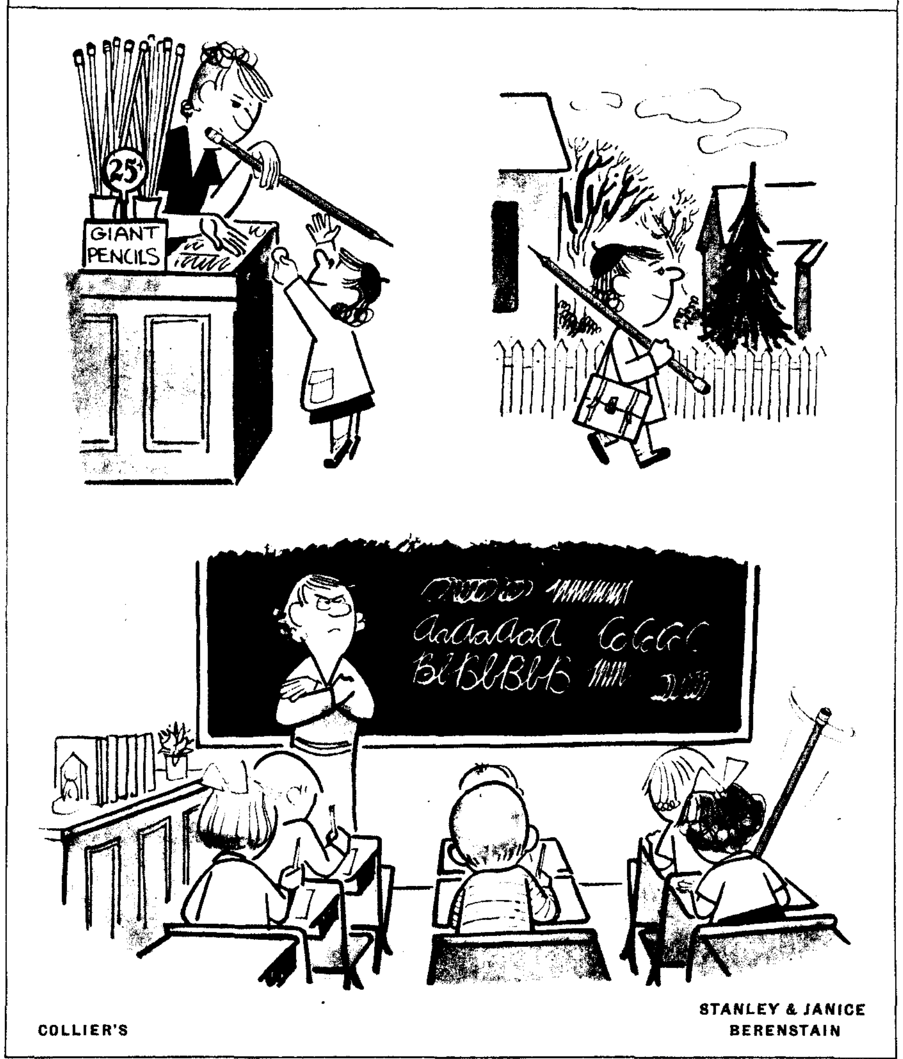
"I *don't* know," Hannibal said. "That's just it, I don't know anything about it. I was just—"

A knock on the door broke off his sentence, and Dillon's voice outside said, "All right, Doc, that ought to be long enough to wise up your lady friend."

"We—we're not quite through yet!" Hannibal called. "Just a minute longer."

"All right," Dillon said, "a minute—"

SISTER



COLLIER'S

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They heard his footsteps move away from the door. "But what do they *think* you know, Hannibal?" Rosie persisted.

"I've been trying to figure it out, but it doesn't make any sense, no sense at all. When I was taking care of Frankie in there—the one that got shot—I noticed that the bullet had glanced off his fancy belt buckle, so that it gave him only a superficial wound. I said something about his having a treasure on McBurney's point, and the first thing I knew Ernie was waving a gun in my face and Dillon was offering me ten per cent."

"A treasure on McBurney's Point?" Rosie echoed. "Where's that? I know every point of land around here, and I never heard of any McBurney's."

"Oh, no, Rosie, not a point of land," Hannibal whispered tensely. "McBurney's point isn't a point of land. It's just a point on the wall of the lower abdomen where a patient feels the most pain in cases of acute appendicitis. It was named after Dr. Charles McBurney."

Just then the door was jerked open, and Dillon stood in the doorway. "All right, time's up," Dillon said. "Come on out, both of you." He turned on his heel and walked toward the living room.

Hannibal darted an apprehensive look over his shoulder. "We—we're coming," he said. Then to Rosie he whispered, "But what am I going to tell them—"

"We've got to play along with them," Rosie interrupted, "and wait for a chance to make a run for it. Uncle Norman will be home in an hour or so and he might notice I'm not around. Just tell them where they can find McBurney's point. I'm looking forward to watching Dillon's face when you tell him."

"Well, I'm not!"

"Hurry up!" Dillon shouted from the doorway.

Rosie and Hannibal followed Dillon into the huge, gloomy living room, where Frankie, Harry and Ernie cut short a discussion to give their attention to whatever might be about to take place.

"The doctor and his lady friend," Dillon announced, "have got wise to themselves. And now the doc is going to tell us where we can put our finger on McBurney's Point. Right, Doc?"

"No, I didn't say that," Hannibal interrupted in a warlike voice. "I said I had a proposition to make. That's what I said. And if you want to accept it, *then* I'll tell you where McBurney's point is."

He rushed on, fearful that his angry spurt of courage might desert him before he had said what he wanted to say. "Everything that's gone on in this house since I got here tonight," he said hoarsely, "is crazy! Not one single thing has made any sense from start to finish. I'm not a gangst—not what you think I am, and neither is Miss Wilkins. I only pretended that a while ago, because you wouldn't believe me and—"

"Look, Doc," Dillon said placatingly, "me and the boys don't care who you are or where you come from or why. We just want some information."

"All right, then," Hannibal interrupted indignantly, "don't believe me! But we don't want any per cents or any money. We only want one thing. I'll tell you where McBurney's point is, on the condition that, as soon as I've told you, you'll let Miss Wilkins and me leave this house without any interference."

Dillon rubbed the side of his chin delicately, and exchanged a brief glance with Harry. "Well, that sounds fair enough to me," he said. "Wouldn't you say so, Harry?"

"Why, in my opinion," Harry said, nodding his head solemnly and returning Dillon's glance, "I wouldn't say there was any reason to detain these good folks over and above any such a time as they should feel so inclined as to flap their lip regarding certain informations."

"Well, then, since you've agreed," Hannibal said, and even he could hear the stern confidence ebbing out of his voice, "I'll tell you what you want to know. The—the only thing is, I think you may be a little surprised about the exact location of McBurney's point, and I wouldn't want you to be upset."

"Upset, who's upset?" Dillon shouted, rubbing his hands together and getting out of his chair. "All I want to know is where it is. Wait a minute. I got a hunch. Has it got a lighthouse on it?"

Hannibal looked about him furtively, then cleared his throat twice. "I'm afraid you're going to find that you've been a little off the track about McBurney's point. You'll probably laugh when you hear where it really is," he said, laughing somewhat hollowly. "It isn't—well, you said you wanted me to put my finger on it, Mr. Dillon, so I will." Hannibal moved over to Dillon's side and placed his forefinger gingerly on a spot just below Dillon's vest and poked it. "McBurney's point," he said, "is right there."

"Right where?" Dillon said.

"There," said Hannibal, poking it again. "It's slightly below and to the right of your—"

"You poked me in the stomach," Dillon said.

"Oh, no, not your stomach. Your stomach is much—"

"I want to know where McBurney's Point is," Dillon said. "I don't want you poking me in the stomach, understand?"

"But that *is* McBurney's point," Hannibal said, making a strong effort to keep a reasonable sound in his voice. "You see, it's a medical—a—an anatomical designation, a point on the wall of your lower abdomen. I told you you might be surprised. Well, anyway, now that you know, I guess Miss Wilkins and I had better be running along."

HANNIBAL had already begun a slow side-stepping motion in Rosie's direction, when there came from Dillon an embattled rumbling sound at the back of his throat which was alarming to hear. Then suddenly, like some wounded mighty jungle creature, Dillon roared. "You double-shuffling, four-flushing wise guy, you think you can make a pigeon out of Mike Dillon! So McBurney's Point is down in my lunch hole, is it? I'm through fooling around with you. *Benny!*"

"You see, Mr. Dillon," Hannibal hurried on desperately, "it's not that McBurney's point is just in *your* stomach, as you put it. It's in everybody's."

Frankie shared a glance with Harry which was rich with awe. "I don't care how you think about it," he breathed, "it takes nerve to say a thing like that."

"But you promised—" Hannibal began, but Benny appeared at the door and Dillon beckoned him into the room.

"I got a job for you," he snapped. He indicated Hannibal with an angry jerk of his head. "This joker knows something we got to know before we can get any farther and he's getting cute about it. You and Ernie get it out of him."

"Wait!" Rosie shouted wildly. "Wait a minute, Dillon! At least call off your stumble-bums until you've had a chance to check up on what he's told you. Just look it up in your dictionary!"

She started a frantic lunge at Ernie's back, but Dillon caught her from behind and pinned her arms to her sides.

Hannibal meanwhile watched the re-

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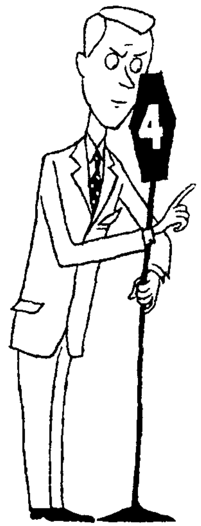

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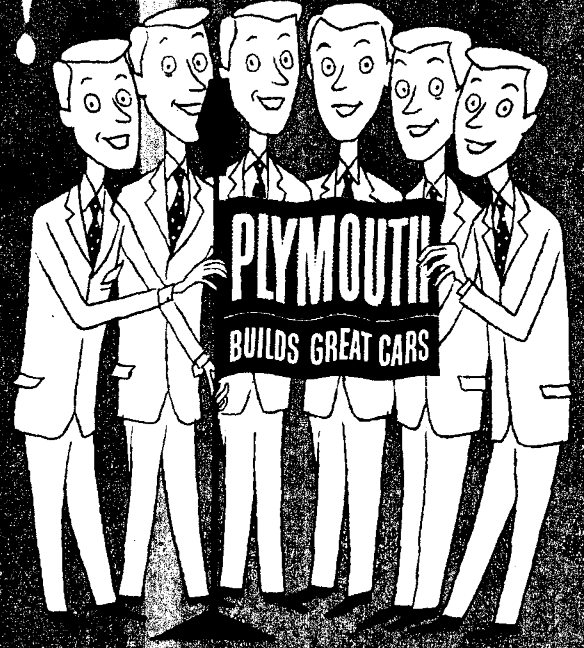

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lentless advance of Ernie and Benny across the big room in a condition of panic. He had not, however, lost control of his senses to a degree sufficient to make him think of trying to fight it out. Plainly along that road lay suicide. Instead, he beat a slow strategic retreat, which approximated the speed of his pursuers' advance, staring desperately around him for some alley of escape. But a room, by its nature, does not allow for indefinite retreat in any one direction, and it was precisely at a point when Hannibal had been backed into a corner that the voice of Harry the forger interceded like a Greek Fate.

A MAN in a more literary line of work than his colleagues, Harry had acted on Rosie's suggestion and had found a dictionary among the books on the Cutler shelves. Now his voice rang out above the tumult. "Hold everything, friends," he called. "I got a flash for you."

The others, momentarily distracted from their various occupations, turned toward him, and Harry went on, standing gaunt and solemn like an ailing stork. "This book here I got in my hands," Harry announced, "is the Webster's dictionary, and the fellow who got it up has some news for you. I quote: 'McBurney's point. [After C. *McBurney* (1845–1913), Am. surgeon.] *Med.* A point on the ventral abdominal wall, between the right anterior superior iliac spine and the—ah—the umbili—' "

"Umbilicus," Hannibal prompted excitedly. "That's your belly button. Go on, Harry, go on!"

" '—the umbilicus,' " Harry continued, " 'where the most acute pain is elicited by pressure in cases of appendicitis.' "

"You see!" Rosie cried, shaking herself free from a seriously distracted Dillon. "That's exactly what Hannibal told you in the first place."

"Oh, dummy up," Dillon muttered.

After a long time Ernie wandered away from the corner where he and Benny had trapped Hannibal, sat down on the couch with his feet on a chair, took out a penknife and started to clean his fingernails.

Dillon shook his head savagely as though to jar his senses into motion. For a moment he transferred his stare to Hannibal, who stood pale and panting in the corner into which his retreat had driven him. Then Dillon turned abruptly and walked to the table where he picked up the grubby piece of paper which was Doc Cartwright's map.

"You're a very smart guy, aren't you, Mr. Croaker," he said deliberately. "You and the dictionary guy are so smart you know McBurney's point is—"

"Oh, no," Hannibal began modestly, "any medical student would—"

"Listen to me!" Dillon continued, raising his voice ominously. He glanced at the map in his hand. "Since you're such a smart guy, where is Wernicke's Center?"

"It's up here," Hannibal said at once, tapping his head. "In the brain."

Dillon gripped the paper tighter. "And where's Hunter's Canal?"

"That's something else again," Hannibal continued. "Hunter's canal is an area in the thigh. It's in about the middle third of the thigh between the adductor longus and adductor magnus medially, the vastus medialis laterally, and—"

The paper in Dillon's hands began to rattle violently. "Oh, *that's* where it is," he said, his voice now constricted by emotion to a hideous strangled sound. "And how about the Islands of Langerhans? I suppose you're going to tell me I've got them hid up my nose!"

"Oh no, the islands of Langerhans are in the pancreas," Hannibal said. "As a matter of fact, they're quite near McBurney's point. Their primary function is controlling—"

"Stop it!" Dillon shouted wildly. "That's enough!" Then after a moment in which his rage and frustration steeped within him, holding Cartwright's map at arm's length, he spat at it with passionate ferocity. "Why, that dirty, double-crossing Cartwright, he's nothing but a crook!" he said savagely. "He's trying to steal right out of my hand like I was some tourist or other! Trying to play funny jokes on Mike Dillon! Sixteen years of my life I been waiting to get my hands on this map and now look what I got!"

In his fury Dillon hurled the map to the floor and was about to grind it under his shoe when Harry darted in and nimbly snatched it up again.

"Boss, boss," Harry said placatingly, "you got to gain control of the under side of your nature. I recognize how this news is a kind of twist on the way we doped things, but it seems to me like our little group ought to talk things over in more of a calm state."

"Calm, he says!" Dillon shouted. "Calm, after sixteen years of waiting to find Cartwright's pile I finally got a map that tells me where I can find my head and my stomach! Calm schmalm!"

This interchange was interrupted by Ernie, who rose deliberately and walked over to Dillon. His face was pinched tight with anger. "Listen, Dillon," he said, "I been hearing nothing since I came up here but how many troubles *you* got. Well, now things are really loused up. It turns out the doc here is just a square like he's been saying all the time. So's the dame. They don't know nothing that's any good to us, and they know plenty that's bad for us. We're through with them, and I want to get rid of them quick."

When I Really Need It

**Insomnia's something
I'd just as soon
Have at three o'clock
In the afternoon.**

—RICHARD ARMOUR

CURIOUSLY, this demonstration of insubordination seemed to sober the wrought-up Dillon rather than otherwise. His instincts seemed to tell him that it was time to pull himself together, to exert his authority or fall. He looked coldly down at Ernie for a moment—an imperious rebuke—then he said, "If you'd said anything else but what you said, I was going to kick in your face just so you wouldn't keep forgetting who's running things, but it just so happens I agree with you. We're through with the doc and the lady friend and I don't want them around where they can yap. I'll let you and Benny take care of the matter."

Hannibal, who only a moment earlier had rejoiced in the vindication of his statement presented him by Mr. Webster, now felt a cold knot of fear slowly settling at the place where his spine joined his skull. He glanced quickly across the room at Rosie. He saw in her tolerably composed face that the meaning of Dillon's words had not been lost on her. He took an unsteady breath.

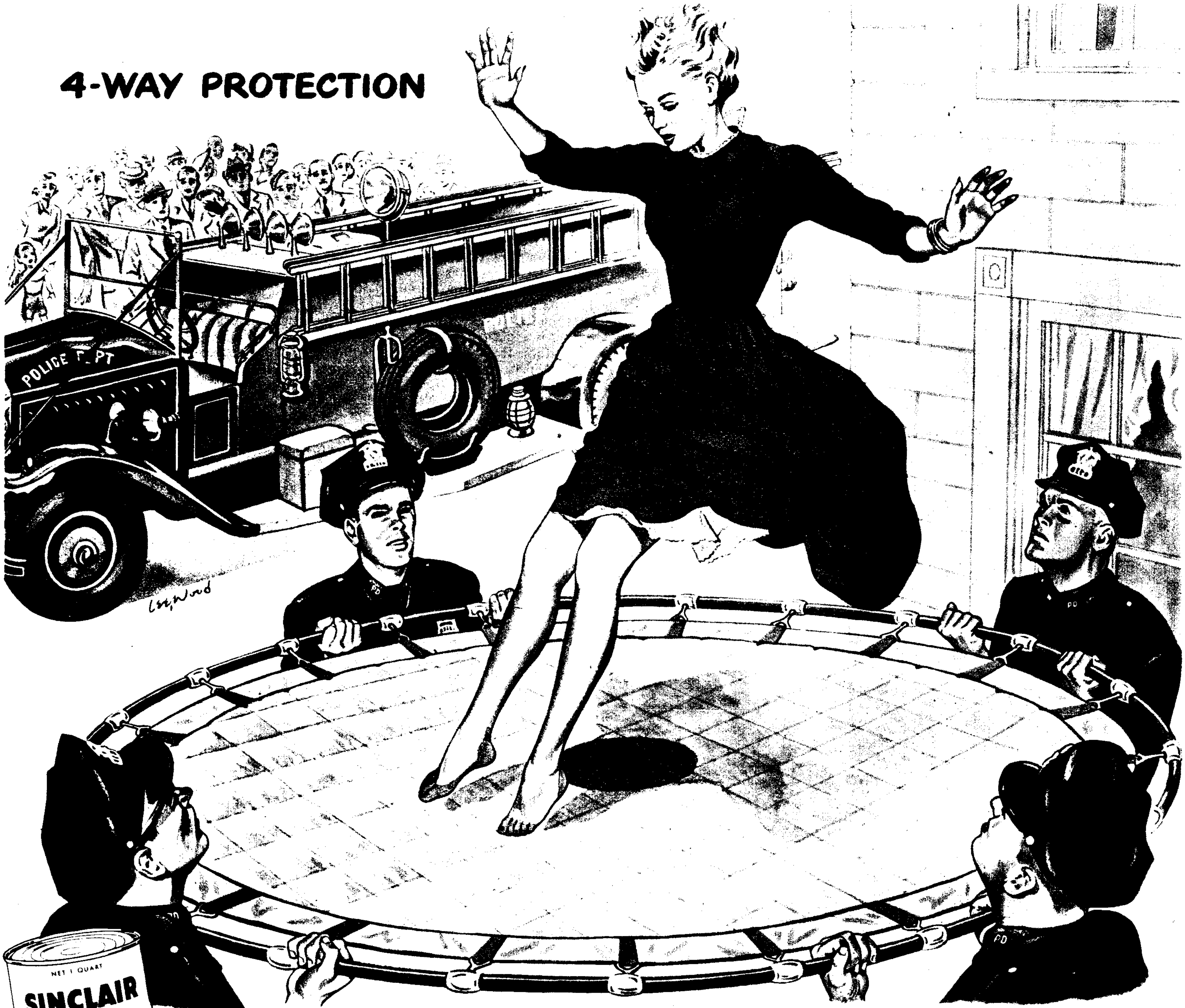
"Now, look here, Mr. Dillon," he began with a sort of hollow intensity, "you promised that if I told you where McBurney's point is you'd let us go back to town. Well, I've told you—"

"And a fat lot of good it did me!" Dillon interrupted harshly. "I'm worse off than I was before. I'm through with you. All right, Ernie."

Ernie slipped his hand inside his coat and took out his gun, with which he gestured peremptorily. "It's better outside," he said.

(*To be continued next week*)

4-WAY PROTECTION



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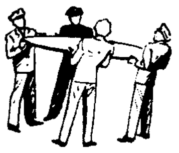

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The Town the G.I.s Called "Smith"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

jealousy can be detected toward "the Athens of north Louisiana." Actually, however, artists and writers are almost as rare in Natchitoches as Natchitoches Indians.

When you come right down to it, the only authentic professional artist's studio in town that anyone can remember was a cute little structure on the main street overlooking the lake and which was tenanted years ago by a gifted armless lady who drew with her toes. Since her death, this studio has been requisitioned by the city for the chamber of commerce headquarters wherein the myth that the town is a veritable garden of the Muses is assiduously tended.

Visitors, fresh from other courthouse towns in north Louisiana's red piney hills, catch their breath when they come suddenly face to face with a town which seems to have come—spirit, brick and beam—from the Old World.

Many of its ancient buildings were actually brought brick by brick from Europe, and the fact that a single firm of architects supervised the erection of many homes and places of business during the early 1830s gives Natchitoches a further air of cultural unity.

From the east bank of deep-green Cane River Lake, the prospect does not resemble anything to be seen on this side of the Atlantic. Natchitoches has all the flavor of a Normandy river town.

There is probably more iron lace of a more intricate and delicate design here than is to be found in the Vieux Carré of New Orleans. The circular staircase behind the dry-goods store makes photographers drool.

The old homes are, of course, crawling with legend. From time to time civic groups have essayed to hang markers celebrating these landmarks. Such attempts have always stirred up violent internecine squabbling over the wording of the signs, due to the shifting ownership of the properties through the years. To keep the peace, markers now denote only such noncontroversial spots as "American Cemetery" and "Catholic Church."

Oddly, a number of the old homes are associated with the name of Ulysses S. Grant. As a young second lieutenant, he cut a swath through the social life of the town, about 1844. He was regularly in attendance at the Saturday-night dances in the venerable (1776) Tauzin (now Williams) mansion.

A Lieutenant Goes Courting

Legend has it that he paid court to the beauteous heiress, Nezilda St. Amant, who could see no future for herself as a penniless second lieutenant's bride. Rejected, Grant turned his ardor toward a Miss Mary Campbell, of Second Street, likewise heavily dowried. She also gave him the gate on the grounds that he liked his liquor a little too much—especially since he was in the Army, where discipline and decorum were indispensable to success.

Natchitoches has been celebrated from ancient days as a city of considerable iniquity. They tell the story of an ancestor of a leading citizen who, chaperoning a large convoy of foodstuffs to the hard-pressed Confederate garrison at Shreveport, was dismayed at the prospect of shepherding his troop of muleteers through the fleshpots and barrel houses of Natchitoches. He pondered the situation and hit upon an outlandish stratagem. By fast mount he rode ahead to the town and, after conferring with the mayor and the priest, was able to return and take his charges through with decorum.

The men found the saloons closed and the church in the middle of Mass. They observed that it was obviously Sunday (actually it was Thursday) and doffed their caps as they rode sedately past the house of worship.

I remember a brief span of more recent years when, at one time or another, the district judge was tried and ousted by the Supreme Court for, among other things, giving the Methodist church a rubber check for $10; and the town's most brilliant lawyer refused to run for re-election as district attorney because the work interfered with his drinking.

A much-loved family physician of today, in practice for nearly half a century, admits that Natchitoches men have never been noted for their ascetic habits. He likes to horrify the literal-minded with his famous prescription for getting on the wagon again after protracted absence from same. Get a case of whisky, he says. Give the patient 30 drinks the first day, 29 the second, 28 the third, and so on until . . .

Saturday Afternoon Visitors

The sharp contrast between Natchitoches and the standard north Louisiana (or standard deep South) small town can best be seen on Saturday afternoons. Then the farmers come in from their hill farms round about to shop and gossip. The citizens of Gallic blood among them stand out. Neatly, if somberly dressed, they carry with them a quiet patrician air of owning the place.

On Saturdays also, the "Free Mulattoes" from their ancient settlement on the Côte Joyeuse "down the river" appear on the streets in small parties, speaking French and English interchangeably. They are descendants of children born to French plantation owners and their slave mistresses.

Long before the Civil War it was the custom to free such children at birth and to settle rich tracts of farm land on them for their support. There are today about 2,000 of these uniformly handsome people: very light-skinned, very proud, many of them wealthy and cultured.

In one respect the exotic similarity of Natchitoches to a provincial French town falters. There are no statues in public places dedicated to victories, generals or even poets. The town does have one piece of secular statuary. When they first encounter the statue, visitors understandably stare at it agape. It is a life-size figure of an ante bellum Negro servitor, bowing low, hat in hand. A plaque reveals that it honors the memory of "The Good Darkey" of the days "before the war," and it was bequeathed to the city by Mr. J. L. Bryan, whose views were considered advanced for his time. Reaction to the statue among the 1949 colored population is mixed.

Natchitoches has been growing steadily, but for no reason easy to find. There is nothing properly classifiable as industry in this agricultural community. Its only factory closed down a couple of years ago. The plant manufactured brassières and nobody seems to know why it closed or why it was established in the town in the first place. Anyhow, for whatever reason, the growth is taking place and the new settlers exude great pride. They live in Natchitoches, which (did I tell you?) is the oldest town in . . .

Older settlers are, of course, clearer-eyed about the place.

Last night I called one of them to check a fact for this article. "Why in the world," she demanded kindly, "would anyone want to print an article about Natchitoches? Everybody knows all about Natchitoches already, don't they?"

THE END

One Came Back

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

brushed the fallen ash from his desk and announced, "I begin to understand."

The woman continued her narrative. "You know how it is with the families of our community. There is too much pride. If I had told my parents, who are old, it might have killed them. And I had to think of the child. I went to my cousin Leon, who has always loved me. He offered marriage."

"You have been happy?" the Inspector asked.

"He has been kind, but it has been difficult because of his sister."

CHAFIK remembered his records and interrupted: "This sister is a widow. Her married name is Chauvian. She kept house for her brother until he brought you there as wife. Then she left. You should forgive her, madame. Timber cut green often warps, and it is so with unseasoned widowhood."

Helen Atesian said mildly, "She is possessive about Leon. I think she would have hated me even if there had not been the child. She knows, of course, and once she called me— But that isn't important, Inspector. The problem is Peter, and my husband."

"But I see no problem. Surely this one who has come back must be sent away."

"It is not so simple." The low rich voice quavered, then found strength as she said, "Peter was badly wounded and taken prisoner. When he was liberated they sent him to America. They kept him in the hospital there a long time. But he is still scarred. There are moments when he remembers nothing." She made no attempt to hide her anguish of tender concern.

Chafik said, "In English they call it 'blackout.' So you are afraid he may do violence to your husband in one of these moments, and you have come seeking protection—for both of them, I think."

Helen Atesian smiled. "You are very understanding."

"That is my business." And to comfort the woman, Chafik said, "But why should the American show violence toward the man who has cared for you and the child? A blackout does not necessarily mean insanity."

There was a discreet knock on the door and a tall, gaunt police sergeant entered. He carried a folder to which was clipped a blue form. Chafik looked at him and waved him away.

"I told you I was not to be disturbed, Abdullah."

"Sir, this is a matter of pressing importance." Sergeant Abdullah stubbornly put the folder on the desk and went out.

The Inspector read the report, then turned it face down and squared it with the edge of the blotter. The movements of his long hands were slow and careful.

Helen Atesian was saying, "Peter was liberated before our child was born. He wrote to me then— I didn't know— My husband—"

Chafik interrupted with a voice suddenly become harsh, "I advise you to end this interview."

The woman shook her head. Fear now filled her dark eyes and she rushed on, "There is little more. When Peter came to Baghdad to find me, my husband confessed. He had intercepted Peter's letters. He did it because he loved me, but he separated us—Peter, myself, our child. He is full of remorse, but I left him. I had to. And foolishly I told Peter. He became violent, and threatened—"

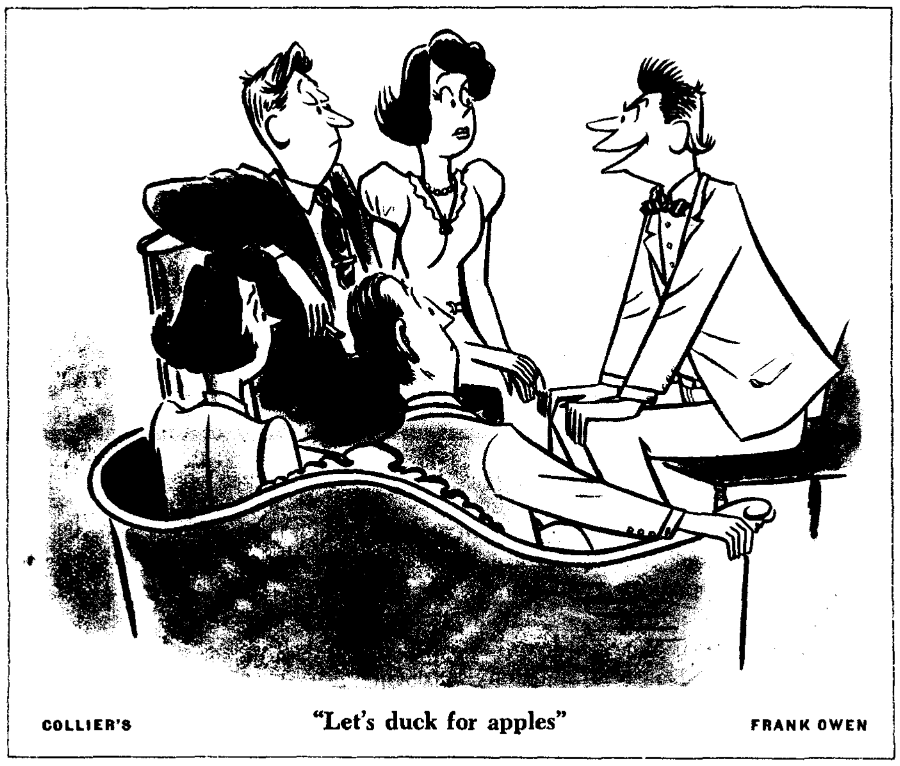
"Enough!" Chafik himself was violent. He took the folder from his desk and held it between finger and thumb like something loathsome. "This is a police report from the Shamal district. It came over the teletype five minutes ago. Your husband is dead. He was found shot. A witness saw a man leave the house, a man with fair hair, tall, very thin. You recognize the description, madame?"

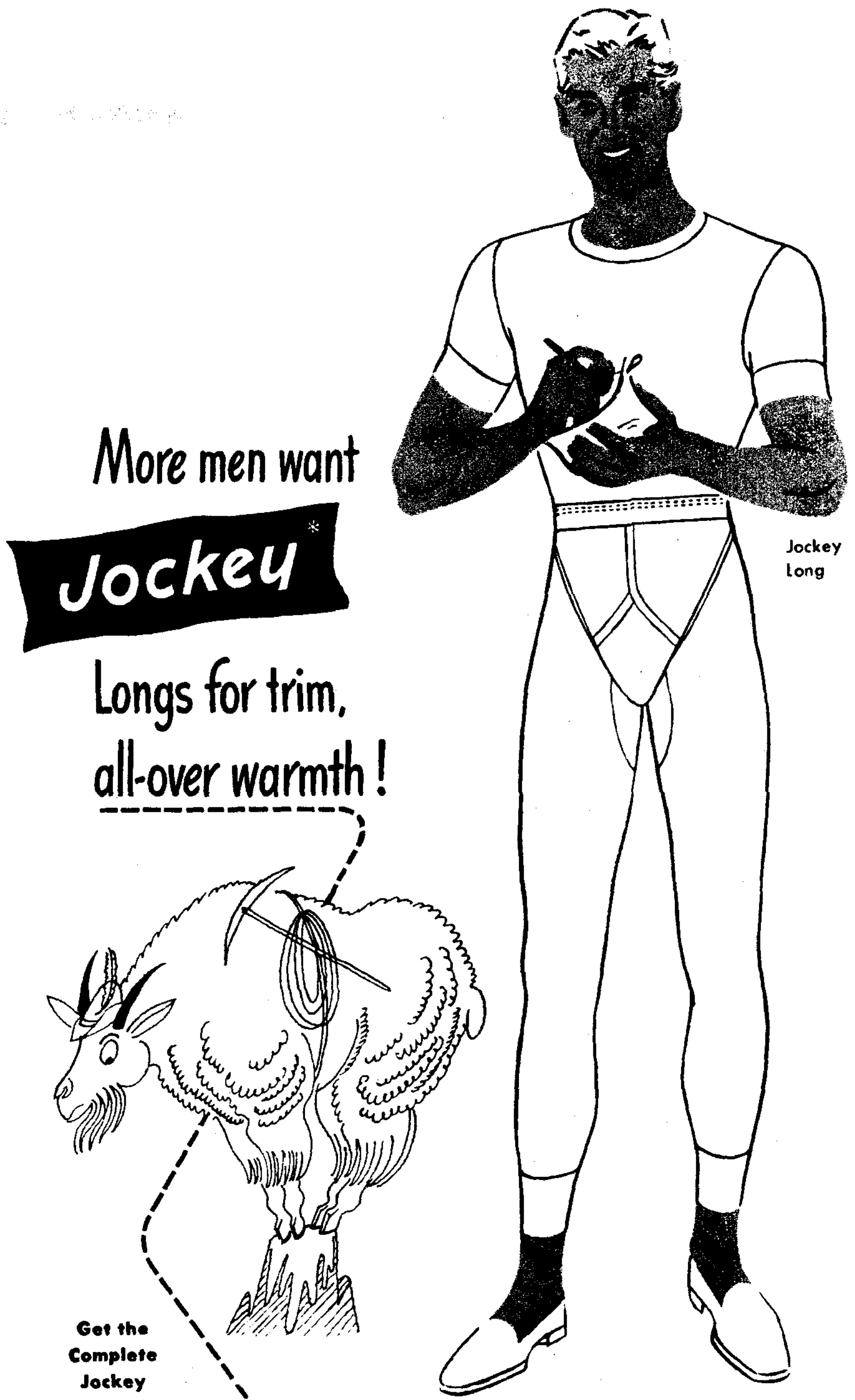
The Inspector saw the horror in the woman's face, the way she recoiled from him, and he added savagely, "Those who call me compassionate should remember I am a policeman first—"

THEY had found the body of Leon Atesian huddled in the library of his house. He had been shot in the right temple at such close range that the skin was scorched by the blast. There was no disorder in the room; no gun had been found.

The witness was the butler, a very old man named Joseph who had been a retainer of the dead man's father. Joseph had a brown wrinkled face, like lava hardened in a mold. But it was only surface-hard. Beneath, boiled grief and white-hot anger.

He said he had been sent into the city to market. Normally he would have


COLLIER'S "Let's duck for apples" FRANK OWEN



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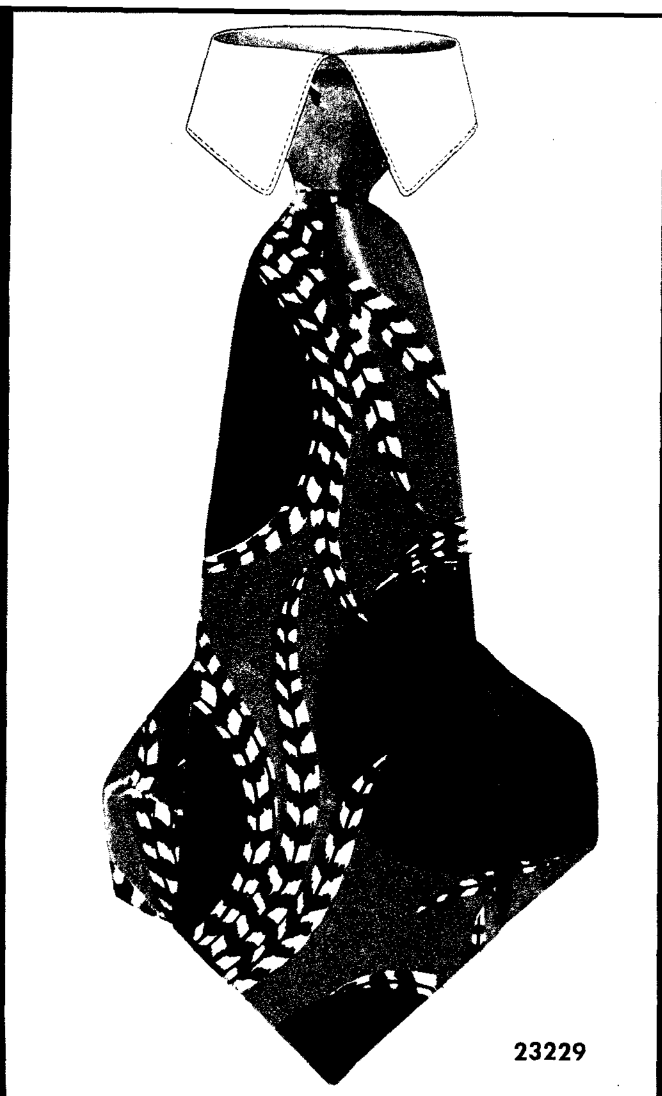
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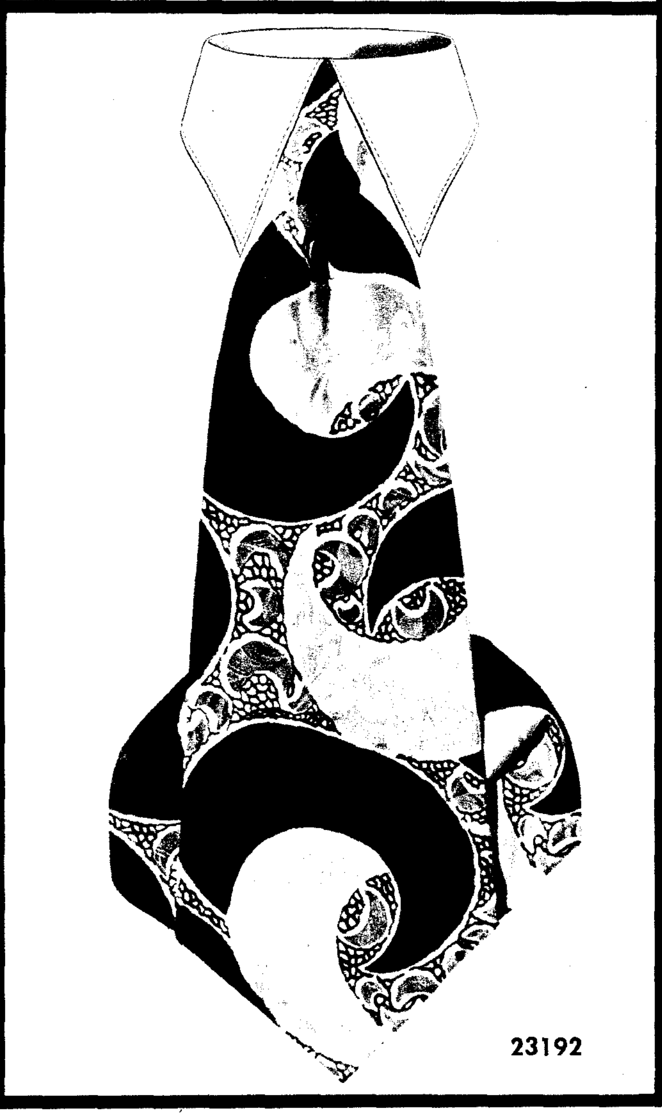
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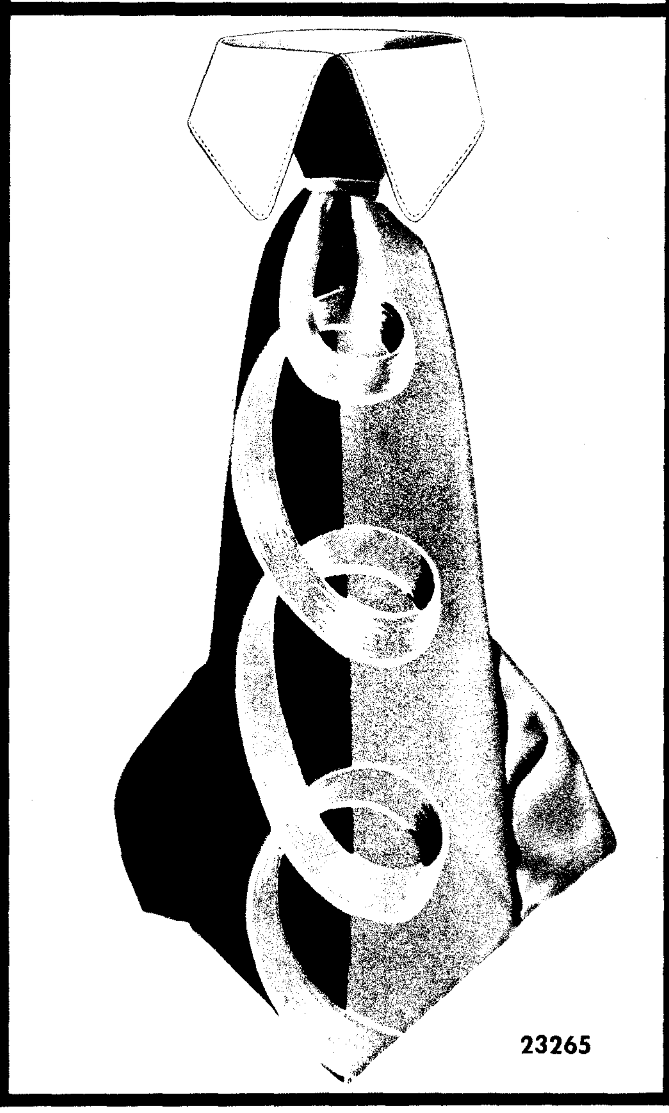
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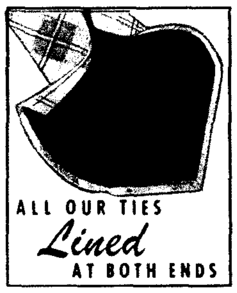

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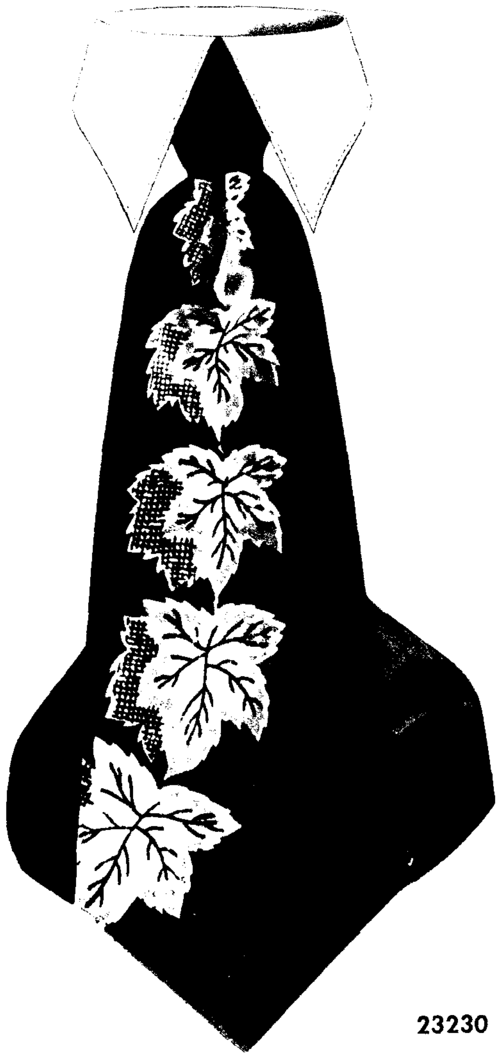
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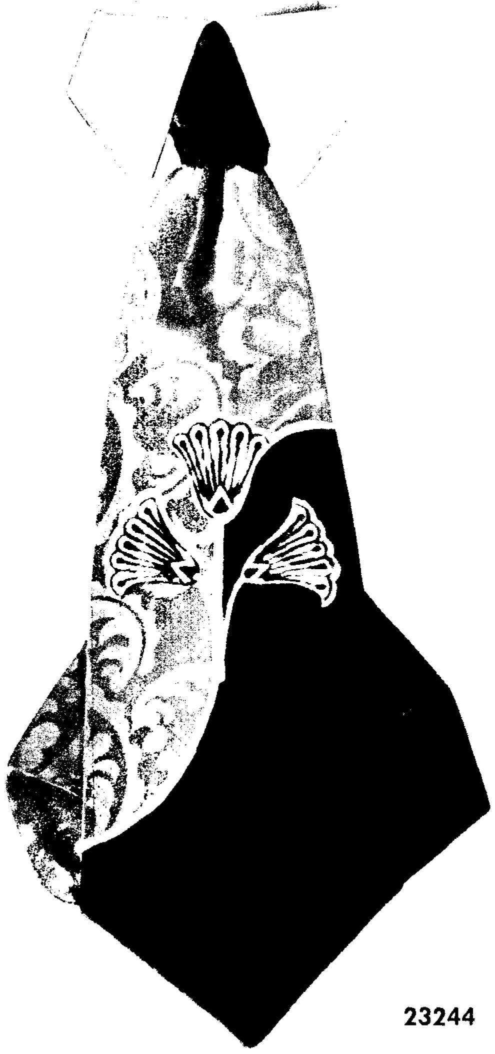
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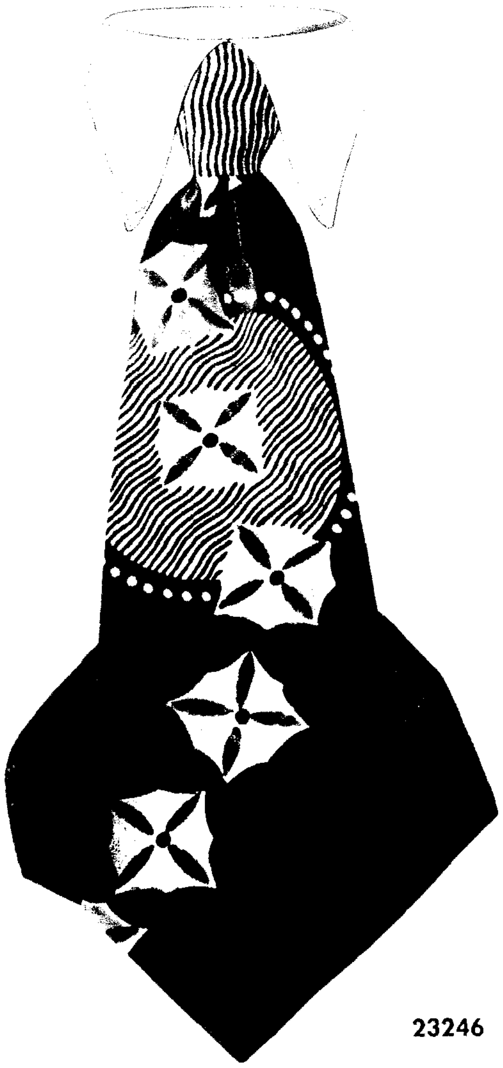
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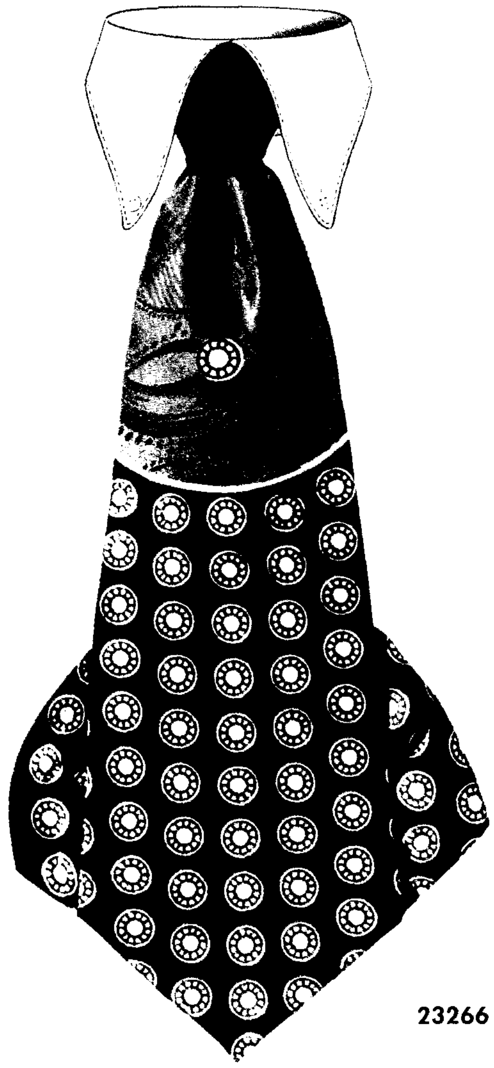
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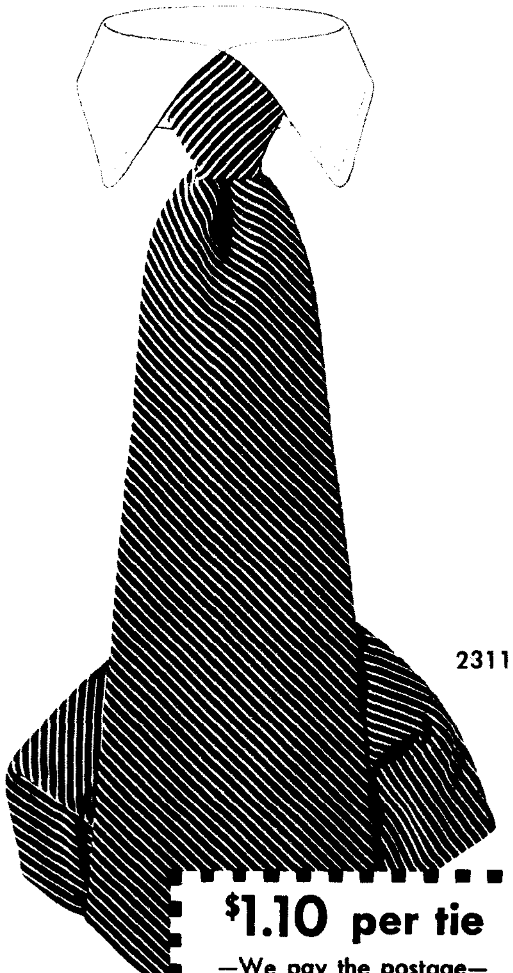
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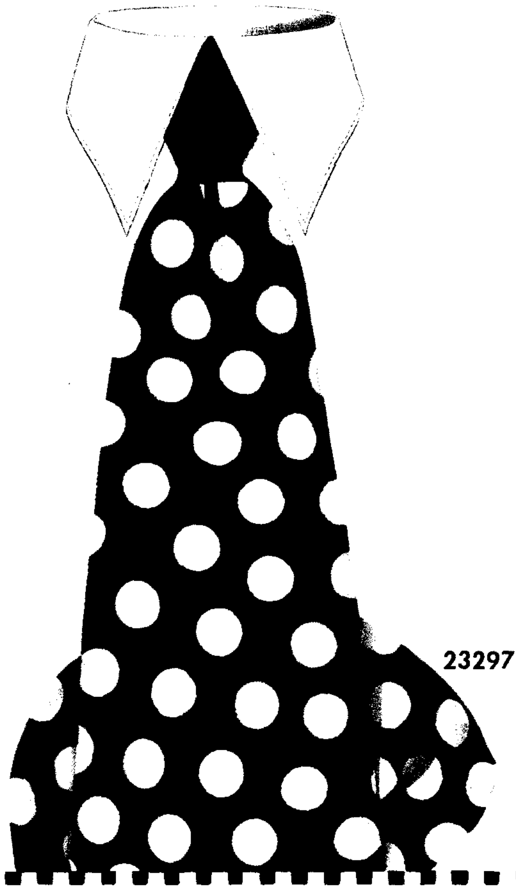
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taken his time, but the heat had been trying and he returned early. He saw a man leaving the house and could identify him as Ashford. He knew the foreigner; he had kept watch on him and seen his illicit meetings with the woman.

"My master should have beaten her," Joseph said.

Inspector Chafik said sharply, "If your legs were as nimble as your tongue, you would be a mountain goat." He made an apologetic gesture toward Helen Atesian, who sat in a high-backed chair in the cool entrance hall of the big house. A prayer rug hung on the wall behind her and soft colors glowed like a stained-glass window.

Helen's quiet contrasted with the uncontrolled grief of the other woman, who paced the floor, clasped hands rising and falling rhythmically in her anguish.

Madame Chauvian, the dead man's sister, was in the middle years, but unlike mature wine she was not mellow. Death had cheated her when she was a very young wife; resignation to widowhood for the rest of life was a convention that one of a conventional generation dared not challenge. It had corroded her, eaten the generous curves from her woman's body and the kindness from her heart. When she looked at her sister-in-law, as she often did, her lips tightened and her dull eyes became oddly, coldly bright.

She said she had been called to the house by Joseph when he had discovered the body. She lived near by, and it had only taken her a few minutes to arrive, but much longer to recover from shock and notify the police.

Madame Chauvian said to the Inspector, "Let Joseph talk. He is not a stranger like others." She looked challengingly at Helen Atesian.

Chafik said, "And a trifle prejudiced, perhaps? But it was natural Joseph should send for you when he found his *master*—although I wish he had called the police instead."

The woman adjusted her widow's wimple and asked sharply, "Why should he have called the police?"

"We could have softened the shock for you. We are not without compassion." Chafik looked hopefully at Helen Atesian, but his overture was ignored and he turned again to Joseph.

THE old servant said, "The foreigner killed because of the woman. I shall answer him." His hand came up to grasp an invisible dagger, and the sleeve of his gown fell back, revealing a long raking scratch on his wrist.

Chafik said, "Those who kill answer to God. And sometimes to me," he added grimly. "How far were you from the foreigner when he left the house?"

"Three steps. No more."

"Then he saw you?"

"He saw nothing. His look was blank, like death."

The Inspector turned with pity to Helen Atesian, who released an audible breath. She sat on the edge of the chair, very still, tense, silent; she had not spoken since the news broken in his office abruptly ended her story. But the pale oval of her face reflected her realization that everything she had told Chafik made damning evidence against her lover. She sees me as the public executioner, he thought bitterly.

He said to the witness, "Which way went the foreigner?"

"By the path to the river—"

"There, perhaps, he threw the gun," interrupted Madame Chauvian.

" 'Perhaps' is not evidence." Inspector Chafik abruptly terminated the interview and went into the library to view the body.

The library was a handsome room, exquisitely furnished as was all the house. Unlike the usual ultramodern homes of the wealthy Iraqis, Atesian's was a museum of fine antiques; he had been a man of impeccable taste, a dealer in rare books who had an international reputation as an expert in Middle East bibliography.

The man who had died among his most treasured possessions was oddly decorous in the violence of death. He had been a gray-haired gentleman of middle age, carefully preserved and groomed. The bloodied head was flung back against an antimacassar of fine old brocade in an attitude of rest, a mockery enhanced by the ceiling fan which directed cooling air on the now cold body.

CHAFIK, who had frugal ways, switched off the fan and said to his assistant, mahogany-faced Sergeant Abdullah, who had conducted a preliminary investigation, "This is odd. The body has not been disarranged."

"Sir?"

"The sister would appear to be passionately grieved. I would expect her, seeing the corpse of one she loved, to throw herself upon it, clasp it, cherish it, become bloodied by it. Yet—" Chafik shrugged. "I await your report, Abdullah."

The sergeant's ramrod back was as rigid as his mind, and he announced without preamble, "Sir, the direction of the bullet is upward at an angle of approximately thirty-five degrees. It was deflected by the skull, eventually spent its force, and now projects where you may observe it. I estimate the caliber of the weapon as .32—"

The Inspector said, "It is sufficient the man is dead," and gave attention to the occasional table placed beside Atesian's chair. Here his interest was held. He said, "Abdullah, what do you see?"

"A table, sir. On it, a half-empty bottle and a glass. An ash tray and the stub of one cigarette. Deceased was in repose when shot."

"Your brevity is admirable, but for this occasion we will expand. The bottle contained vintage champagne. The glass is the finest crystal, a museum piece." Chafik flicked it with a manicured nail and listened to the bell-like ring. "The cigarette was specially blended," he continued, sniffing the stub. "Observe Atesian's initials stamped on it; note he smoked only one with his champagne; that he drank neither too much nor too little."

The Inspector bowed in the direction of the corpse.

"But there are inconsistencies," he went on. "Does a man who loves books repose himself without one? And why is the bottle pushed to the back of the table? Not at all convenient for a man at ease in the chair."

Abdullah said, "Perhaps he only sat down with the final glass."

"Vintage champagne is not taken standing." Chafik backed to the door and continued, "I am now in the position of entering this room and the isolated bottle is the first thing that catches the eye. Yet the space in front of it has an air of emptiness. I am puzzled."

The sergeant followed his superior to the door, wheeled, took careful sight and announced, "Sir, I observe the emptiness."

"You will make note of it. Now what else have you found?"

"Very little, sir. The room is undisturbed, *therefore* robbery was not the motive. It would appear the killer entered silently, approached the chair in a crouching position to satisfy himself the victim slept, then shot him and departed."

"You have not explained how the killer entered. You forget Joseph was not here to open the door. Perhaps the killer was so familiar to Atesian that he had no reason to be on the alert."

"Sir, I perceive there are flaws. It is unfortunate that a possible eyewitness was an animal—"

"An animal?"

"Observe," said Abdullah, and indicated a satin-lined basket which was hidden behind a sofa.

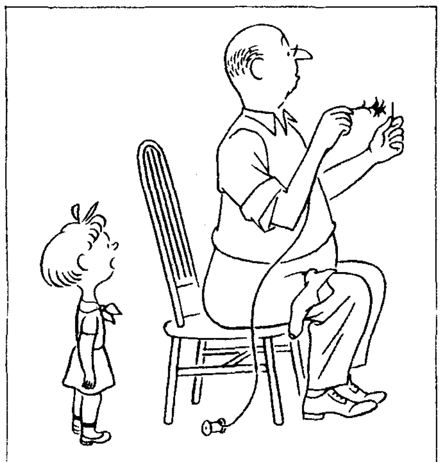
Chafik, careful of the creases in his trousers, knelt to examine the basket. He found some silky blue hairs, and falling into his habit of speaking his thoughts, said to the corpse, "What admirable taste! The woman, the books, the furnishings and the animal—" He rose, looked sheepishly at the expressionless sergeant, and left the room.

In the entrance hall he asked the butler, "Where is your master's cat?"

"I have not seen it," said Joseph, and reminded of his duties, he added: "I must find Shah. There is no one to love it, now my master is gone. The woman hates it."

Helen Atesian broke her long silence. "I do not hate the cat. It hates me. It is a blue Persian, a breed which gives affection to one person only. Even Joseph could not touch it."

"Which explains this." Chafik suddenly reached for the old man's arm, turned up the wrist to expose the scratch he had previously noted. "It is fresh."



"Maybe you ought to wet it again"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

"Shah was playful this morning," said Joseph.

The Inspector dismissed him, then said to Helen Atesian, "Your husband was devoted to the animal?"

"Shah is beautiful, and Leon loved all things beautiful."

"How very obvious!" Chafik looked at her with admiration, and thought: Yes, it was the motive mainspring of his being to surround himself with beauty, a need to possess every beautiful thing he saw. So he married this rarely beautiful woman and destroyed the letters of the lover she thought dead. The conscience of a collector who fears a rarity may slip from his grasp can play strange tricks.

The little Inspector gave orders for his men to hunt for the cat. "It may be in the garden," he suggested.

Helen Atesian said coldly, "So you weave even this into the pattern?"

They were interrupted by a car on the driveway. The police guard at the door announced, "Sir, they bring the American."

"Ask him to enter." Chafik turned back to the woman and his voice and lifted hands made painful appeal, as he said, "By God the Compassionate, the All-Merciful—I am not the hangman—"

PETER ASHFORD was very tall, very thin and pale. His unruly fair hair and bewildered gray eyes made him look younger than his years. His mouth had been shaped for courage and humor, his jaw for strength, but he was a man who had clearly lost anchorage. He looked hurt, fearful, very lost, so vulnerable and appealing that a woman's warm heart would need to give him haven.

The need was written in Helen Atesian's face as she went to him with outstretched hands. He shook his head to stop her. Turning to Inspector Chafik his mouth hardened and he became watchful. "All right. Let's have it," he said.

The woman said urgently, "Peter, don't talk! They made me talk. I said—I know you didn't—"

The suddenly raised voice of her sister-in-law drowned out the rest. "Shameless!" shouted Madame Chauvian. "My brother's body not yet in its grave and you flaunt love for his murderer. You, whom Leon took with child. Another's child! I begged him, warned him not to take in marriage a loose woman—adulteress—"

Her eyes were brilliant. The angular body was rigid, except for the arms which began their automaton movement. Hysteria was beginning, and Chafik said sternly, "My ears are closed to accusations, madame. I am sympathetic to grief, but not to hatred."

THE Inspector ordered the woman to another room while he interviewed Ashford.

The American was saying to Helen Atesian, "Take it easy, honey, I've got to talk." He looked at Chafik again, and was truculent: "She doesn't know anything. Leave her out of this—"

The Inspector answered in precise English, "I shall be pleased to co-operate, Mr. Ashford." He offered a cigarette, waved back the police guard and found a chair for the witness. "You are free to communicate with your consulate," he said, and added ingratiatingly, "but I hope you will spare me. I am sufficiently discomfited by the necessity of interrogating a foreigner."

Ashford shook his head. "I don't want consulate protection."

"You know what happened?" the Inspector asked.

"Your men told me. They were considerate."

"I am so pleased." Chafik made a little bow.

"I bet you are. You're handling me with gloves." Ashford was truculent again, but a look from Helen Atesian warned him, and he said quietly, "Of course you know about Helen—us—what the war did. I couldn't forget Helen. It's been hell waiting to get back, wondering if she were waiting too, or maybe not, all these years. Not hearing from her, not getting any answers to my letters. They kept me in that damned hospital a couple of years; when I got out I had to make money so I could come here and find Helen. I did. I learned the truth about everything."

His hand shook as he stubbed out the cigarette.

"I got mad," he said. "Damned mad. I got into a—" Fear was naked for a single uncontrolled moment before pride could try to deny it again.

Chafik interrupted. "It is not necessary to explain the degree of your anger."

"No?" Ashford found relief in amusement. "I would have said it was important." He shrugged his thin shoulders and went on, "We were in the hotel lounge when Helen told me about the letters and what her husband had done. I walked out on her, went up the riverbank to cool off."

"What time was this?"

"About four, maybe earlier."

Chafik recalled that Helen did not visit his office until nearly five o'clock. He asked, "When did you return?"

The American considered. "I wasn't away long. Maybe twenty minutes. But Helen was gone. There was a message from Atesian, he wanted to see me urgently."

Inspector Chafik studied the signet ring on the little finger of his left hand; his drab eyes warmed with the reflected red of the stone. He said something in Arabic and in a moment apologized in English: "Sorry, Mr. Ashford. I was speaking a thought, a very troublesome

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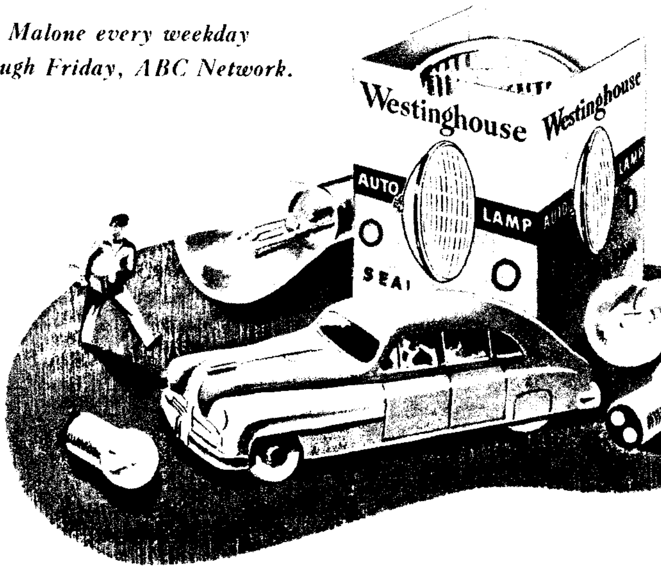

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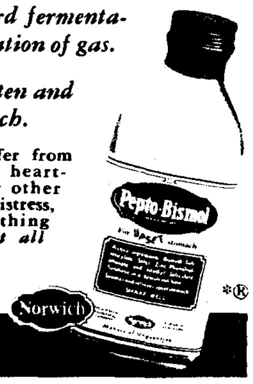

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habit. You came here at once on receipt of the message?"

"I took a cab. You can check. I rang the bell, but nobody answered. Then I saw the door was open, so I walked in. I thought I was calm, but I should have known—" The American frowned and his eyes fixed, staring at nothing there. Fear and bewilderment were in them again and his mouth trembled. Enforcing discipline, he went on, "I stood in the hallway and called Atesian, but there was no answer. So I began to look in the rooms. I went to that one."

He pointed to the door of the library.

Chafik asked, "You entered?"

"I think so. I remember rows of books, but then—" Ashford waved a hand in front of his eyes. "Blackout. That's the way it's been hitting me. When I came out of it I was down at the Alwiyah Club. It's a good story if you want to believe it," he added grimly, helplessly.

INSPECTOR CHAFIK'S mouth pulled down at the corners. He asked, "Do you carry a gun?"

"No."

"Search your mind, Mr. Ashford. Try to remember what you saw in that room. The smallest detail may help."

"I saw nothing!" Ashford's armor had cracked and his torture was naked. "Don't talk like a damn' psychiatrist, I had a bellyful of those guys!" he shouted. "I tell you I don't know what I saw; I don't know what happened. Maybe he had a gun. Maybe I took it from him. Maybe I shot him. I don't know!"

He stared around wildly, struggling for breath. The Inspector heard Helen Atesian's faint, quickly suppressed sob, as she left her chair to go to the tormented young man. Her woman's arms went around him and she took his head on her breast. "Peter," she said in a low and vibrant voice. "Peter—" She said his name again and again, and the single repeated word said all the unsaid things to comfort him and make him quiet.

Chafik stood watching, deeply moved, bitterly helpless. When he could break the spell, he said harshly to the police in the hall, "Get out!" He drove them before him with urgent sweeps of the hand and placed himself in the doorway, back turned.

He was grateful for the evening breeze which came cool from the Tigris, sweetened by the perfume of citrus groves. Several of his men stood under one of the shade trees, looking at something. Presently Sergeant Abdullah emerged from the huddle of uniforms.

Abdullah saluted and said, "Sir, we have found the cat. It is inanimate."

Chafik asked, "What is the cause of the inanimation?"

"A bullet, sir. I venture to suggest it came from the weapon also fatal to Mr. Atesian. The caliber compares."

Like its master, the cat had been shot at close range; there were indications it had been killed at the scene of burial. An attempt had been made to conceal the small grave by replanting flowers, but the plants had wilted, a fact noted by Abdullah, who had then discovered the disturbed ground.

He said, "The killing of the creature was senseless. A senseless act shows an unbalanced mind."

"Your reasoning begins with a false premise, Abdullah, and therefore the conclusion is invalid. The killing of the cat was not senseless." Inspector Chafik spoke with quiet satisfaction. "Let Joseph identify the animal."

The sergeant brought the old man. Joseph's active tongue became still as he stood looking at the shattered corpse of his master's pet. He touched it with his foot, bent to examine it; an expression of bewilderment made his hard face mobile, but there was no pity in it.

Chafik said, "Who did this, Joseph?"

The servant shook his head and answered indifferently, "It is of no importance now. Only my master loved Shah."

"Then who killed Shah, Joseph?"

This time Chafik's question touched a spring and the old man's hands flew to cover his face, but not in time to hide his horror. The sleeve of his gown slipped to show the marks of the cat's spiteful claws on his wrist; the bowed shoulders shook and tears were released, the grief-fattened helpless tears of the aged, too long dammed.

"Who killed it?"

Joseph dropped his hands and his brown, wrinkled face was again a lava mask, this time molten. "Shah is dead because of the foreigner," he said, and added hastily, "The woman hated the cat, so her lover destroyed it."

Chafik said softly, "How you hate them both!"

"This was a peaceful house until my master took the woman," Joseph mumbled his complaint. "The master never quarreled with his sister when she was mistress here—"

"So brother and sister quarreled when the new mistress came?" Chafik asked insinuatingly. "Often? Violently?"

"Madame Chauvian only wished to warn my master. She begged him not to bring the woman here. And after, she warned him not to trust this woman, to watch her every movement. And she was right," Joseph said vindictively. "When she heard of the secret meetings—"

"Who told her?"

"Who but myself? She set me to keep watch. I only serve those of Atesian blood," the old man added proudly.

"So Madame broke the news to her brother. And it caused a quarrel?"

"How could it not? My master said he would let the woman go to the foreigner. What shame! What shame that all should know about the child—" Joseph stopped, clutched the Inspector's arm, and went on in a wheedling voice, "Let the man die as my master died. And the woman. Let there be justice."

Chafik gently freed himself. "There shall be God's justice," he promised, and re-entered the house.

THE time was early evening. Faintly, from the many mosques of Baghdad, came the high chant of the criers summoning the faithful to sunset prayers. Within the house, shaded lights were turned on and Helen Atesian and Peter Ashford sat talking quietly.

The American stood up, looking embarrassed, and said to the Inspector, "I'm sorry. I flew off the handle."

"Handle?" Inspector Chafik's precise English did not include argot, but puzzlement finally cleared and he smiled. "Ah, you mean you were distraught. That is a common condition. I have just found a dead cat, and the person who killed it was also distraught."

He looked at Helen Atesian, who had risen and looked at him with horror.

"Shah was also shot," Chafik explained.

"But that is unreasonable—" The woman spoke in a whisper.

"My assistant, the estimable Sergeant Abdullah, is also of your opinion. For myself I would have considered it unreasonable if the cat had been found alive. I could not have worked a live cat into the pattern of this case." The little man added softly, "I have finished my weaving, now—"

He used a pause with the skill of an actor, but unlike an actor he avoided the spotlight of the lamp, moved to the shadows beyond. The police were alerted; Sergeant Abdullah took a step toward the American and Helen Atesian pressed herself to her lover's side.

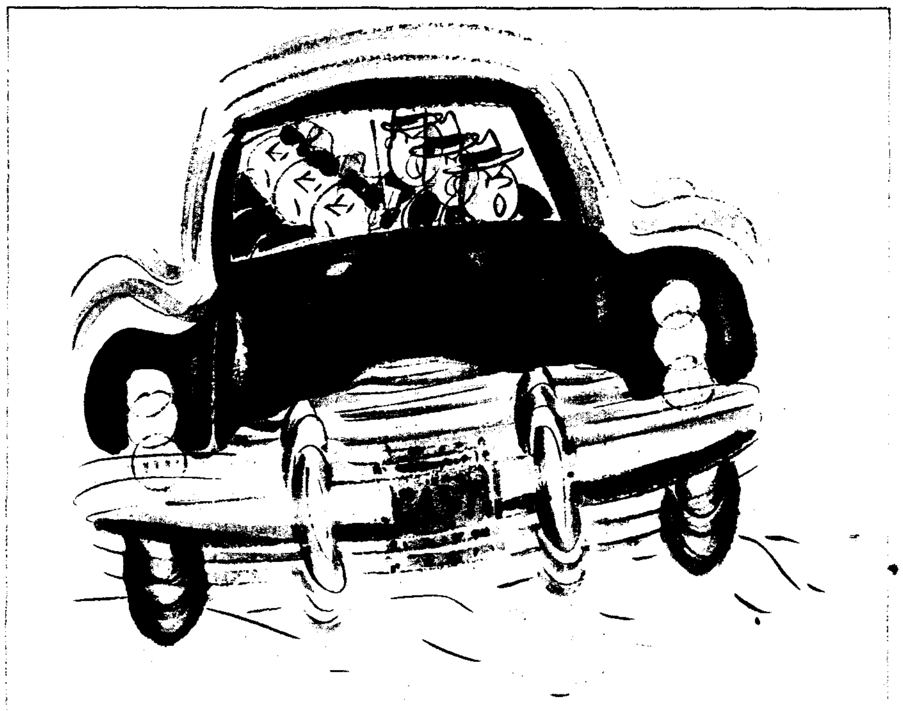
MADAME CHAUVIAN, recalled to the hall, kept her icy eyes fixed on her sister-in-law. The tall angular figure was motionless now; grief was frozen, even the clasped hands were still.

Joseph stood at a respectful distance, watching the group, his lips gibbering with wordless triumph.

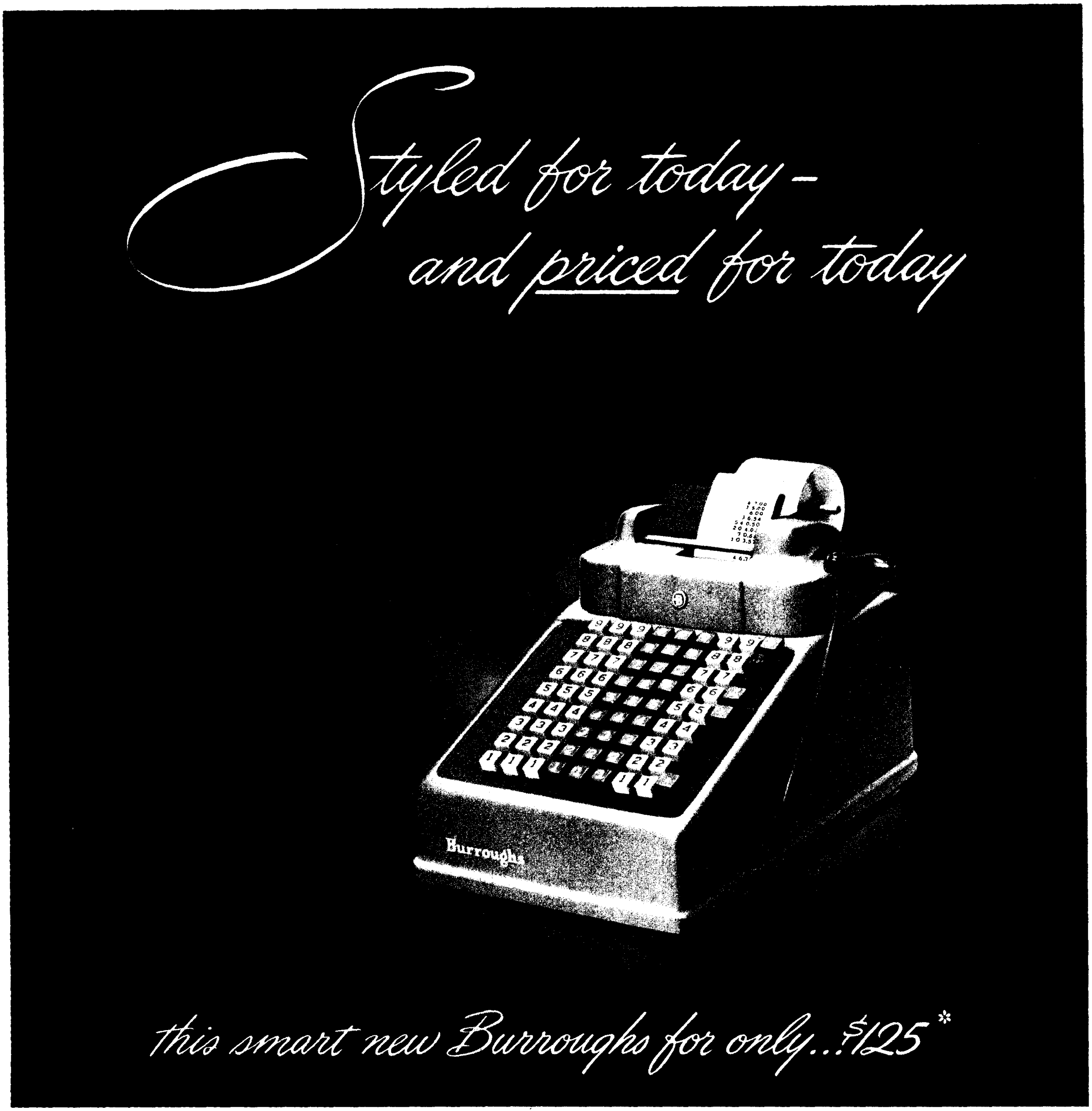
"There are many threads in this case," Chafik came in on his cue of silence. "We have first a man who loved beautiful things and who knew he had lost his most beautiful possession. He is found in a chair, dead. He has smoked a choice cigarette, drunk vintage champagne out of his finest glass." The Inspector drew on his cigarette, blew a thin trail of smoke and went on. "That is the warp, but the fabric is not complete without the weft. The first cross thread is the oddity of the untouched body. One would have expected it to have been disturbed by the sister, who has so well demonstrated the abandonment of her grief."

The Inspector looked at Madame Chauvian, who, with an involuntary movement, unclasped her hands and covered her face.

"And there is also the curious arrangement of the champagne bottle on the table at the dead man's side, as though it were placed to catch the eye of one entering the room," Chafik said conversationally. "And finally there is the cat which gave its affection only to this man; a cat nobody else could tame, a cat found dead and carefully buried. Observe the



COLLIER'S "You'd think they'd use some of that tax money" TED KEY



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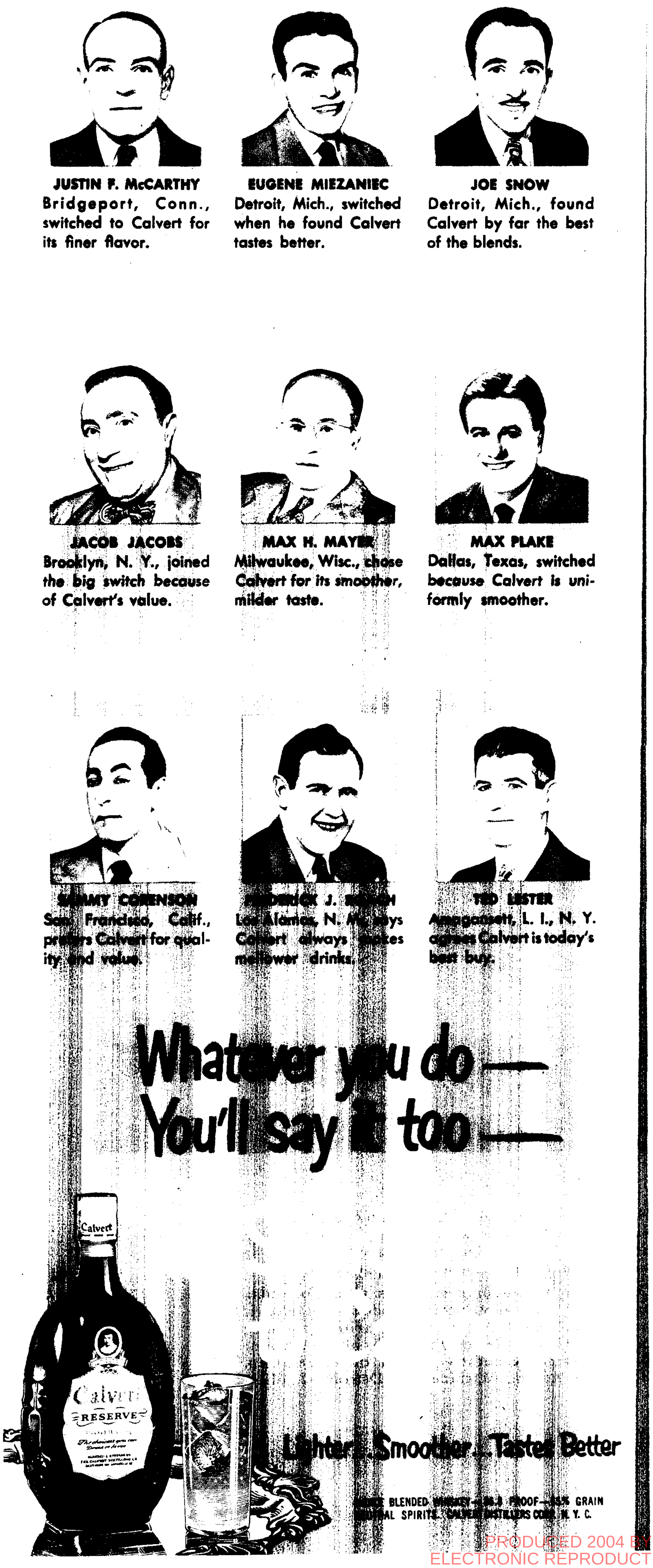

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design when warp and weft are combined. A major point becomes clear."

Relief made him smile as he bowed to Peter Ashford. "There is no case against you. You are free to leave Baghdad."

The fabric of his flat voice was torn by a scream, a shrill and terrible cry from the old man who stood alone. He scrabbled at his white gown to reach the baggy pantaloons beneath, to snatch something from the folds of the sash about his middle. Disappointment, rage, hate born of grief, all were ready to speak from the stubby-barreled revolver leveled at the American.

"Justice!" Joseph shouted. "There shall be justice!"

Ashford pushed Helen Atesian back and stood in front of her, facing the gun. In this moment of crisis there was no terror, but rather a concrete menace for his courage to cope with. He saw Chafik moving swiftly through the shadows, himself a shadow, and waited without moving for the outcome of this race between a man and a trigger finger. It took control to wait, to stand completely still; it would have been easier to jump the enraged old man.

The trigger was stiff and the split second of delay was the time of Inspector Chafik's leap. He carried Joseph sideways as the gun went off and the bullet spent its force in the ceiling.

WHEN the struggle was over, ended by Abdullah's powerful arms, Chafik rose with the gun in his hand. He said breathlessly, apologetically, "I did not foresee this. It was unnecessary to endanger your life, Mr. Ashford."

The American grinned and waved an airy hand. "Make nothing of it, Inspector! Only I don't see why the old goat wanted to kill me."

"A matter of misplaced loyalty. A feud, I think you would call it." Chafik broke the gun and emptied the cylinder. There were three spent rounds, three others with steel-coated bullets. "The caliber is .32," he said. "One bullet discomfited my ear in its passage; one killed the cat; one took the life of a man."

Helen Atesian gasped. "Surely not Joseph! He didn't—"

The Inspector shook his head. "No, but he is not entirely guiltless. Nor is your sister-in-law." He turned to fix somber eyes on Madame Chauvian.

She was like a statue, still and white; her black garments accentuated her stark pallor, even her lips were marble.

When Chafik continued to look at her, without speaking, waiting with deadly patience, she struggled to say, "You accuse me—"

"Not of murder, madame, yet you killed him as surely as if you had placed the gun to his head. He wished to release his wife. He knew his own guilt and could find no peace in keeping the two he had separated apart. But you used the weapon of family pride against him. You hated the wife, but you hated exposure of the family skeleton even more." Chafik paused, and then added sternly, "As always you had the stronger will. You gave that tortured man no choice. There was only one solution for your brother. He shot himself."

The woman shrank within the husk of her widow's clothes.

"Leon shot himself," Inspector Chafik repeated harshly. "He left a letter propped against the bottle, so carefully arranged on the table by the chair. I am sure it was addressed to Mr. Ashford, for whom he had left the house door open, preferring him to find him and break the news to his wife, rather than the police. You took that letter, madame. Without doubt it explained that he killed himself in atonement for destroying the letters, for keeping the woman he loved from the man she loved."

Chafik looked at Helen Atesian, who was crying softly.

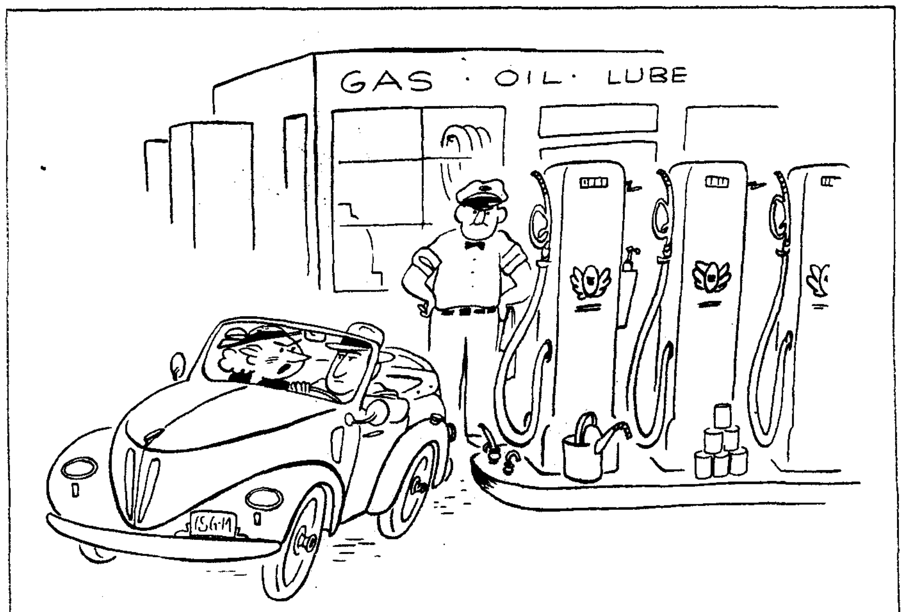
"Leon would not want pity. You do not see he wanted your happiness?" the little man asked gently, glancing at Peter Ashford. "This Leon was a very thoughtful, a very kindly man. He even remembered his cat and killed it because he knew nobody could care for it, not even the faithful Joseph."

Ashford said, "I guess I get it now. I came into this room and the blackout happened; I'd been under terrific strain for days. So I saw nothing. Joseph saw me leave, found his master and sent for Madame Chauvian. When she heard the way I'd acted, she saw the chance to strike at Helen and cover the so-called disgrace, although I don't know how she figured murder would look better than suicide. So she left the body untouched, destroyed the letter, told Joseph to hide the gun and coached him what to say to make it look like murder."

The American put his arms around the young woman and held her comfortingly against him. "Take it easy, honey, it's all over now," he whispered. And looking over her dark head he said urgently to Chafik, "Do you have to do anything about them? Can't you let them go? The old man was hipped about his master. And that woman—she's bitter—she's sick."

"I am not without compassion," Inspector Chafik said, smiling faintly at Helen Atesian. Then he looked at Madame Chauvian and said softly, "But let Madame leave these young people alone. She should remember her neck is in my hands—and that I am a policeman first!"

THE END



"Remember how polite he was when we drove that big, ten-miles-to-a-gallon car?"

COLLIER'S

HANK KETCHAM

Pilotless Fighter Plane of Tomorrow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

so successfully against the Nazis in the Battle of Britain. Another way is to shoot the enemy plane out of the air, either by killing or wounding its pilot, setting it afire or so weakening it that it cannot fly. There are only a very few ways to do this and the most satisfactory is by deflection shooting.

In a conventional, propeller-driven plane this is not too difficult. The fighter comes within the range for its .50-caliber machine guns or 20-mm. cannon at from 800 to 1,000 feet. It can start the approach—or "curve of pursuit"—fairly near the target. But a jet fighter, because of its speed, has to start its curve five, seven, even nine *miles* away from the bomber. It has to get just as close to the target as the old plane because, though the planes are *not* the same, their guns *are*. And its speed is now so prodigious that the pilot has only a fraction of a second during which the target is actually in his sights. And to make it worse, he probably can make only one pass at the enemy.

He sweeps past so fast that before he can turn for another attack he is six or seven miles away. He then is obliged to turn, find it again—if he can—and try once more.

A man's mind cannot yet work quickly enough to do the things it has to do in a jet fighter within such a preposterously short time. The Air Force is abundantly aware of this.

So today's newest aerial gun sight is completely automatic. Activated by radar, it finds the target, brings the ship in at the correct angle for the deflection shot, fires the guns, brings the ship out of its curve at the safest possible angle and then turns the plane back to the pilot. This works very well, but the pilot has a tendency to look at himself and mutter, "Yeah, but what good am I doing here?"

We will have to make some drastic revisions in our ideas about the function of the interceptor plane, whose job is—or has been—to go out and stop the bomber before it drops its load on the people back home. In order to act as an interceptor, a fighter must have some warning that trouble is on the way.

With jet speeds, how does the defending craft get it in time?

Radar Varies in Efficiency

As always, radar is in the act. Present-day radar, like a jet plane, is most efficient at higher altitudes. Ground radar can fairly easily pick out enemy aircraft which are flying high in the open. When enemy planes approach at ground level, however, radar is much less effective. It is deflected by trees, buildings, even telephone poles. And—this is the highly important thing—because of the curvature of the earth, ground radar can "see" only an eight-mile radius from where it is located.

Of course, radar set up on tall buildings or hills can see somewhat farther, but even so its comparative blindness is enormous.

Suppose an enemy bomber coming across the Pacific toward San Francisco flies at high altitude until it is 200 miles from its target. So far, it's been undetected. Then it dives to 100 feet above the ocean's surface, or even to 50 feet.

Unless it is seen by a ship or an observation plane which just happens to be there, San Francisco's ground radar won't find it until it is eight miles away. If the bomber travels at 600 miles per hour, this allows *a mere 40-second warning period*. The bomber comes in, releases its bomb (which may carry a parachute to delay the explosion so the bomber can escape) and is gone. Forty seconds later it disappears from the radar screen. Is it possible that we could keep squadrons of interceptor planes aloft night and day when we know that such defenders have just 40 seconds to keep San Francisco on the map?

Suppose the bomber elects not to come in low. Suppose, because of weather conditions which he thinks will screen him, the pilot chooses to come in high, say 45,000 feet. At that altitude, radar will spot him about 19 minutes before he's over the target.

Today's interceptors, equally hampered by the weather, must get off the ground, reach that altitude and find their target, all in 19 minutes.

"Homing" Devices for Bombs

Perhaps the real answer lies in using fleets of pilotless fighter planes such as the one described at the beginning of this article. Under old bombing techniques fighters could, if they had to, hover in the air near the point where they knew the bomber would have to unload to hit its target. But not any more. Bombs don't have to be dropped directly over targets these days. They can be released miles away. Bombs can be equipped with some sort of homing device to ride in on the very radar which is trying to find the bomber.

Lots of brains—both within the Air Force and outside it—are working these days at airstrips and testing grounds, in wind tunnels and temperature and pressure chambers in an effort to boost human efficiency to the same point where man has put the machine.

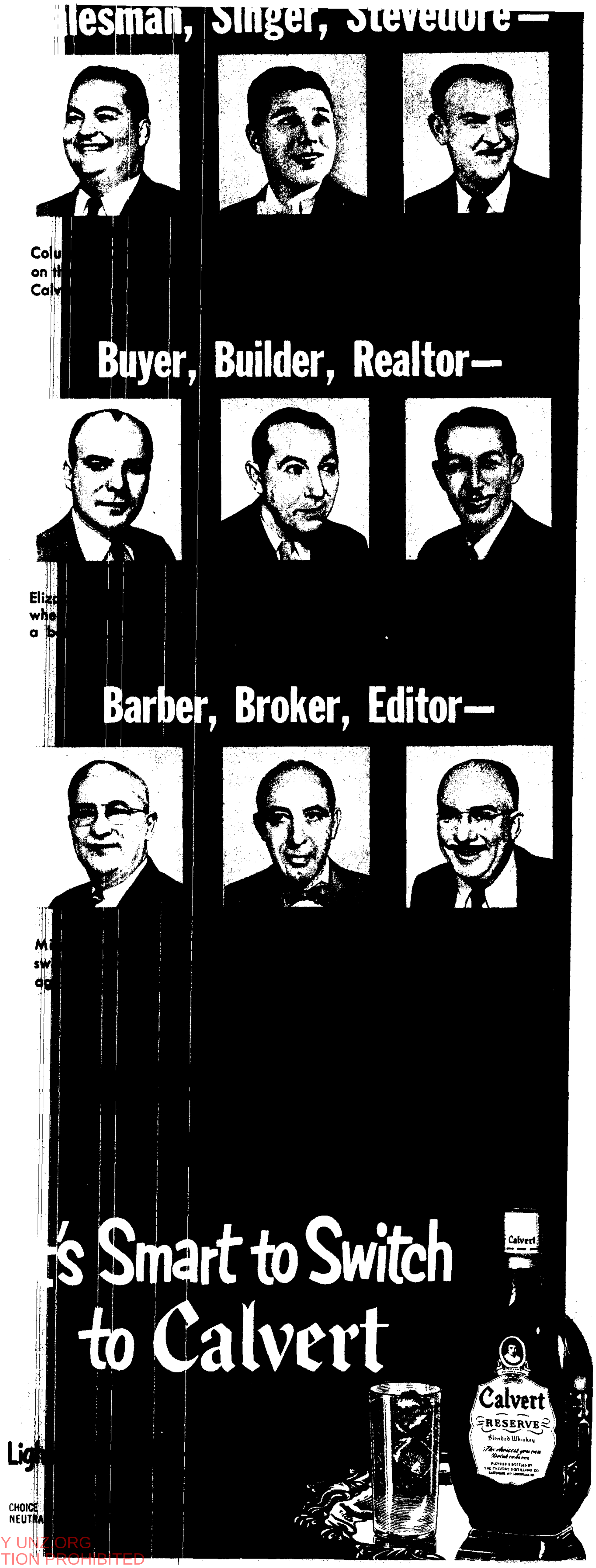
Out in the Southwest, at a half dozen or so air bases, the new Air Force theories are pumped into green kids from Pumpkin Gulch as soon as they appear, starry-eyed with ambition to become red-hot combat fliers.

"These kids are up in the air so fast after they get here," one Training Command instructor told me, "they must think they came in on pogo sticks. We start 'em out—*start 'em*, mind you—in what was the *advanced* trainer only three years ago. These boys are headed for jets and to train them in old, slow turkeys would be worse than useless.

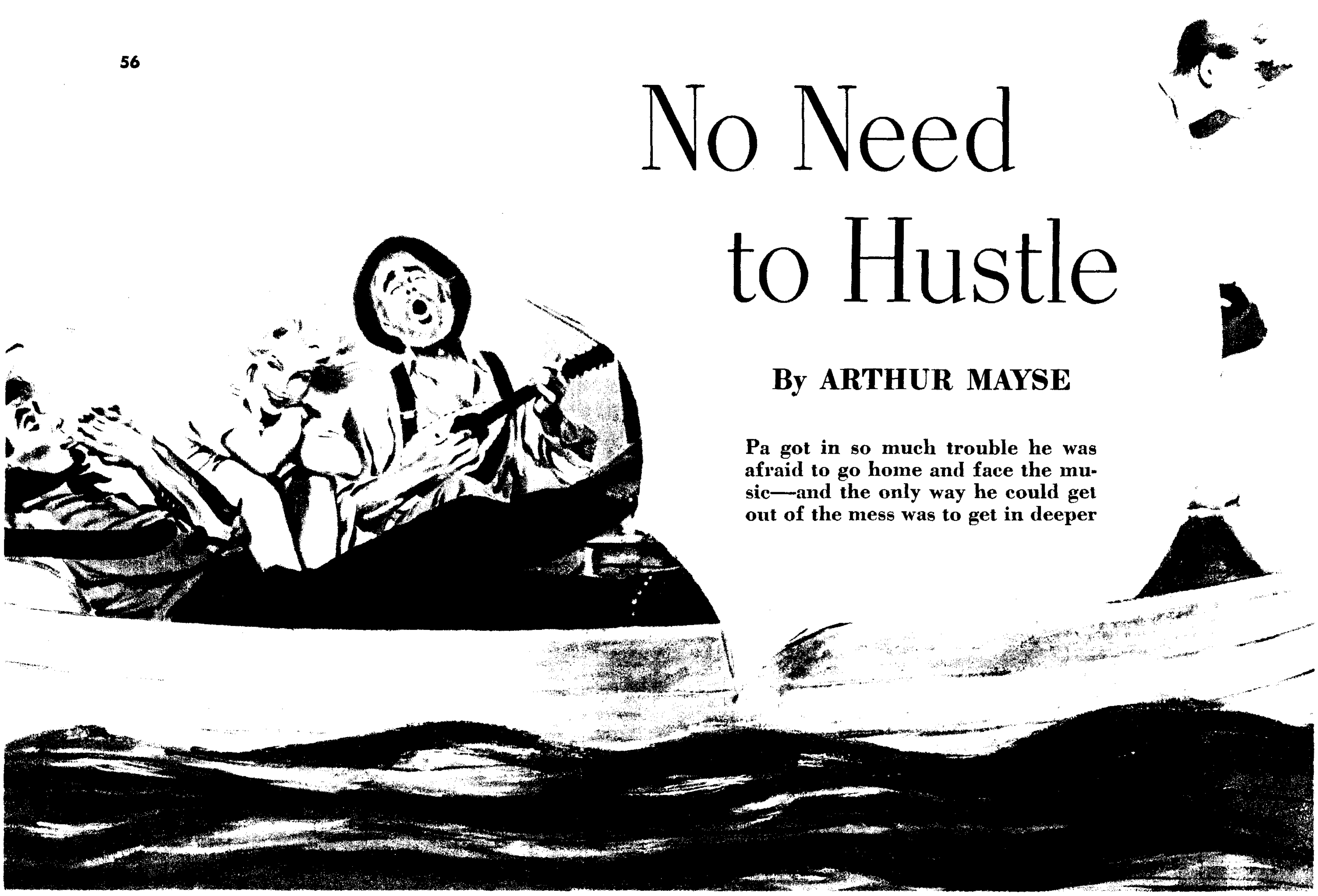
"What I'd like to see is a program which hoists these kids directly from ground training into jets. It's a little like ordering a tailor-made firing squad for them, but they've got to learn to think much faster than we old hamburgers who flew the Thunderbolts and Mustangs ever dreamed of. In the old days there was a little margin for error. At jet speeds, there are two things a flier cannot do: he cannot think slowly and he cannot make a mistake. Not even one."

It is no accident that jet training takes place over the Las Vegas desert, an area about as friendly to man as the inside of a lion's cage. The boys are told—just once—that if they get into trouble and have to hit the silk they'll land on ground where temperatures can go up to a sizzling 135 degrees. The students are informed that if they try to walk out, they'll be able to travel just about seven miles; then—no more student. They're instructed to spread their parachutes out, put a rock on each corner, crawl under the chute and lie there, head down, waiting for help. Without water, they'll last about 1½ days; with water, about 2½ days.

"This information has a tendency to teach them not to make mistakes," the officer went on. "It's a little rough, but they chose a rough business." THE END



No Need to Hustle



By ARTHUR MAYSE

Pa got in so much trouble he was afraid to go home and face the music—and the only way he could get out of the mess was to get in deeper

PA WAS pretty hot for a spell after she learned that Pa intended to take himself off coho fishing to Indio Island with my snooty sister Hildegard and me, but she cooled down by morning, and loaded us with canned venison and her best salal-berry jam, and a whole fresh baking of bread.

"You be back here in three days, Frank Everett," she told Pa when she had kissed us all good-by at the float. "Keep your nose out of the wine jugs. Children, you see he doesn't get to gambling with that trashy fish-camp crowd."

Ma wiped her eyes on her apron like she has to do when anyone is taking even a little trip. She gave Hild a stern look. "And you, young lady. If it wasn't that Homer Bigelow will be there to protect you, I'd never let you risk yourself amongst those wild, rough men on Indio. Just you watch your P's and Q's!"

"She won't have to worry none," I put in from where I was stowing our gear in the gas boat. "It's the men had better watch out."

"Snip!" Hild said. She gave Ma a hug, and jumped down from the float. Hild has curly blond hair, and when she's mad or laughing, her eyes turn dark blue as a squall line at the edge of the wind. Homer Bigelow thinks she is extra-pretty and he should know, meeting girls every day like he does in his father's store at Agate Harbor. One thing, Hild doesn't get her looks from Pa, who has jug ears and a long tired face like a misused hound dog, and is built so loose and lanky you'd swear his joints were hitched together with seine twine.

We chugged out of the farm cove with our two skiffs towing astern, me steering and Hild on the cabin roof where the gas fumes wouldn't make her seasick, and Pa plunking his mandolin in the cockpit. After a while he began to sing in his drony, whiny tenor.

We sang one piece after another while we poked west down Bligh Inlet with the big old Coast Range behind us and the Pacific all windy blue outside.

The gas boat was around Race Point and I could see Indio lying purple and low across the Passage, when the engine stuttered and went *ker-chunk* a couple of times, then faded out.

Hild's brown legs reached down from the cabin roof. Pa ambled forward with his mandolin swinging by its neck. The gas boat had right away fallen into the trough, and I knew if we didn't get the engine kicking soon, Hild was going to be seasick for sure.

Already she was looking kind of pale. "You little beast," she said to me, "you did that on purpose!"

I was too busy spinning the flywheel to answer.

"Well, now," Pa said over my shoulder. "It could be the distributor, I suppose, or maybe it's the carburetor. I take it you've checked that carburetor, Ricky?"

He was bluffing—in spite of Pa being a stump rancher half his life, he doesn't know a thing about machinery, and he knows I know he doesn't. I flipped the wheel one more time, then said, "Pa, it could be a lot of things. But what it is, we're just plain out of gas."

"Now that's impossible," Pa said. "I recollect filling that tank only Tuesday."

"Yes," Hild told him through the hanky she had taken from her blue jeans and was holding to her mouth. "Then you drained the gas off for the tractor."

"Why," Pa said, "come to think of it, so I did."

"Anyhow," I said, "we still have the sail."

"Now you mention it, Ricky," Pa said mildly, "I believe the sail is back home too. I needed some canvas the other day to patch your mother's henhouse roof till I could get round to cutting new shakes, and my tarpaulin seemed to be mislaid."

I said, "It wasn't mislaid, Pa. You used it to make the sail."

"Well," Pa said. "Well, now." He shook his head a couple of times, then lugged his mandolin to the stern again. He was into the third chorus of Home on the Range, and Hild was gulping and swallowing, her face getting greener every second, when two things happened. Another boat showed up in the Passage, and I felt cold water slosh around my ankles.

"Pa," I hollered. "Did you patch that busted strake?"

"Why, bless my soul," Pa said, "I knew there was something had slipped my mind." He set down his mandolin real careful, and started to roll up his pant legs.

I began carting our outfit from the cabin and tossing it into the near skiff. Hild was too busy being seasick to help, and Pa just bumbled around, getting in the way and telling me in a pleased voice the water was a lot warmer than one would expect for this time of year, and that if the worst came to the worst we were to cling to his back like he'd read in a book the young possums did to their mother's.

"Fat lot of help that will be," I said, "when you can't swim a lick!"

What with trying to handle three jobs at once, I never even thought of that other boat till it was right on top of us. You see odd sights around Indio when the coho salmon are running, but this rig was the darnedest I ever laid eyes on. It was a white clinker-built maybe sixteen foot long with a big white beach umbrella lashed to the bow thwart for a sail. The umbrella was so puffed out with wind the cloth was almost busting loose from the ribs. In the sternsheets, a young fellow built loose and stringy like Pa sprawled on his shoulders against a sack of spuds.

He had a sorry old cowboy hat tied under his chin with a red kerchief so it wouldn't blow off, and blue overall pants and fancy high-heeled boots. His feet were cocked on the middle thwart, and a little pink pig run to and fro under his long legs on

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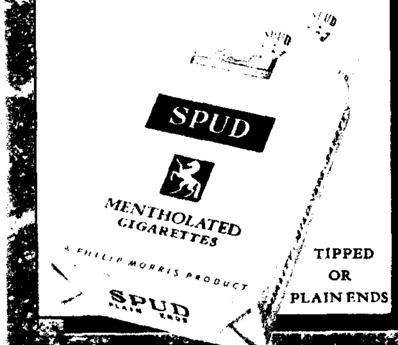


the bottom boards. As I hooked our pike pole over his boat's gunwale I noticed he was fast asleep, with a steering oar tucked loose under one arm and his other hand lying across his stomach with a big shiny mouth organ in it.

Pa said, "Come along, children," just like we'd had a date to meet this seagoing cowboy in the middle of the Passage, and stepped down dainty into the clinker-built with his mandolin in his hand. Before we could flit after him there was a gurgling below like someone had yanked the plug out of an oversize bathtub, and the gas boat just faded out from under us. Then we were dog-paddling in the salt chuck, with Hild sputtering language that would have put Ma in a swivet for a week.

"I suppose I ought to have turned those skiffs lose," Pa said as he skidded us over the other boat's side. "Never mind. I expect they'll come up when the painters rot. They've stood in need of a soaking for some time."

Hild sat on the thwart beside the cowboy's hearts-and-diamonds boots, squeezing the water from her hair with one hand while she fended the pig out of her lap with the other. She was scowling at the cowboy, who hadn't stirred or opened an eye.

"Pa," Hild said, "Ma won't believe me when I tell her this, but I've found a man more shiftless even than you are!"

"Fine way to talk to your daddy," Pa said, but absent-mindedly, because he had located a jug under a sack of cabbage and was working the stopper out of it with his teeth. He tilted the jug on his shoulder and smacked his lips. "I'm prone to chills," he said, "and this here, I've been told, is the very best way to ward 'em off."

"I wish he'd wake up," I said. I was so interested in the cowboy I'd almost forgot about losing the gas boat. "I'd like to ask him where is his horse."

"There are a few questions I'd like to ask him, too," Hild said. The swim had cured her of being seasick, but it hadn't improved her temper. She was frowning at a dirty old kit bag shoved partway under the seat. "His name," she said, "if you can call it a name, seems to be Foothills Jackson."

Pa helped himself to another swallow, then put the cork back in the jug. "You know," he told us, "spite of what they say about the fallacy of first judgments, I have a hunch I'm going to like this boy." He placed the jug beside him and settled his back against the sack of cabbage. "Just you give that oar a shove, Ricky," he said to me, "so we're pointed for Indio."

"He even looks like you, Pa," Hild said, staring at Mister Foothills Jackson as if she couldn't take her eyes off him. "Like you in your wedding picture. Only I must admit he's a good deal handsomer." She fetched her comb and compact out of her checkered shirt and began to preen herself up.

WHEN Mister Jackson finally woke, we were so close in we could see the totem poles leaning every which way in front of the Indio fish camp. Mister Jackson unfolded in sections, and said, "Good morning, all," and undid the kerchief from under his chin.

"Ma'am," he said, looking steady at Hild with his hat in his hand while the wind scuffled his sandy hair, "just for a minute I thought I'd waked among the angels. I've seen a sight of pretty girls since I left Wyoming, but you, ma'am, are hands down the prettiest."

Hild sniffed, but she couldn't stop her cheeks from getting pink.

"Where's your horse?" I asked him. "Why is your name Foothills, Mister Jackson? How come you're way up here in the islands?"

"My horse," he said, "is with Gumpher Brothers' Rangeland Rodeo, which by now ought to be somewhere round Kansas City, and it's my sincere hope I never see it or my horse again. I've got no use for horses." His eyes were the same light, washed-out blue as Pa's, and his voice was warm and slow, like sirup sliding out of a jug. "I entered this weary world in the foothills of Wyoming, and I'm here on account of a misjudgment I made in stepping on the wrong steamer after"—he glanced at Pa and cleared his throat delicately, just the way Pa does—"after a spell of merrymakin' in Vancouver."

"Look, Mister Foothills," I said, "you won't ever get back to Wyoming the way you're headed now."

"Don't know as I want to, sonny," Foothills said. "Too many horses in that state. Anyway, I've got a lot of country yet to see and plenty of time to see it in. Alaska's on up this way somewheres, isn't she?"

"Straight ahead," Pa said, and tipped the jug north. "You can't miss her." He must have felt another chill coming on, for he clamped his teeth on the stopper again. "Only it's a longish pull, friend Jackson. You wouldn't consider breaking your journey, say for a week or two, or possibly three?"

Foothills smiled lazy at Hild. Her hair was drying with a golden shine to it, and even I had to allow she wasn't hard to look at. "Why, sure," he said. "No need to hustle. Like my granddaddy used to tell me, a boy can miss the best things in life, rushing along regardless."

Hild said, "Where did you get this boat, Mister Jackson? And that pig? And all those other things?"

I'd been wondering about that myself. The boat looked a lot like the one Arne Arnson had built last spring, and the only people keep pigs in our parts are the Johnsons south a ways on Fiddle Island.

"I acquired 'em, ma'am," Foothills said. "Seemed like this steamer I got on only went as far as Spring River, and I did have my heart set on Alaska. So I was forced to acquire me the means to proceed."

"Makes sense," Pa said, and warded off another chill. "This here is the primest loganberry I've tasted in a coon's age, friend Jackson. There being no government seal on it, I'd hazard a guess you put in at Otter Cove and acquired it off Poker Charley Paulson."

"Even if I didn't aim to cultivate your further acquaintance," Foothills said, "yours, sir, and your charming family's, I'd put you down as a man of judgment. It so happens I did acquire that jug at Otter Cove last night."

"Mister Jackson," Hild asked in the tone Ma uses when her suspicions are aroused, "just how do you go about acquiring boats and livestock and jugs of loganberry wine?"

"It's an art," Foothills said. "You need to be born with it. They tell me I get it from my granddaddy, along with my rambling instincts." He gave her his sleepy smile, and reached for his mouth organ. "Granddaddy liked salt water too," he said, "but mostly he traveled on the river boats."

Pa stroked a chord from his mandolin, and we sailed into Indio Cove behind the big white beach umbrella with Pa plunking Home on the Range and Foothills Jackson blowin' Shenandoah sweet and sad while he smiled at Hildegard.

IF ONE of those old-time pirates was to land on Indio during the coho run, he'd feel right at home. Most everyone in the fish camp wears patched hip boots cuffed below his knees, and carries a knife in his belt and lets his whiskers grow. Only a pirate would kind of wonder about Homer Bigelow, who came trotting down through the long grass and nettles, on account of him having on a blue serge suit with a vest and tie, just like he wears behind the counter at Agate Harbor.

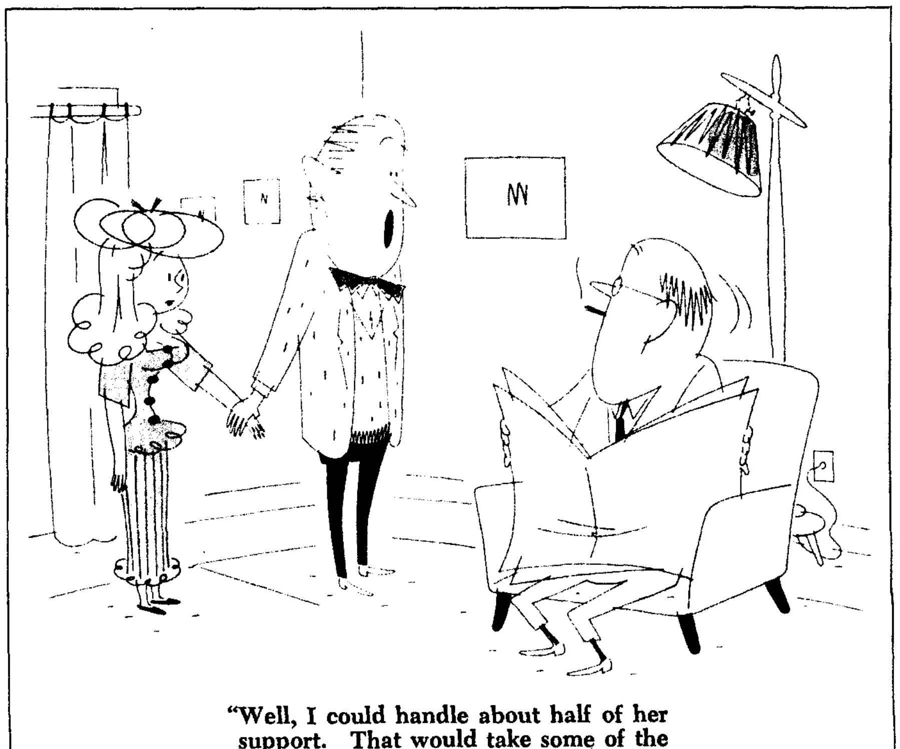
"Hildegard!" Homer said. "This is a surprise! I must say I never expected to see you here."

"You almost didn't, Homer," Pa told him, and tipped his mandolin toward Foothills Jackson. "We would all have drowned like rats in the Passage if this gentleman hadn't happened along. As it is, our outfit is setting on the bottom now, and I trust you'll see fit to extend us some credit."

Homer had been casting doubtful looks at Foothills Jackson, where he stood with the pig under one arm, but now he turned a toothy grin on Pa. "Glad to oblige," he said. "In your case, Mister Everett, we'll charge only nominal interest. Say seven per cent. That's the rate we allow our relatives."

"Well," Pa said, "let's see now, Homer. Yes. I guess so. Thank you kindly. Children, you just go on up and rustle our needfuls while I and Mister Jackson establish us a beachhead."

Pa drifted off over the clamshells. He was toting the jug with a finger hooked through its ear, and in his other hand he swung his mandolin. Foothills Jackson moseyed along beside him, breathing soft and sweet into his mouth organ. I was anxious to see what would happen when



"Well, I could handle about half of her support. That would take some of the load off your shoulders, wouldn't it?"

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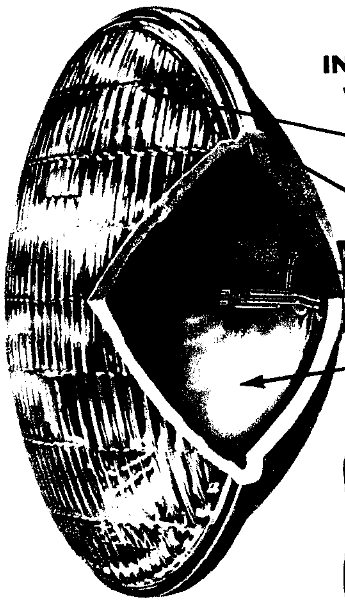

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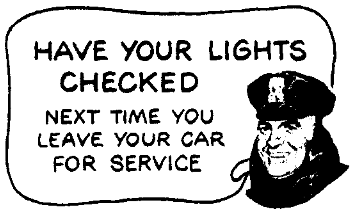
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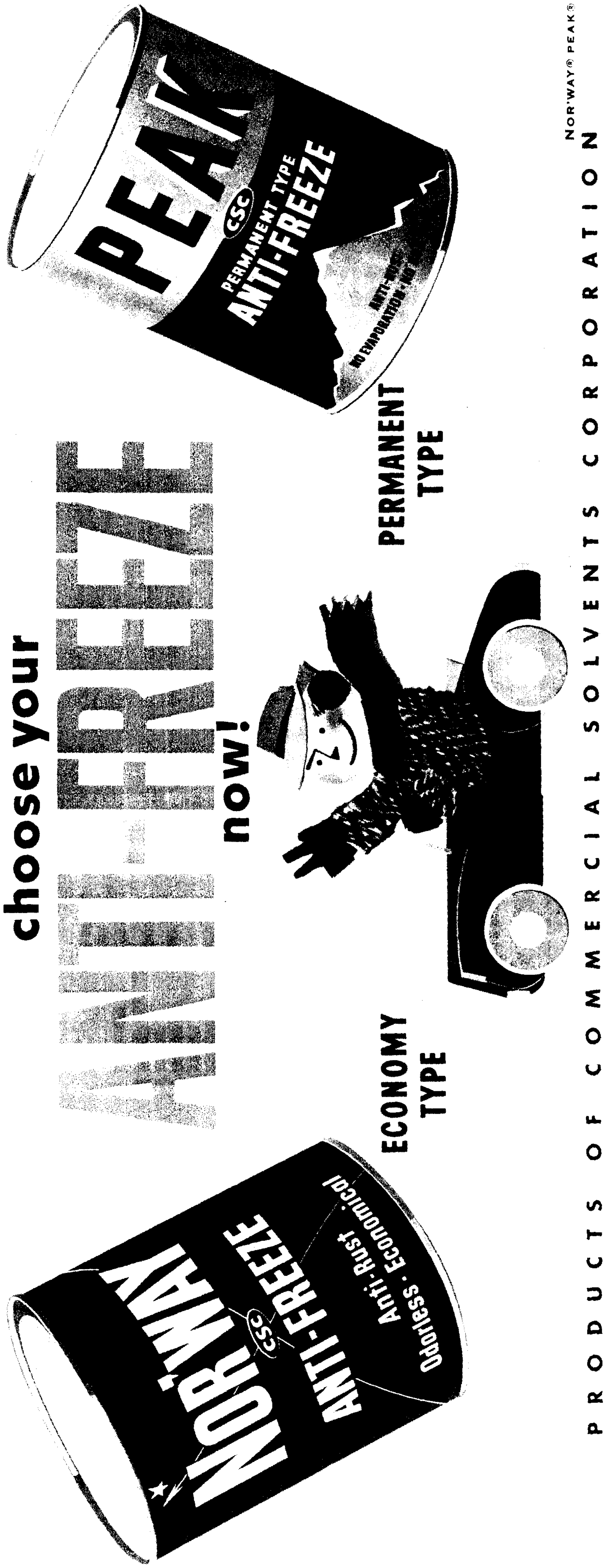


they passed Arne Arnson, who was patching an old crate of a skiff, with his red beard buttoned inside his shirt to keep the tar off it. But Arne just glared at Foothills and banged so hard with his caulking hammer he near broke a hole through the skiff's bottom, and I knew then that Foothills hadn't stolen that fine clinker-built. If he had, Arne would have done a lot more than glare.

"I don't like to criticize your father," Homer said, "especially since I consider myself almost one of the family, Hildegard. But he does seem to have a genius for attracting the most dubious characters."

"At least," Hild said, "Mister Jackson didn't charge us for saving our lives." She had flushed up, and her eyes were the squall blue they get just before she starts throwing things. "And I'll thank you, Homer Bigelow, not to make insulting remarks about my father's friends. After all, we're not married yet, or even formally engaged!"

THERE hasn't been a native set foot on Indio since smallpox took off half the tribe away back before I was born, but the cedarwood shacks they call rancherees still stand behind the gray old totem poles above the beach.

Homer sets up store in the end rancheree each year during the coho season. He wiggled in behind his plank counter and gave his hands a little rub as if to warm them up.

"Now, to business!" he said, all cheerful again. "I have the choicest line of goods and gear this side of Vancouver, at only a trifle more than city prices."

Of course Hild was too much of a lady to help carry our plunder from the store to the rock point where she'd decided I was to rig her tent. She had stayed cool toward Homer, and when we were nearly to the point she said of a sudden, "He's not a dubious character, either. He's just fiddle-footed, like Pa. What he needs, Ricky, is a corrective influence before he becomes set in his ways."

"We came to Indio to catch salmon," I reminded her, "not for you to go correcting a nice happy fellow like Foothills Jackson. Besides, I don't think Mister Jackson wants to be corrected."

"No," Hild said, kind of soft and faraway, "but Ma told me a man never does. She said one has to steal up on them."

Ma was wrong, though. Right from the start, Foothills took to Hild correcting him like an otter to a mud slide. He even helped her along that first night by making a present of his other jug of loganberry to Pa. We had lit a bonfire on the point after supper, and we sat around it with Foothills and Pa making music like they'd been playing mandolin and mouth organ duets together all their lives.

Homer Bigelow came over too, when he had closed his store. He sat on a drift log writing in an account book with his lips moving while he added up figures. After a while, when they'd finished playing another of those sea chanties Foothills was partial to, Hild leaned forward with the firelight on her curls. She looked almost as pretty as she thought she was, and she spoke real kind to Foothills.

"Don't you ever grow lonely for your ranch, Mister Jackson?" she asked him.

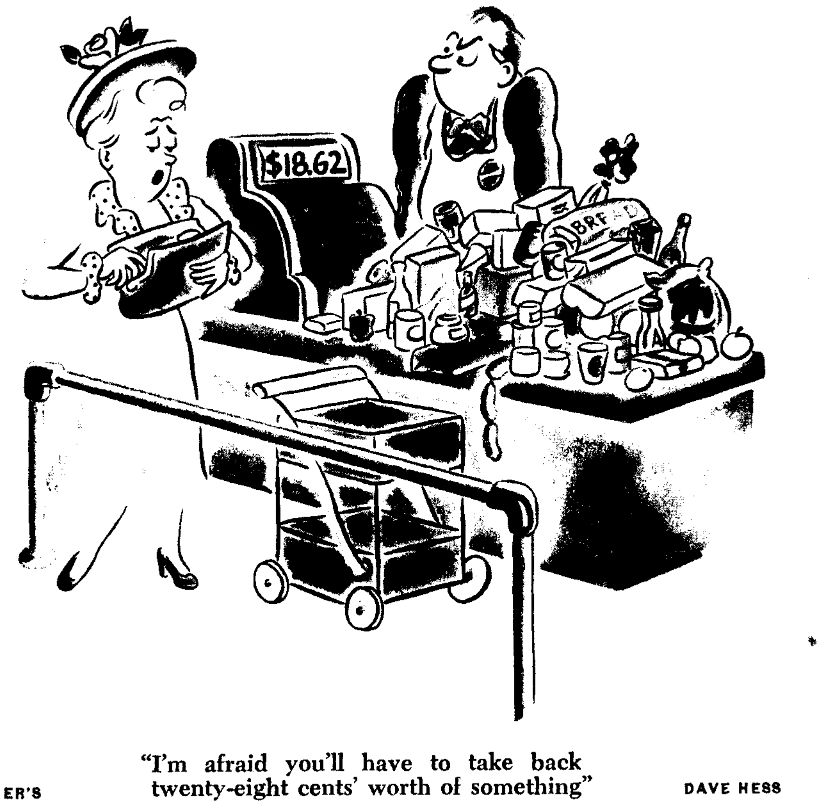
"Why, no," he said in his easy voice. "Can't rightly say I do. There's a powerful lot of work to a ranch, ma'am. Anyway, I never did stop long enough in one place to acquire me a spread." He wrapped his long stringy arms around his knees. "Matter of fact," he said, "I would a darn' sight sooner be mixed up with boats and salt water. Without much encouragement I would up an' take root in these parts, Miss Hildegard."

"So," Pa said. "So. Me, now, I find all this salt water distressful. Wasn't for my good wife's attitude I'd remove myself just as far from salt water as I could scamper. I'd take it kindly, friend Jackson, if you was to tell me some more about the State of Wyoming. By the sound of her she's a nice dry inland spot of the kind I've always hankered after."

Homer Bigelow took his nose out of his book. "Hildegard," he said, "I'm happy to inform you that by the end of the season, if too many of our customers don't weasel on their debts, I'll be in a position to start in business for myself. I believe I may locate down-coast near the city." He gave her a meaningful smile, and said, "After all, a young married couple want to get a taste of the bright lights now and then, don't they?"

"Speakin' of lights," Foothills Jackson said soft and warm, "just you take a look at that moon, Miss Hildegard. She's a-rollin' up over the water like a big old yellow pumpkin. You think we might catch us some of those salmon were we to go out in my boat?"

"Queer you should suggest that," Pa



COLLIER'S

"I'm afraid you'll have to take back twenty-eight cents' worth of something"

DAVE HESS

said. "It sticks in my mind I did once hear or read somewhere how fishing perks up by the light of the moon. You could give it a try, daughter, if you're so inclined."

That puzzled me. Pa claims he has the ability to think like a fish, and he knows darn' well there isn't any use trying for salmon once the phosphorescence gets into the water. Hild knew it too, but she jumped up lively and ran off to her tent for her sweater.

Homer pursed his mouth. "By the way, Mister Everett," he said to Pa, "you understand we calculate interest on short-term credit by the week." He closed his account book with a snap like a spring trap, and marched off toward his store.

Foothills Jackson stood by the fire with his hat tipped back and his hands dug into his pockets. He teetered a little on his slant heels, and whistled Shenandoah gently between his teeth, and something in his left-hand pocket gave off a gentle rattle. He grinned at Pa where he sat across the fire, and Pa peeled a ripply chuckle off his mandolin. You could tell they had cottoned to each other real well, that pair. . . .

It was close to moonset when Hild came back from fishing. She was humming a cowboy song, and when I called from my driftwood hutch to ask had they seen any salmon, she didn't stop humming right off.

"Salmon?" she repeated, vague and dreamy, after I'd asked her a second time. "Oh, fish. No, Ricky, but Foothills was right. It was a gorgeous moon."

The coho didn't show up next day, or the next, or the next after that. Hild and Foothills were out in his clinker-built most of the time, and since Foothills had acquired me that skiff Arne Arnson had been patching, I fished a lot myself. Except for having to bail it every few minutes, and Arne giving me dirty looks from the old dugout canoe he'd rounded up for himself, I was well enough pleased with the way things were going.

Or I would have been if only those big fat coho salmon had come ramping down to Indio. There was still never a fin to be seen, and at Homer's prices our store bill was going up something terrific. Pa wasn't doing any fishing, because he said our dreadful experience in the Passage had brought back his lumbago. He just mooched around on shore, thinking like a fish, and giving his lumbago internal treatments from his jug. About the only time he stirred himself except to eat was when he needed something from Homer Bigelow's stock.

ON THE third day, I suggested to him he had better be finding a way to get back home, or Ma would peg his hide to the barn.

"Sure enough," he said. "That's true. But under the circumstances, Ricky, I'd best force myself to linger on a spell."

I knew what he meant. Ma wasn't going to be pleased over him losing a gas boat, two skiffs and all her second-best blankets without a thing to show for it, except maybe a son-in-law rigged along the same lines as himself.

"But don't you fret, Ricky," Pa told me. "Remember what the mission boat pastor teaches about casting our bread on the waters. Well, we cast us a whole baking into the Passage, and I calculate we should reap a handsome return in the course of time."

The sun had crept into his patch of shade, and he sighed and unleaned his back from against the rancheree wall. "I find I'm clean out of eating snuff," he said. "Let's you and me angle over to Homer Bigelow's establishment."

The only happy person on Indio, barring Pa and Hild and Foothills, was Homer. Fish or no fish, people have to go on eating, and Homer had already filled a good few pages of his account book. He was studying the book when we walked in.

He gave us a mighty cool "Good afternoon," and drummed with his fingers on the counter while Pa looked his shelves up and down.

"Just fetch me a deck of that Copenhagen snuff, Homer," Pa told him in a mild, polite way. He kept studying the shelves, and finally he said, "I'm glad to see you've laid in a good stock of Copenhagen. You got, I would estimate, about twenty-five decks up there."

"Eighteen," Homer said, "counting this one I'm putting against your bill."

"Homer," Pa said, "I dislike to contradict you, and I'm not one of these gambling men as you well know, but if there ain't over twenty of them decks you can write me down in your book for just double the cost of this one."

HOMER began to reach down the rolls of snuff cans. "See?" he said, when he had lined them all up on the counter. "Seventeen here. One in your hand makes eighteen, Mister Everett." He smiled at Pa like he was a little, stupid child, and unclipped his fountain pen from his breast pocket.

"Well," Pa said. "Well, now!" He rubbed his ear as if he couldn't believe it. As we went out, I could hear Homer's pen scratching two decks of eating snuff against our account.

"That's gambling," I told Pa soon as we were outside, "and you know what Ma said about gambling!"

"Why," he said, "now you jog my memory I recollect your mother did make a pronouncement on that subject. She said not to gamble with that trashy fish-camp crowd." He tossed the deck of Copenhagen in his hand, making it swap ends and catching it real neat. "But that don't take in Homer Bigelow, of course. Your mother considers Homer the upstandingest young spriggins in these parts, Ricky, and I'll ask you to remember it."

Pa tried to outsmart Homer again that evening, judging the number of bamboo fish poles in a bundle, and he got skinned just like I'd known he would. He had taken Foothills Jackson along with him, and Foothills appeared to be even more surprised than Pa. Foothills tried a guess himself, on how many blue shirts there was in a pile, and he put the figure twice too high.

"Mister," he said to Homer, who was smiling superior at the nib of his pen, "I'm a traveled man, but rarely have I seen anyone so shot with luck as you are. Either that or you've got an extra-exact eye."

"I don't believe in luck," Homer said. "I'll take cash for that shirt, if you don't mind. Twice five dollars makes ten."

Foothills dredged a couple of crumpled-up bills from his pants, and as he was straightening them something rattled on the counter.

"I declare," Pa said, and he didn't sound very approving. "Them's dice, I believe. I didn't know you was that kind of man, Mister Jackson."

"Souvenirs only," Foothills told him. "I had them from my granddaddy."

He picked up those old yellow dice and sort of trickled them out of his fist. "Sixes," he said. "Mister Everett, while we're neither of us sporting men, I will lay this shirt I just bought against your jackknife that I can roll you another set of sixes."

"Well," Pa said. "Well, now. I don't know as I should." He studied it for a minute, stroking the stubble on his jaw, then he said, "Just this once."

Foothills trickled the dice out of his hand again. Homer Bigelow bent over his counter. "A four," he said, "and a three."

"Why," Foothills said, "if that ain't so!" He scooped up the dice and examined them real close, as if he suspected something was wrong with them, then

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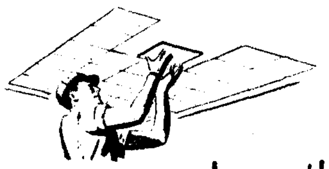

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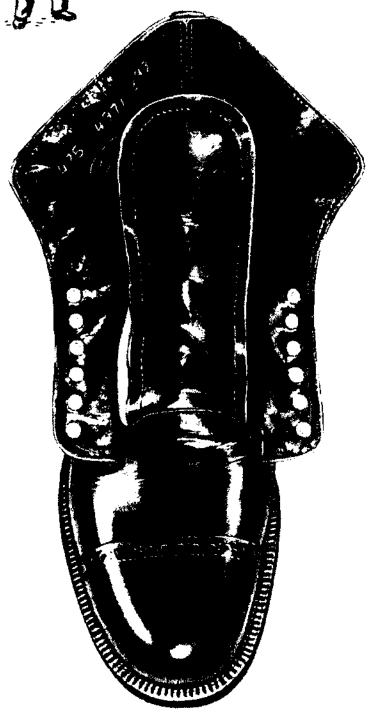

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dropped them in his pocket. Pa picked up the shirt he had won and they went out, not paying Homer any attention.

"A few more days, friend Jackson," Pa said as we headed toward the fire on the point, "and our pig will be ripe for roasting."

"You'll have to coax him away from Hild first," I put in. "She's gone and made a pet of him, just like a silly old girl."

Foothills reached down and tweaked my ear. "Your daddy and I," he told me, "was speaking in allegories." . . .

The evening was dead still. I was setting by the fire, thinking how far I was from making the deer rifle and outboard motor I'd hoped to earn, when Pa lifted his muzzle and tested the air. He did that a couple more times before bedtime, then as he and Foothills were about to take themselves off to the rancheree they had shacked up in, he said, "Coho tomorrow. She'll be blowing the ears off'n a brass monkey by midnight, and she'll slacken toward dawn. She'll chase the herring in, and those coho will be snorting at their tails."

That night it blew so hard Hild's tent kited clean off the point and I had to chase it over the rocks in my bare feet. Before sunup the wind must have died, because when I got the sleep out of my eyes there was only an easy swell, and the water all along the kelp beds was boiling with fish. It was what everyone had been waiting for, and we didn't bother with breakfast or anything else. There was no time for monkeydoodling around, now the coho run had hit Indio.

"You can come along in my skiff," I told Pa, but he told me no. "Hauling in fish is the worst possible thing for my lumbago," he said. "Much as I hate to, Ricky, I'd best keep camp ashore." He glanced round to see was Hild in earshot, then said to Foothills, "I would be obliged if you'd loan me your granddaddy's ivories, friend Jackson. They'll help me while the time away."

Last I saw of him as I scooted for the beach, he was strolling in the direction of Homer Bigelow's store.

I brought in forty coho that day. I would have made it sixty except for having to bail every little spell. Hild and Foothills caught seventy-four between them, and by evening when the cannery buyer came to collect, we'd already made enough to clear our account with Homer. We would have, that is, if Pa hadn't got to fiddling with those dice on Homer's counter and run our bill up another twenty dollars.

Next day it was the same thing only worse. It kept on like that for most of a week. Whilst we were making money, Pa was losing it to Homer in the store.

SATURDAY I landed sixty-three coho, and Hild figured she had made a big enough stake even for the kind of hope chest she'd set her heart on. I ought to have told her about Pa's antics, maybe, but I just wasn't able to bring myself to do it, and I guess Foothills couldn't either. You never saw a man take so well to being corrected. He had cut down his smoking and wouldn't even take a sip of the jugs Pa kept finding, and he shaved every morning whether he needed to or not.

On Saturday night Hild cooked us steak for supper. After we'd eaten, Foothills cleared his throat a couple of times and unfolded to his feet. He looked at Hild and she gave him a nod and a smile, and he cleared his throat again.

"Coming right to the point," he said, "I have something mighty important to ask you, Mister Everett. It's for your daughter's hand in marriage, and if you tell me I'm all unworthy, I'll have to agree."

"Well," Pa said. "This is sort of sudden, ain't it?" He sat there stroking his chin and pondering while Hild watched him, all pink and worried. "Friend Jackson," Pa said at last, "I figure you're worthy enough. Just one little thing troubles me. It's them dice of your granddaddy's. My good wife can't abide a gambling man, and if she's to be your mother-in-law, I fear you'll have to dispose of those ivories."

"Gladly," Foothills said. "You just take the viperish things, sir, and dispose of them for me."

"Then you have my consent," Pa said, "and I will get rid of them right away." He put his hand to his shirt and said, gentle and surprised, "Well, if I'm not out of eating snuff again already!"

He got up from behind our driftwood table. Hild and Foothills were already drifting off into the dusk, holding hands.

"Ricky," Pa told me, "if you can manage a word with your future brother-in-law by his lone, you might just tell him to get his mouth set for pork cracklin's." He sifted the air with his muzzle and said as he shuffled off, "Fishing's over. Won't be another coho caught here this season." . . .

There wasn't a sign of a herring or a salmon to be seen next morning when I woke up. The big run had moved on south from Indio. I left Hild humming cowboy songs whilst she packed her things, and drifted on down to Pa's and Foothills' rancheree. A squatty little house totem stood in front of it with a hole through its belly that the Indians had used for a doorway. I hollered outside, and presently first Foothills then Pa crawled out of the hole like a couple of coons from a hollow tree.

"Good morning, Ricky," Pa said. "Another beautiful day." He yawned and stretched till his joints creaked. "You and your sister will be glad to know I disposed of those dice like I promised."

"It was high time," I told him.

"Couldn't have timed it better," Pa said. "I turned them over to Homer Bigelow." He sighed and scratched his short ribs. "I'm afraid that was a mistake, though. Homer pestered me into giving him a lesson in their use, and you know what?"

"I can guess," I said, and kissed my deer rifle good-by.

"Your mother was dead wrong about that young man," Pa said with another sigh. "He turned out to be just a gambling fool."

FOOTHILLS was rigging up to shave. He clicked his tongue and muttered, "Well, I never!"

"It'd be an act of charity to loan Homer that leaky old skiff of yours," Pa told me. "If he bails frequent, it might get him home to Agate Harbor. Mister Jackson has already donated Homer his beach umbrella for a sail."

"But how about his gas boat," I asked, "and the goods in his store?"

"I've acquired Homer's boat," Pa said. "Store too, but since storekeeping isn't entirely in my line, I've turned the stock over to Arne Arnson at a discount. I hope this'll be a lesson to you against the evils of gambling, Ricky."

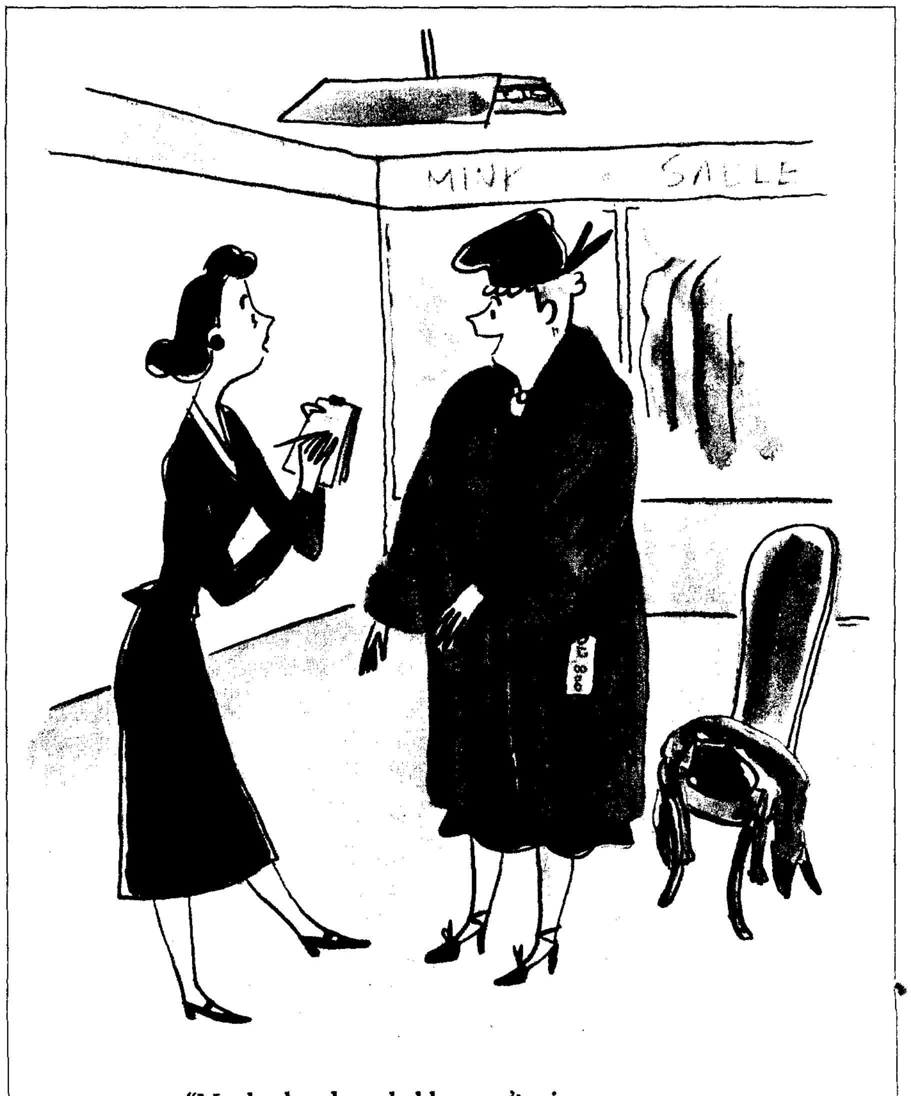
"My granddaddy's last words to me," Foothills said through lather. "How true they was!"

"Oh," Pa said. "I almost forgot. I've also acquired a blue-serge suit with fountain pen attached. Seems to me a smart woman like your mother should be able to whittle it down to your size."

Ma did too, and I wore it to the wedding. I'd hoped they would do like Foothills wanted and settle in our parts, but Hild was bound she'd get to a place where she would never again be seasick. They have a little ranch in Wyoming now, and Foothills writes often about how tired he gets setting on a lumpy horse all day, and how he longs for salt water.

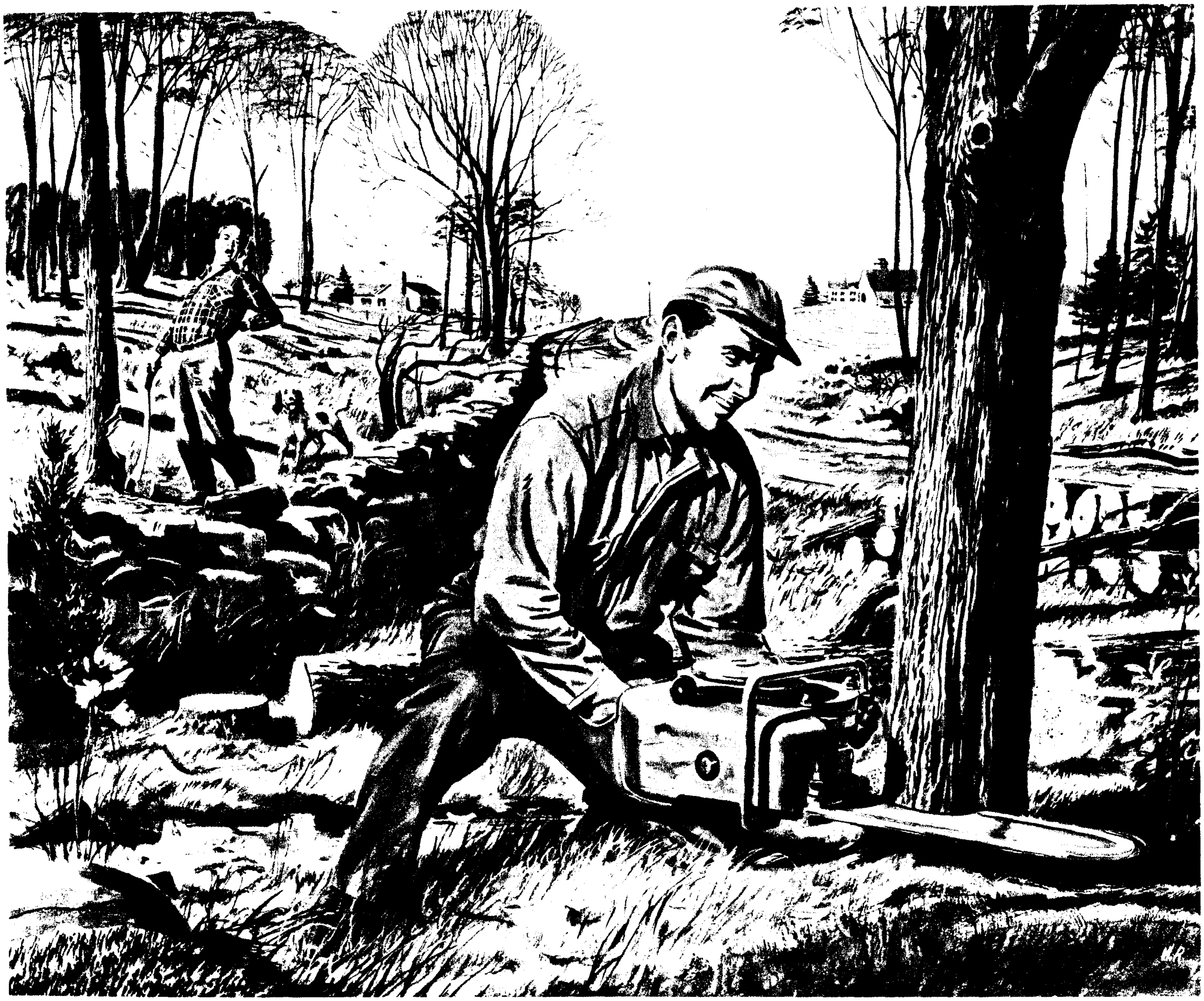
Pa says he will send him a batch gladly, just as soon as he acquires an empty jug.

THE END



"My husband probably won't give you any trouble unless you bill him for this all at once"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN



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Decorator's Helper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

slow-moving. He affected an air of bucolic ingenuousness, lapsing from it rarely. He said, "I'm late." He pushed his hat back on his head, and scratched his hair with one large forefinger. He grinned. "Better late than never, I always say," said Mr. Harris.

"Of course," said Lucas. "Now I want to start in the bedroom here."

Mr. Harris was surveying the stacks of furniture in the hallway. His small eyes were twinkling. He said, "I always figger that if I'm a little late, somebody else'll have got the hard work done." He smiled at Tim.

"Is that what you always say?" Tim said.

Lucas said, "I was thinking that maybe the floors should be first."

"Why," said Mr. Harris, "look at that little rascal there, peekin' out at me. Monkey, ain't he?"

Tim shook his head. "My brother. He never grew."

"It takes all kinds to make a world," Mr. Harris said.

Lucas said, "Weren't you going to play golf, Tim?"

MR. HARRIS smote his thigh with his open hand. He laughed soundlessly. "Golf," he said. "Cow-pasture pool, I always call it."

"So do I," said Lucas. "Now if you'll come in here, Mr. Harris—"

They went into the bedroom. Mr. Harris' voice drifted back: "Chasin' a little ball around the countryside." A pause. "An' a grown man, too."

Joe came out of the furniture. He rubbed against Tim's ankle. Tim hunkered down, rubbed Joe's back, pulled Joe's stub tail. Joe set up a throbbing rumble and picked up his forefeet in a little dance of ecstasy. Tim said, "I don't know. Usually it's you two who get into trouble. This time, I have a sort of feeling that I'm going to be the culprit."

As it turned out, he was wrong.

The first incident occurred shortly before lunch. Mr. Harris was tranquilly at work, mixing paint, his hat on the back of his head. Lucas' suggestion of doing the floor first had been overruled, and Mr. Harris was content. It was always better, Mr. Harris considered, that people be put in their place at once; then they were easier to handle. Like that Mrs. DeWitt, she had been an easy one. He anticipated no difficulty with Mrs. McCoy. He mixed his paints with slow care, and only gradually did he become aware that he had an audience.

Vincent was squatting on the floor, his tail wrapped neatly around his feet and his small hands clasped upon his knees. He watched the big man, watched the dripping paint, tested the odors that filled the room.

"Brother, eh?" Mr. Harris said. That rankled. A man asked a civil question, he expected a civil answer. In Mr. Harris' book, the world contained only one character: Mr. Harris. "Come over here, brother," he said, "an' let me show you what I'm doin'."

Vincent stood up. He approached slowly, wrinkling his small brows, puzzling beneath his skullcap of black fur. He extended one tiny hand, touched the big man's finger. Nothing happened. Vincent moved a little closer. Greatly daring, he closed his hand gently around the finger, looked up into the big man's face. "Brother," Mr. Harris said, and the tone of his voice was friendly. Vincent relaxed.

And then the big man's hand moved quite suddenly, closed on Vincent's arm, snatched him close. And the other hand came out of the paint can, bearing the mixing stick. Vincent gave one terrified squeal before the mixing stick daubed his face and he was released to scuttle far across the room and crouch there, whimpering softly, wiping at the paint with his tiny black hands. Mr. Harris mixed on, feeling better.

And to Lucas, running swiftly in, Mr. Harris said, "Curious little rascal. 'Fore I even knew he was here, he had his nose in the paint can. Scared him, I reckon." He looked doubtfully at the paint, "Hope it don't spoil the color none."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Lucas said. She snatched up Vincent. She looked at his face, at his hands. "Oh!" she said. And she marched out of the room.

It did pay, Mr. Harris thought, to show a firm hand from the start.

It was some little time before Lucas returned. "I got him cleaned up," she said, "and I put him outside. He won't bother you again."

Mr. Harris waved his hand in the grand manner.

"Will the paint be all right?" Lucas said.

Mr. Harris pondered the matter. He lifted the stick and watched the paint drip from it. Slowly he nodded his head. "I reckon," he said. "After lunchtime I'll start in."

"The color," Lucas said. She was frowning a little, looking at the stick. "Are you sure—"

"Now don't you worry none," Mr. Harris said. "Don't you worry none at all." He smiled assurance. "I been doin' this for more years than you'd care to count on."

"Yes, of course," Lucas said.

"Don't you worry none at all," said Mr. Harris. He stood up. "I'll eat my dinner now."

"Yes," Lucas said. She still eyed the paint. "It's time, isn't it?"

"Past," said Mr. Harris. He smiled his appealing smile. "You wouldn't have some nice hot coffee, would you? Out in your big kitchen?"

Lucas thought of Cook, of Cook's cut finger, of Cook's torn apron, of Cook's unhappiness with the world upon this day. On the other hand—"Why," she said, "why, I think so. I'll tell Cook."

"That'll be right nice of you," Mr. Harris said. He wiped his hands on a piece of cloth. He smiled to himself.

Lucas said, "I—I just wanted to tell you—" She paused. She said, "Along with the monkey, there's a cat, too. And I don't know where he is." Damn Tim, she thought, I told him to put them both out. "I mean, he might come in and bother you."

"Cats," said Mr. Harris. He waved one hand. "Cats," he said again. "He won't bother me none. Don't you worry 'bout it."

"I wish I knew where he was," Lucas said. "Joe, I mean."

AS a matter of fact, Joe was sitting in the midst of the flowers out beside the playhouse. The sun was warm; it penetrated his thick fur and lay comfortably against his skin. And the fragrance of the fall flowers was all around him. Joe luxuriated. Joe was content. It was there that Vincent found him.

Vincent's small face was sore from the scrubbing. And his hands still bore traces of paint at which he picked and rubbed with his fingers. He huddled against Joe's great shoulder, whimpering quietly, feeling still the panic and the terror of the big man's sudden attack. Joe listened without comment.

And then Mr. Harris came out of the kitchen, carrying a cup of hot coffee. He got his lunch from the truck. He walked over to the shady side of the playhouse and sat down on the ground. That cook woman, he thought, was a fiery dish. He liked his women fiery.

He opened his lunch pail and began to eat.

It was Joe, finally, who moved. He stood up. He stretched himself. Vincent spoke words of caution, but Joe paid them no heed. His stub tail rose and he walked slowly through the flowers and out onto the lawn, and there he stopped and looked, unblinking, at Mr. Harris.

Mr. Harris suspended his feeding. "So you're the cat," he said. He studied Joe for a moment or two. "Pretty big, aren't you, cat?"

Joe said nothing. He yawned almost in Mr. Harris' face. Then with a great display of indifference, he turned away and walked slowly off across the lawn.

Mr. Harris felt belittled. "Hey, cat," he said.

Joe stopped and turned.

"C'mere," Mr. Harris said. "Come on over here, cat." He broke a piece from his sandwich. He held it out. He tossed it onto the ground.

Joe eyed Mr. Harris. He eyed the piece of sandwich. He lowered his great head and sniffed, detecting meat and butter and good white bread. He gobbled it up.

"Good, huh?" Mr. Harris said. "Want more?" He held out his closed hand. He was smiling.

Joe approached, without fear, without trepidation—emotions long since discarded as useless. He sniffed at Mr. Harris' hand.

"Greedy, huh?" Mr. Harris said. "Here, have some." And he opened the hand and tossed a small mound of pepper into Joe's face. Then he sat back and watched, finding the spectacle hilarious. He laughed almost soundlessly.

Joe was suddenly sneezing, spitting, growling all in one. He pawed at his eyes and his nose. He rubbed his face into the grass. He spun around, this way and that, tearing at the grass, rolling, writhing. And through it all, as if from a great distance, he heard the big man's chuckles, and his fury increased amidst the sneezes and the retching coughs. The sunlight, once so pleasant, hurt his eyes, and the burning would not go away. The sounds of the big man's amusement continued, driving deep the iron of impotence, of helpless rage. Joe groped across the lawn and along the side of the playhouse. He disappeared into the cool, dark quiet of the tool shed. There would come a time when this hurt, like all other hurts, eventually would go away. Already, it was subsiding a little. Then there would be a reckoning. In the darkness, he set about scrubbing his face and his eyes, and his stub tail twitched without pause. He could wait; he had waited before.

Mr. Harris chuckled on as he ate.

IT WAS nearly six o'clock when Tim got home. He parked the car in the garage and he walked slowly up to the kitchen door. He saw neither Joe nor Vincent. He went inside and looked beneath the stove. There was no one there. He made two highballs and carried them through the house to the guest bedroom, handed one to Lucas, who lay on the bed attired in a slip. Tim said, "I didn't see the boys."

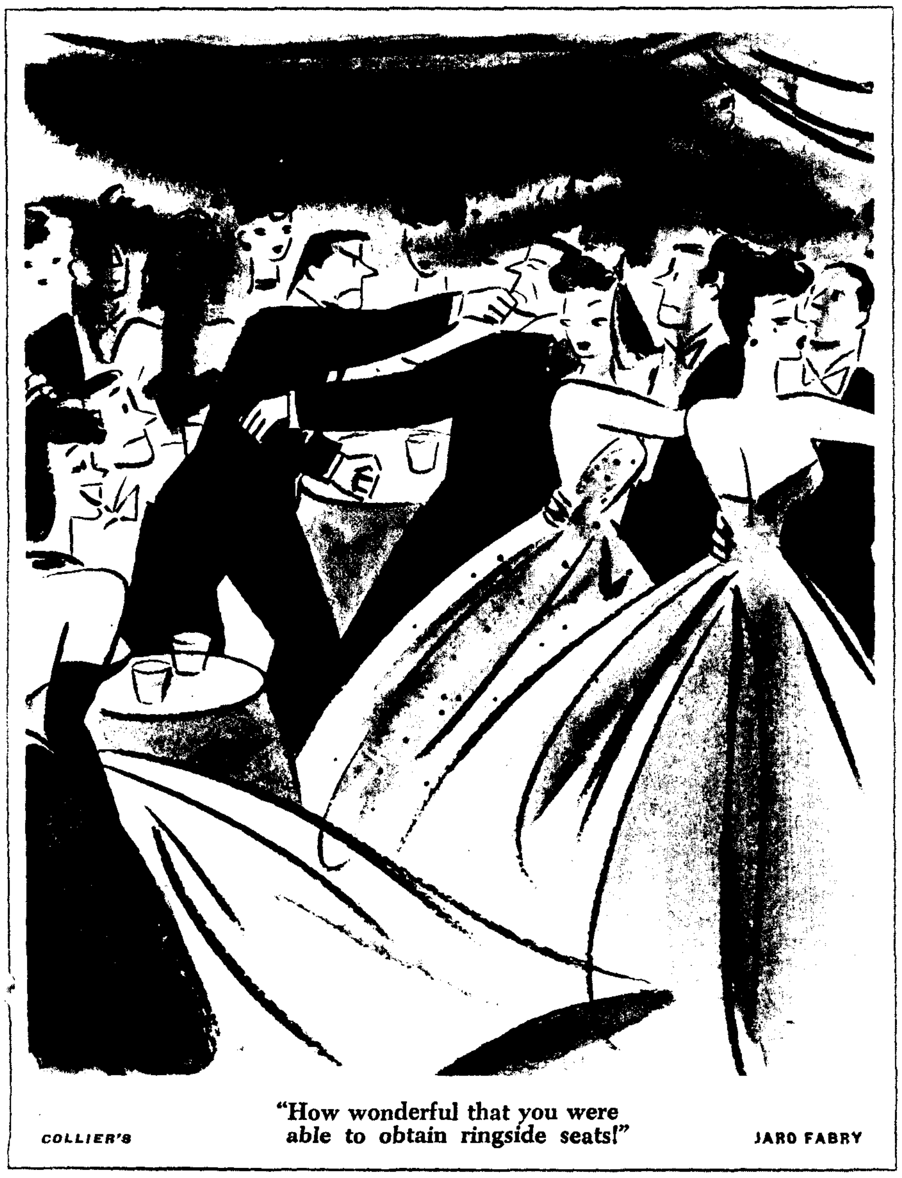
Lucas said nothing.

"But I did see our bedroom," Tim said. He shucked off one shoe and let it drop to the floor. He picked up his drink, sampled it deeply. "Is *that* the color you had in mind?"

"It'll be different when it dries," Lucas said. "Mr. Harris says so." She tried to quiet her own private doubts. "It always works that way."

"That I want to see," Tim said. He stared into his drink. "I three-putted six greens today," he said, "and I four-putted—"

"What's wrong with the color?" She, too, was tired, and, actually, it was no more than that, and she knew it, but still



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she pressed the point. "I mean, it isn't exactly right because the paint's still wet, but I don't see any—"

"Look," Tim said, "you're running the job, and if you're happy, that's all that counts. I won't have to look at it except in the mornings. And I can always dress with my eyes closed."

"If you had stayed home," Lucas said, "instead of playing golf."

"You drove me out of the house. Remember?" He was grinning now.

"Because you weren't even civil to Mr. Harris. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Honor DeWitt had it right when she said he was a character. I prefer animals."

"Damn you—" Lucas began.

Tim said, "Hey. Hey, take it easy." He reached over and touched her bare shoulder, felt it relax beneath his hand. "It isn't that important. I mean, what's a wall or two?"

She was silent, watching him, and her face and her eyes were serious. "I'm worried," she said. "Oh, Tim, I am worried."

"It'll be fine," Tim said. "It'll be good. When it dries."

But in the morning, the color remained, stark, harsh, glaring, shrieking at you when you entered the doorway. Tim saw it first, on his way to breakfast. He tested the paint with his finger, found it dry. He closed his eyes and shuddered. He went into the breakfast room.

Lucas saw it next, and as she stood there, visualizing the room with its furniture, its curtains, its pictures, its rug, something inside her went dull and dead, and she was very close to tears.

In the kitchen, Cook, thinking harsh thoughts of the grinning, impish Mr. Harris, attempted to take some of her temper out on Joe, which was unwise, Joe being in no mood for such frippery. Joe's eyes were still sore, and his memory burned with a fierce, hot flame. With a savagery that astonished even Vincent, he chased Cook across the kitchen and into the breakfast room.

The end result, of course, was Joe's banishment from the house. He became the focus of the family's displeasure, a psychological substitute for the absent Mr. Harris. Breakfast was not a happy meal.

WHEN Tim came out to the car Joe was sitting in the driveway. Vincent was perched on top of the water faucet. Joe's expression was that of a man lying in wait in a dark alley. He suffered Tim to rub his back and pull his stub tail.

Tim said, "What's wrong? What are you teed off about?"

Joe said nothing. Vincent stood erect on the top of the faucet. He spread his small arms. He spoke eloquently and at length, the friend in court. He sat down.

"I don't get it," Tim said. He straightened. "But one thing's sure: you'd both better stay out of the house. Lucas is in no mood for clemency." And once again he thought fleetingly of the vacation that might have been, the long, lazy, uncomplicated days, without worry, without care, without problems. And he sighed as he drove off to the golf course. . . .

Lucas was waiting when Mr. Harris drove in. She stood in the kitchen doorway, in plain view of Joe and of Vincent. Joe decided that the time was not ripe. He contented himself with a few twitches of his stub tail, a few tentative growls deep in his chest as he watched the big man get out of the truck, grinning in his impudent fashion.

Lucas wasted no time. "The paint is dry," she said, "and the color—"

"Now don't you worry," said Mr. Harris. "That's goin' to be a right purty room when I'm done with it. Right purty indeed." He walked past her and into the kitchen. He winked at Cook. He continued through the house, Lucas at his heels.

"Now, look here," Lucas said. Mr. Harris was standing in the bedroom, poking the paint with a thick forefinger and nodding to himself. His hat was pushed onto the back of his head. "I don't think—"

Mr. Harris turned, immense in his patience. "Have you seen that Mrs. DeWitt's house? Since I done it?" He paused for his effect. "Well, she got herself all worked up, too, thought it ought to be this way an' that way. Now she's real happy, like I knew all along she would be."

"But—" Lucas began.

"Whyn't you go look?" Mr. Harris said. "See what you think." He saw the indecision in Lucas' face. He timed his pause nicely. "That's only fair, ain't it?"

"Why, I guess so," Lucas said.

"It's always this way," Mr. Harris said soothingly. "Woman does her house maybe two-three times in her lifetime. She don't have the experience to see what the whole thing's goin' to look like."

"I guess you're right," Lucas said.

"'Course I'm right." He grinned appealingly. "You go along now."

"All right," Lucas said.

Mr. Harris bent to his work. In his mind there was no triumph, no elation, merely a weariness and a faint contempt. Women were nice to have around sometimes, but mostly they just got in a man's way with their ideas, or what they thought were ideas. He snorted, and moved a little closer to the window where the light was best.

Out in the garden Joe sat amidst the flowers. Beside him sat Vincent. Vincent had a small leaf in his hands; he turned it around and around, toying with it in his preoccupation. From time to time he spoke briefly, and then lapsed again into silence. Joe listened. Joe's hind leg was stiffly extended, and he washed it with care. There were dark sullen thoughts in Joe's mind; they showed in the gleam of his eyes, in the occasional twitch of his tail. But still he washed on, listening to Vincent's occasional statements, but paying them no real heed. He had seen Lucas drive away, but he felt no hurry, no urgency, knowing full well that all things come in time. His stub tail jerked and the gleam in his eyes was ominous. He washed on.

And then a butterfly, golden and graceful, swooped low overhead. Vincent saw it. He dropped his leaf. He sprang to his feet. He snatched and missed, and the butterfly drifted on, scarcely out of reach. Vincent chattered in his excitement. He gave a mighty spring, and missed again. The butterfly drifted over the lawn, and Vincent, on all fours gave chase. Joe watched, his hind leg still raised above his head. A moment or two yet he hesitated, watching Vincent's wild antics. And then, slowly, deliberately, Joe stood up. He stretched himself carefully, and the stub tail rose like a flag. He trotted off in pursuit of the butterfly, as Lucas drove into the yard.

LUCAS got out of the car. She went in through the back door. Cook was at the sink, muttering. Lucas stopped. She waited. Cook said, "That man. If he don't stay out of my kitchen."

"Mr. Harris?"

"Him," said Cook. "He thinks he's Casablanca, like in the book."

"Oh," said Lucas. "I'll talk to him."

Cook said nothing. She jabbed a radish viciously with her paring knife. Men, she thought.

The same thought had occurred to Lucas, and she considered it now as she went through the house, turning the matter over and over in her mind, and finding it difficult of solution. She wished that Tim were here. No, she wished nothing of the sort; this was her problem, hers alone, and however distasteful it might be, she could not shirk it. She squared her slim shoulders and went into the bedroom.

Mr. Harris was at work up on the third wall. The paint can stood at his feet. And spread open upon the floor was a roll of the yellow-and-green wallpaper. Lucas frowned at it briefly. She said, "I saw Mrs. DeWitt's house."

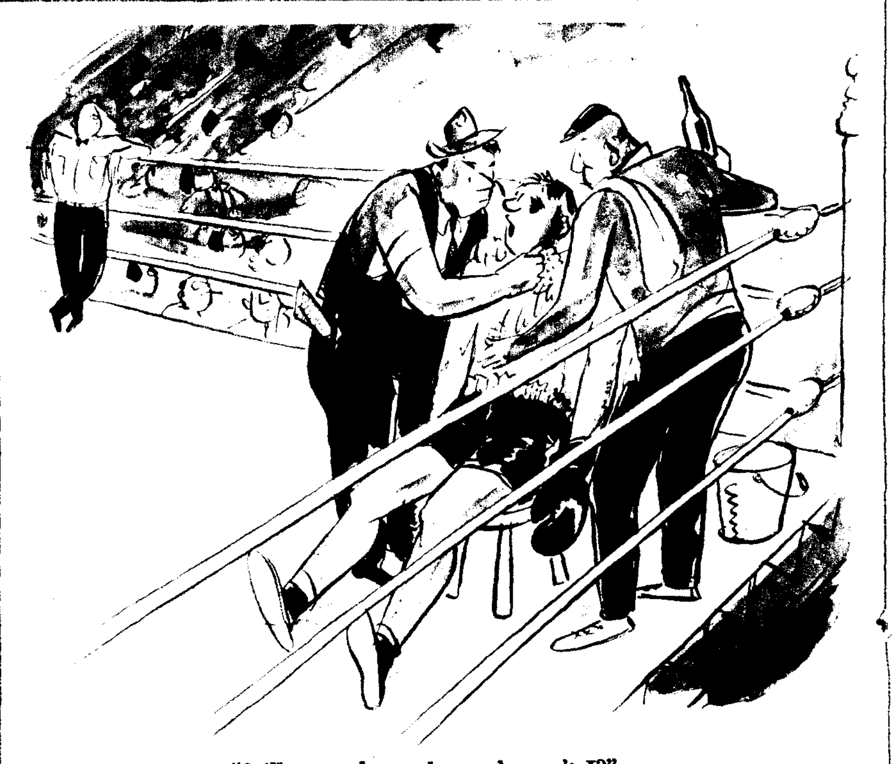
"Purty, ain't it?" Mr. Harris said. He did not bother to turn. "Cute's a bug's ear after what I done for it."

"I don't like it," Lucas said.

There was silence for a moment. Mr. Harris painted on. He said, "Mrs. DeWitt, she likes it right well."

"That's her privilege," said Lucas, standing her ground. She would never have suspected, she thought, that Honor DeWitt was possessed of such execrable taste. But, now that she considered it, there had been other matters—that hat Honor insisted on wearing, for example, the one with the flowers and the veil. And she took one more quick look at the opened wallpaper, and remembered Honor's enthusiasm when they found it. "I think it's dreadful," Lucas said.

Mr. Harris turned from the wall. He



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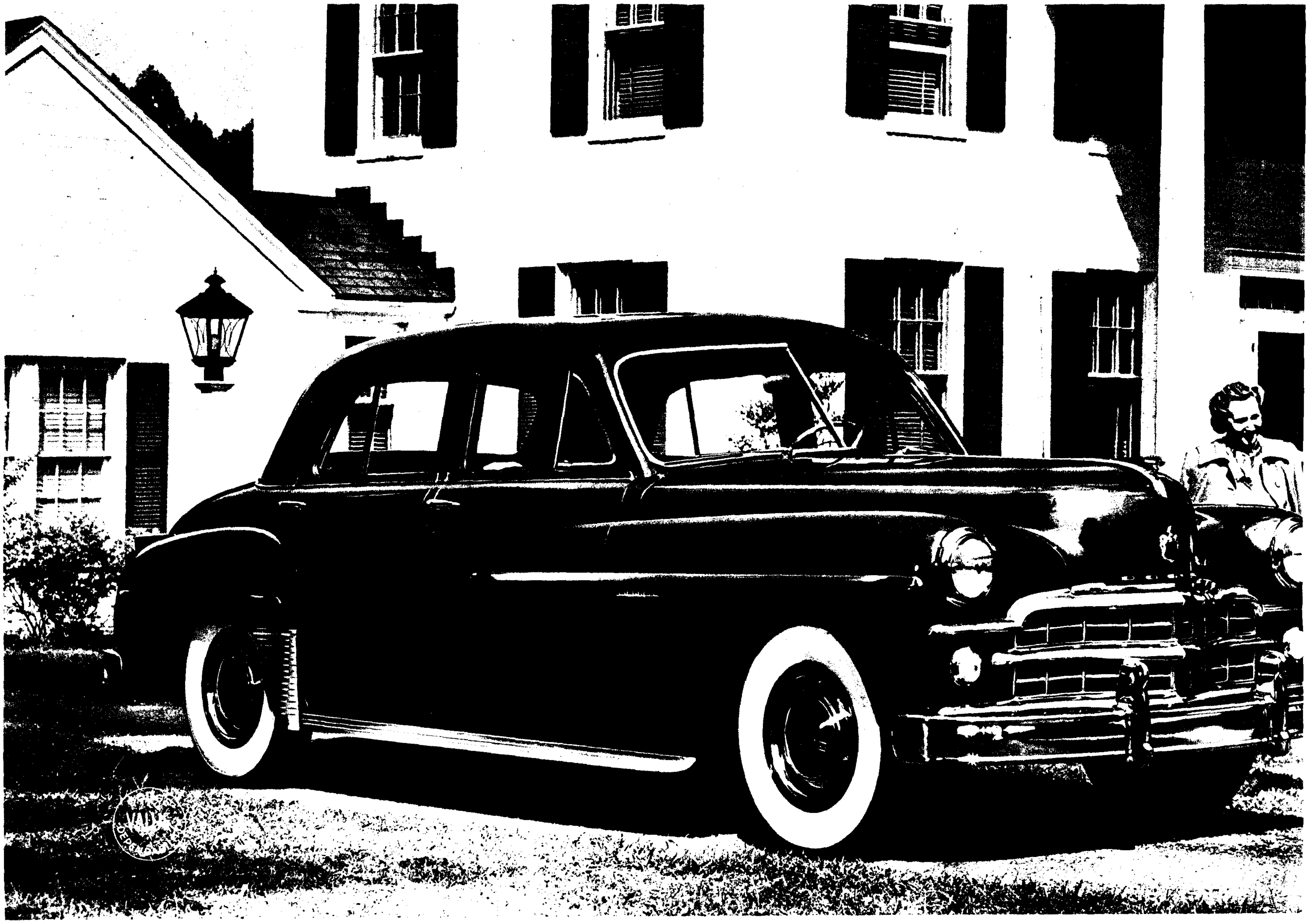

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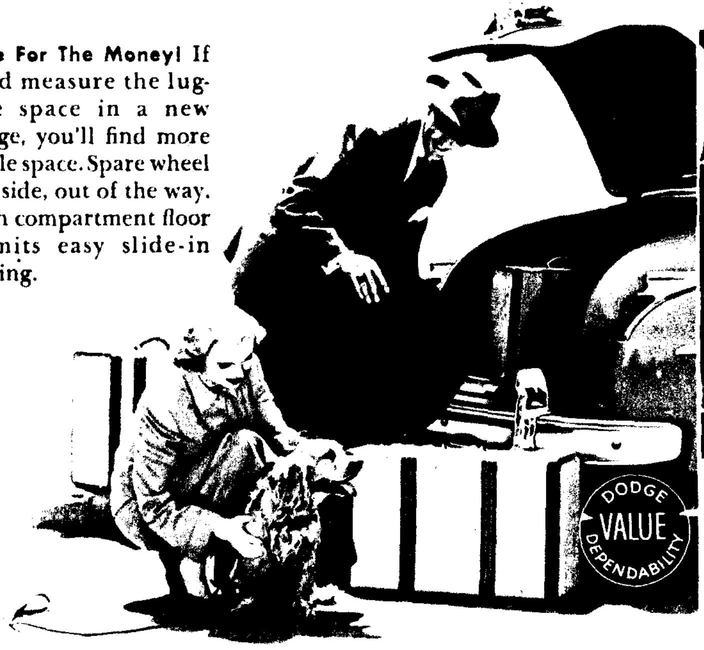
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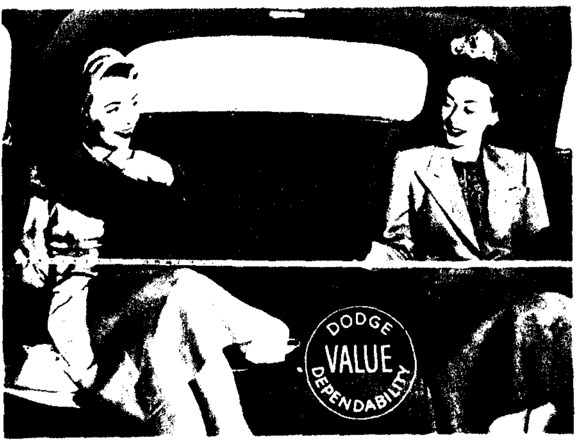
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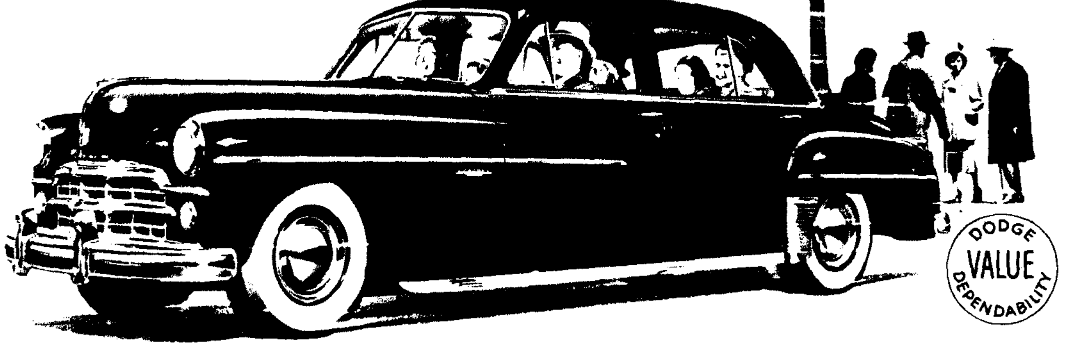

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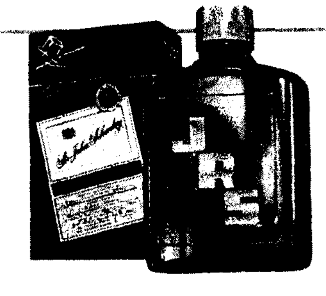

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stood there for a moment or two, his brush in his hand, his eyes on her face. And then he grinned the impudent grin. "Why, that's your privilege," he said. He plucked a loose hair from the brush, wiped it onto his trousers. His face was hidden. "There's some has taste," he said, "an' some that hasn't." He bent down for the paint can.

Lucas said, "I'm not going to argue the point. I don't like her house, and I don't like the color of these walls. I want them changed."

Mr. Harris straightened. He looked down at the wallpaper. He looked at Lucas. "You wanted the walls to match that," he said.

"All right," Lucas said, "maybe I did. Maybe I was wrong. I mean—" She stopped there, caught between pride and honesty, potent forces both. She shook her head. She wished that some wind would come and blow the wallpaper away, before Tim came home.

Mr. Harris said, "It's your house, like you said. An' you want it your way." The job was beginning to lose its savor; there were other jobs, lots of them, where a man wasn't always being heckled. "Only thing is, what *is* your way? What color *do* you want?" He bent over the paint can, wiped his brush carefully.

"I don't know," Lucas said.

It was at this point that Joe appeared on the window sill.

The butterfly was gone. In a manner most craven and unfair, the butterfly had soared far, far out of reach, disappeared over the next yard. And the sounds of the big man's voice, drifting through the open window, had set chords thrumming in Joe's mind. He crouched there now, dark, sullen fury flooding through him, lifting the fur on his great shoulders, bringing an angry gleam into his eyes. His tail jerked, and his whiskers laid themselves flat against his cheeks.

Joe studied his target—the broad tight-stretched haunches quivering there before him. He set himself. He shifted his weight and raised his forepaw, slid the five polished, hooked knives out of their sheaths. Pepper—he knew nothing of its name, but its memory was strong, still burning in his eyes, in the sensitive membrane of his nose. So be it. In silence he launched his attack.

MR. HARRIS let out a roar that rattled the windows in their frames. Still folded, he pitched forward, upsetting the paint can with his foot, losing his balance, falling hard onto his hands and knees. His hat came off, dropped unnoticed to the floor. The paint spread in a rolling wave, inundating the open wallpaper, lapping at Mr. Harris' knees. Joe followed up his advantage, dealt punishing blows to the enemy's rear. And from the window sill, chattering triumphantly, came Vincent; he snatched up the hat, bore it on high in his small hands, slammed it down again and again into the paint, gibbering furiously, chanting a small hymn of victory.

Mr. Harris sprang to his feet. He faced Joe, and Joe, crouched and thoroughly ready, faced him. Joe's eyes were unblinking. Joe's big head was low to the floor. He gathered himself, and the great shoulder muscles tensed. Deep in his chest a growl began, rumbling like summer thunder high in the mountains. Mr. Harris felt a growing unease in the middle of his stomach. Vincent continued to dip the hat, like a woman at a tub of soapsuds, up and down, up and down, covering all surfaces thoroughly.

Mr. Harris looked at Lucas. He looked again at the mess. He took one last look at Joe. "I quit," Mr. Harris said. "You can have your walls whatever color you want them."

"Well," said Lucas. She was looking at the ruined wallpaper. "If you really think you want to—"

"I do," said Mr. Harris. "Believe me, lady, I do." . . .

Tim put the car in the garage. He went in through the kitchen door. It had not been a successful day on the links, and his thoughts were tinged with bitterness. He conjured up a picture of a bright, cool surf, of white sand, of rolling fairways, and greens that sparkled in the warm sun, of peace and calm and relaxation—the vacation that might have been. He shook his head, returning to reality, and there, in the doorway, he stopped.

COOK and Lucas were on their knees beneath the stove. In front of them was a large bowl of milk, and even from the doorway, Tim could smell the rum that was in it. Joe was crouched, and beside him Vincent, and their heads were almost buried. Tim said, "Now I've seen everything."

Lucas stood up. She brushed at her knees. Cook reached out and patted Joe's head. Lucas said, "I—we thought they were hungry, or thirsty." She appeared to be a little flustered. "It's, well, it's been hot today."

"So it has," said Tim. He watched Cook's hand. It patted Joe once more. Joe lifted his head and looked at Tim, and Tim could have sworn that Joe winked at him. "How's the painting?"

"It's all finished," Lucas said. "That is, I—we stopped it." She paused there. "I fired Mr. Harris," she said, which was only a small untruth.

"Oh," said Tim.

"He was careless," Lucas went on. "He spilled a whole can of paint all over the floor."

"I see," said Tim. He was silent for a moment or two. "I suppose we can find somebody else to finish the job."

"No," Lucas said. "We can't. Not the way it was going to be. You see, one whole roll of wallpaper was ruined by the paint."

"That's a shame," Tim said.

"I felt very bad about it," Lucas said. She stopped a moment. "Since I can't have it the way I planned, I guess we might as well have it the way it was." She raised her head and looked at Tim. "That is, if you don't mind."

There was something, Tim thought, something here that did not quite lie on the surface. But he played it straight, followed his cue obediently. "No," he said, "I don't mind. Those people who did it in the first place—"

"Yes," Lucas said. "They're very dependable."

Tim nodded. Joe raised his head from the bowl once more and regarded Tim gravely.

Lucas said, "I'm tired. I guess I didn't realize how tired I've been."

"Strain," said Tim.

"You both need a vacation," said Cook. "That's what you need."

"It's an idea," said Tim. "Let's think about it. I still have a few days before I'm due back at the office."

Lucas shook her head. "Let's not think. Let's just go. Wouldn't that be fun?"

"Why, I guess so," Tim said. He hoped that his bewilderment didn't stick out too far. "Sure. If you want."

"And then we won't be here while they paint," Lucas said. "The smell and the confusion and all. We can take the baby and Miss Henderson with us."

Joe's eyes were on Tim again, but Joe said nothing. "Sure," Tim said. "That'll be much better."

"You're sweet," said Lucas. She tucked her arm through his. They walked slowly toward the living room. Lucas began to laugh.

Tim said, "What now?"

"Honor," Lucas said. "You know, Honor DeWitt? Well, she has the silliest hat she wears sometimes. You ought to see it. It's a scream."

"I give up," said Tim.

THE END

A Dinner for Lily

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

o'clock, he insisted on seeing them home. The Andres lived in a section which was not, as he claimed, “on his way” to Kathy Gillis' house or any of his other usual haunts, but I only thought he was being especially kind because it was my birthday. All that autumn, he met us after school and bought us sodas too frequently for sheer coincidence. But any suspicions I had were dissolved when he suddenly joined an archaeological expedition to South America. He was gone for two years.

During those years, Lily and I became inseparable. It was a gradual process and, unlike other crushes I had had, it survived my long summer absences at the family cottage at the lake.

And Mother and her bridge club doted on Madame Andre. No matter how industriously she pedaled the old-fashioned sewing machine, the piles of materials and trimmings and patterns on her dining table grew instead of diminishing. She became thinner and sallower, and the lines multiplied on her severely naked brow. I know now that even then she was very ill, that she was working against the time when the pain would cripple her, working to assure Lily a future less precarious than the past.

I AM not sure just when Lily guessed the truth. Gran had died that summer, quietly in her sleep. She had left me a sizable inheritance, and I seemed to become an adult overnight. I was too preoccupied with my own emotional problems to notice that Lily had lost much of her zest for our favorite game of pretending that I was a celebrated actress and she was the famous *couturière* who designed my costumes.

“Have you heard from your Uncle Philip?” she inquired on one occasion as I was mid-crescendo in an impassioned speech from Hedda Gabler.

I told her that the news of Gran's death had finally caught up with him in Rio, and he was on his way home.

Lily bit off a length of thread, bent more closely over her embroidery. “I suppose now, since he is in full charge of the estate, he will settle down. Perhaps marry?”

“I suppose so.” I was indifferent. “He's pretty old to get married, of course. Past thirty.”

Uncle Phil arrived in Lincolnville a few days later. He was driven from the airport to the cemetery, to the bank, to a glass cubicle with his name freshly lettered on the door.

“Poor Phil,” Dad sympathized. “Banking's a dull profession for a chap of his habits.”

“Nonsense,” Mother snapped. “It needn't be if Phil would make an effort. He could play golf.” She paused significantly. “Kathy Gillis is back from Miami, and she plays a scratch game.”

“Kathy Gillis has a double chin,” my father observed.

“Well, Kathy isn't a schoolgirl!” Mother retorted. “And what does Kathy's chin have to do with her suitability as a golf partner?”

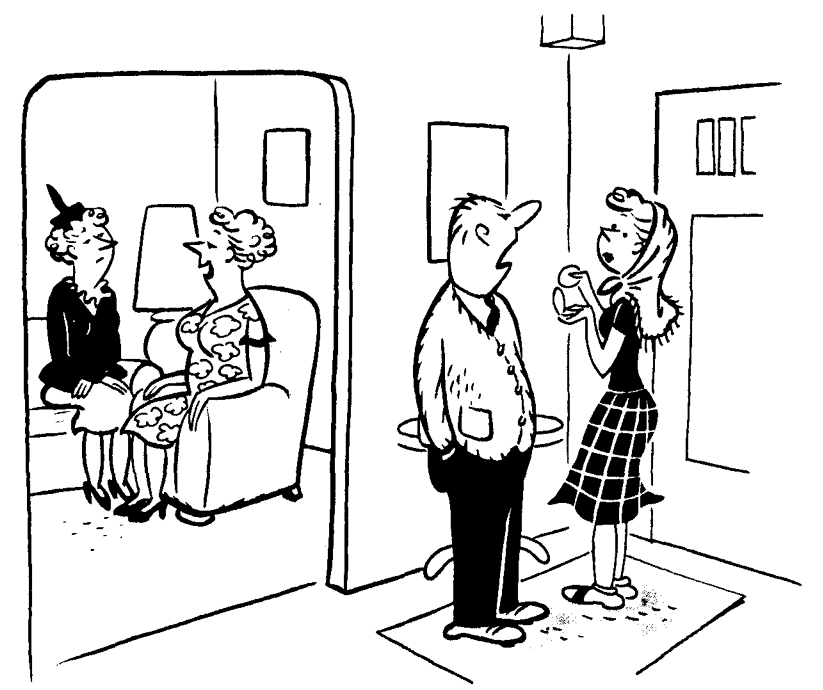
“Forgive me, my dear.” Dad grinned. “I'd have sworn you were thinking of Kathy Gillis' suitability for a more permanent partnership.”

Mother bridled. “Well, what if I was? You can't know how it worries me to think of that lovely old house with all of Mama's lovely things in it and nobody to look after them. I dare say Henry does his best, but Mama would never have trusted him to dust her Dresden. I wonder,” she asked, “I wonder if it would be decent to have a few close friends in on Christmas Eve? Just the Gillises and some of Alice's young people . . .” She went on for several days discussing with my father and me the propriety of entertaining so soon after our bereavement, but we both knew it was settled. . . .

Early Christmas Eve afternoon Mother sent me down to the Costigan house for English holly. I met Lily Andre on the sidewalk out in front. She was returning a book of Uncle Phil's I'd borrowed and lent her. We went in together.

There was a fire in the den. Lily sat

VIEWPOINT

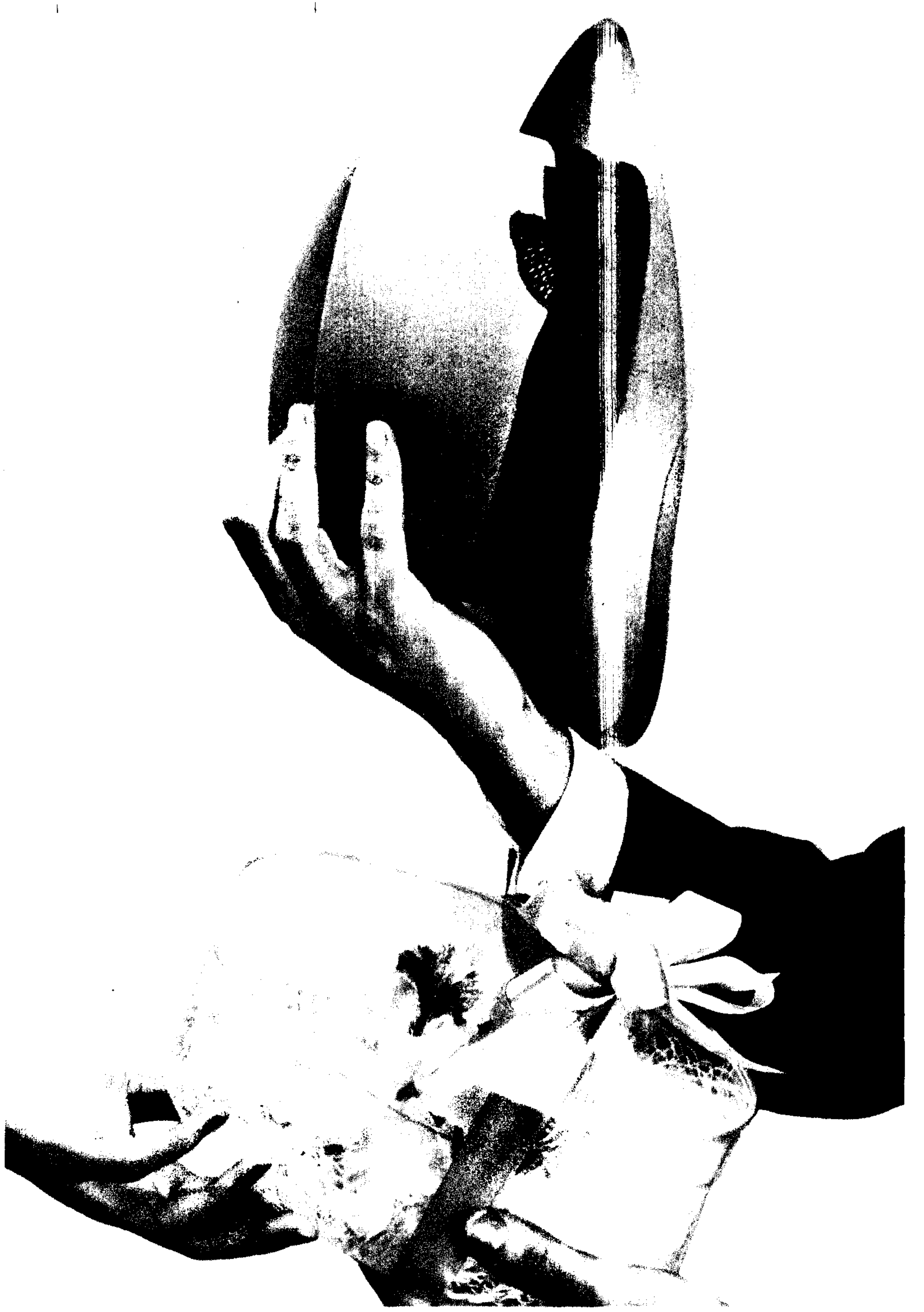


“I met George on a blind date . . . I forget now who arranged it. But I'd never seen him before that evening”

“You mean you'd go out with some jerk you don't even know? Some telephone Romeo? What does your mother think about this?”

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD



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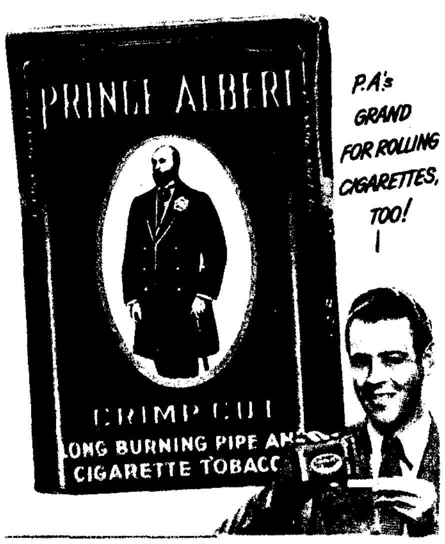


THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

on a hassock, her full skirts fanned out around her, and I sprawled on the hearth rug. Uncle Phil served up huge mugs of hot cocoa, while Henry shuffled between us with a tray of frosted cakes. Only when the cakes were gone and Henry had been sent to cut the holly did I become aware that my companions were unusually silent. I put it down to shyness on Lily's part, restrained boredom on my uncle's. I tactfully invented an errand downtown, thinking Lily would jump at a chance to escape, but she made no move to go.

I was gone longer than I expected, having met most of our crowd in the Sweet Shop.

WHEN I returned, Henry met me at the door with my loaded holly basket and told me Uncle Phil was out walking with Lily.

"Out walking?" I echoed. Walking for its own sake was considered an eccentricity in Lincolnville, and, besides, it was snowing.

Henry nodded. I'd hoped for a ride home but decided not to wait. It was as well I didn't. Uncle Phil's convertible was parked in our driveway, and Uncle Phil and Mother were in the living room. I heard their voices as I stepped into the hall.

"If nothing more has occurred between you than you say, Phil," Mother was saying, "you can't be too deeply involved."

"You miss the point, Sis," Uncle Phil said. "I want to be involved for once. I want to marry the girl."

"But you can't think that child cared for you? You can't be such a fool!" Mother's bracelets jangled. "Don't you see it's your money, not you she's interested in? She's only Alice's age, Phil!"

"Lily's eighteen," Uncle Phil corrected, "and I'm a senile old roué of thirty-one. Granted, but Sis—"

I let myself out quietly, dropped my basket on the steps, and began to run. It was snowing in earnest now, and the cold wet flakes stung my cheeks. It couldn't be true, I panted to myself. Lily would have told me. Uncle Phil was always delighted in teasing Mother. It couldn't be true Lily would get married and ruin all the wonderful plans we'd made. It just couldn't be.

It was. I sensed it as I climbed the stairs to the Andres' flat, breathed the familiar odor of cabbage and strong soap. I knew for certain when I saw Lily. Her eyes danced with excitement, and on the proper finger of her left hand she wore Gran's star ruby. The heavy gold of its setting dug into my fingers. "Alice, *chérie!* Oh, Alice, I am so happy! Alice, please try to understand that I—"

"I understand," I said flatly. In the chilly winter twilight the shabby rooms seemed shabbier, fuzzy with the lint of other people's velvets and velours. Freshly starched curtains framed a vista of bleak back yards, and a potted poinsettia drooped leaves on its lace doily, overcome by the fumes of coal gas from the iron heating stove.

"But you don't!" Tears stood unshed on Lily's lashes. "You don't really, Alice!"

"I understand, all right." I pulled my hand from hers. "Congratulations!"

I might have said more but just then Madame Andre came from the kitchen, beaming and wiping her hands on a faded apron. Our good-bys were conventionally polite.

It *was* good-by. Lily and Uncle Phil were married New Year's Day and departed at once for Bermuda. By the time they returned, I was at boarding school in Vermont. Mother wrote grudgingly that Uncle Phil *seemed* perfectly happy. She said Lily had changed.

Lily had cut her hair, and wore polish on her fingernails, and drove the convertible with the top down.

There was no doubt of Lily's popularity in Lincolnville society, and if now and then someone mentioned it was odd that a newly married couple like the Costigans were so seldom alone together, someone else reminded her how very ill Madame Andre was.

Uncle Phil, too, was devoted to his mother-in-law. He had found her a cottage within a comfortable distance of the big house, furnished it exquisitely. It was Uncle Phil who, that second summer of their marriage when it became clear that Madame Andre was dying and that it was not to be an easy death, insisted that Lily move into the cottage's spare bedroom, hired extra nurses, even sent to Rochester for specialists.

I was in my final term at school when Madame Andre died. The end had come mercifully sooner than the doctors had predicted. I sent flowers, and received a black-bordered card in the same mail with Mother's letter telling me that Lily was leaving Uncle Phil.

"Philip refuses to discuss it with me," Mother wrote, "which is awkward, since I shall have to bear the brunt of all the gossip. That awful girl!"

I had hated the idea of Lily marrying Uncle Phil, but I hated the idea of her divorcing him even more. I wondered bitterly how much alimony she was asking.

But the scandal Mother feared never materialized. People were too busy with other things to have time for gossip. Lily entrained for Nevada on the morning of December 7, 1941—a day remarkable for certain other, more far-reaching events. Before the divorce decree was final Uncle Phil had left for Washington to take up his reserve commission in the Navy.

The war whirled all of us into a pace of living we never before had known. Quite unaccountably—but very much to my satisfaction—I found myself married to a young doctor I met while I was giving blood at the Red Cross. His name was Doug, and he doesn't really figure in this story.

I saw Uncle Phil once before V-J Day. It was in San Francisco, where I was working in the shipyards while Doug was away in the Pacific. Uncle Phil wore a captain's gold braid, and he looked absurdly youthful.

He shouted messages from Mother and Dad through the bathroom door in my apartment, while I shucked grimy slacks and tried to scrub dirt and grease from under my neglected fingernails.

When I was finally clean and settled down for a chat with him, he told me that Lily had opened a dress shop in Greenwich Village and was doing well.

"Clever girl, Lily," Uncle Phil said.

"Lily's always been clever enough," I agreed wryly.

"Why, Alice," my uncle said, eying me quizzically, "you're still bearing a grudge against Lily for growing up faster than you did. I'd thought now you were married—"

It was at that moment that the uncle-and-niece relationship between us was severed.

"Don't be ridiculous," I snapped. "Why shouldn't I resent what Lily did to you, if merely out of family pride?"

"What Lily did to me I asked for, even begged for."

"I suppose you beat her, or took to drink, or chased other women?" I said.

"Nothing so unsubtle." Phil smiled. "Worse. Much worse. You see, Al, I asked Lily to marry me, knowing she was frantic with worry over her mother, knowing there was nothing she wouldn't do to assure Madame Andre of proper care. For a long while I told myself my love justified the unfair advantage I'd taken. Then, gradually I began to see that if I really loved Lily I couldn't hold her to a bargain made under duress."

"So you let her go."

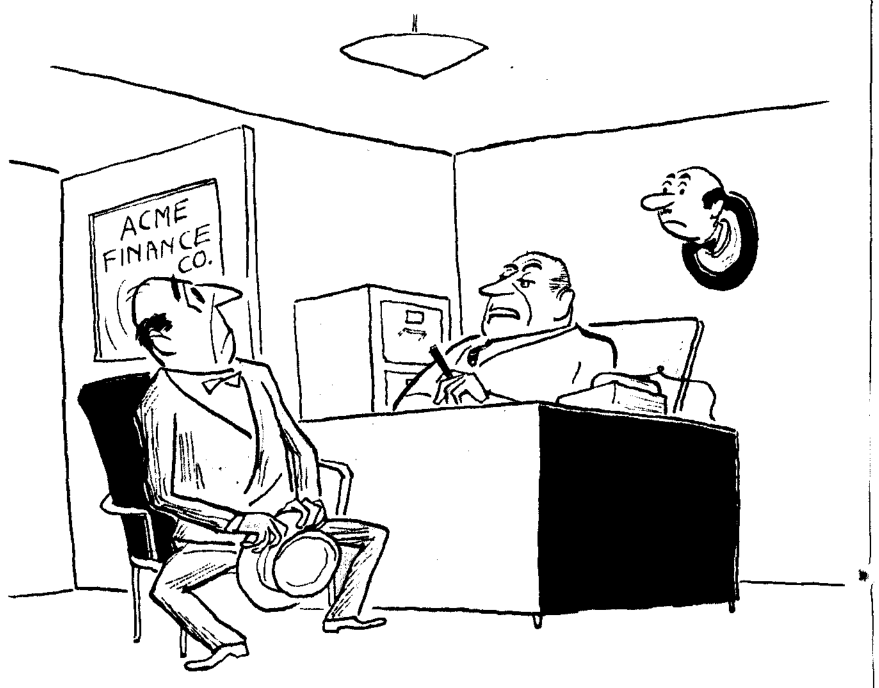
"So I let her go." Phil shook himself and grinned. "Now, Mrs. Douglas, I'm taking you to dinner somewhere small and smoky where you can weep on my shoulder over Doug without anyone guessing your tears aren't for me."

THE next night I wrote Lily at the address Phil gave me. Her reply came promptly, a long news-filled letter. She wrote easily, as if there had never been a breach in our affection for each other. I responded in kind, and within a month or so we had re-established an intimacy which made me jump at Lily's suggestion that I come to live with her for the duration. In her optimistic way, she thought I might make good on my girlhood ambition and get a part in a Broadway play. My bags were packed, my tickets bought, the morning the War Department telegram came.

Terrible weeks passed before I found out that Doug, although critically wounded, was alive. Lily sent a daily letter usually accompanied by a gift.

We still corresponded regularly, if at less length. Both of us were busy. Lily had moved her shop to a Fifth Avenue location. Twice I had made plane reservations for New York, only to have them canceled, once by mumps, once by whooping cough. Doug and I wanted a big family; and we were off to a flying start with three, one after the other.

"This time you're really going, Al,"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Phil declared firmly one day. "We're leaving tomorrow night at eleven. Sis says she'll take the children and see that Doug remembers to eat."

"But what about me! I can't possibly get ready!"

"Please, Al! Lily won't see me, you know. The next best thing would be to see her through the eyes of somebody who's also loved her."

It was an appeal he knew I could not resist.

AFTER seeing Lily, I returned to our hotel. Phil had left word at the desk, asking that I join him in the cocktail lounge.

"How is Lily, Al?" he asked, as I sat down.

"I've barely seen her," I said, "but she's dining with me tonight. Here."

"Good!"

"I suppose you have a date?"

"So Lily hasn't relented?"

"No. I'm sorry, dear."

"As a matter of fact, I do have a date —or two."

We finished our drinks and went upstairs. Phil let us into our luxurious sitting room. "You'll want dinner up here on the terrace, won't you? Mind if I order it?"

"That would be grand," I agreed promptly. "You know what Lily likes."

"I know what Lily used to like." He was already reaching for the phone. . . .

Phil was gone when I came out on the terrace a little later. A table was set between two cushioned chairs. Its linen and silver and the tremendous bouquet of lilies of the valley in its center glimmered gently in the dusk. I sank onto a chaise beside it to wait for Lily. The autumn air was as mild as though this were an evening in midsummer.

Lily came a bit late, bubbling with apologies and kisses. I filled crystal-stemmed glasses from a frosty shaker.

Lily exclaimed her delight. "But, *chérie,* I have not had an Alexander for ages!" She sipped. "Delicious! Like chocolate milk shake."

"They're not a proper before-dinner drink." I was puzzled. I had expected Martinis, Phil's usual choice for himself.

"I adore them!" Lily licked her lips. She held out her glass to be refilled. "Now, Alice, you must tell me how it goes with you. Tell me everything!"

I said modestly that nothing important ever seemed to happen to me or mine. However, Lily was a sympathetic audience, and she had provided me with a rare opportunity. I'm afraid I gave her Doug's life history and described my children to the last missing tooth.

"What has ever happened to Katherine Gillis?" Lily asked suddenly.

"Not much," I said. "Kathy seems to have made a career of being an extra woman."

"It's a pity Philip doesn't marry her."

"Phil's in love with another woman. Hopelessly in love."

"Oh?" Lily did not rise to my bait, and just then a pair of waiters pushed a wheeled cart through the French doors. They served the food and discreetly withdrew.

Phil's menu seemed on the exotic side, but Lily was obviously relishing each buttery morsel of lobster and all that went with it. We talked aimlessly between mouthfuls.

"What about yourself, Lily?" I asked presently. "What about the men in your life?"

"There are no men," Lily said. "My work occupies me."

"But, darling," I said fatuously, "you must have at least one faithful suitor! With your looks and charm I won't believe there isn't some frantic fellow chasing you with a ring and a license."

"He would be a very foolish fellow." Lily smiled faintly. "I have no time for husbands. None. Always I am busy."

I arose abruptly and went to the buffet, lifted a lid at random from one of the covered dishes. Chicken breasts and giant mushroom caps floated on a golden sauce, jeweled here and there with baguettes of pimiento and green pepper.

"Oh, no!" I protested. "Not on top of lobster!"

Lily came swiftly to my side. She reached across me to uncover a platter of artichoke hearts bathed in hollandaise. Next to it was a fresh fruit tray, liberally anointed with mayonnaise. At the end of the table, a refrigerated container of vanilla ice cream was flanked by a jug of butterscotch sauce and a bowl of pecan meats.

"There must be some mistake," I assured Lily.

"This is no mistake!" Lily brushed past me to the parapet that walled the terrace from the night. She leaned her elbows on it. "You did not order this dinner, did you, my friend?"

"No," I admitted. "Phil wanted to, so I let him."

"How cruel of him!" I could not see Lily's face, but her voice trembled, whether with rage or pain. "How cruel and how humiliating!"

"Humiliating?" I repeated. "Come, Lily, you can't be on a diet? With your figure?"

"Not that kind of diet." Lily sounded calmer, if no less angry. "But I have learned to eat like a civilized person. I have learned to eat well without vulgarity. It is cruel of Philip to remind me that I once had appetite for meals like this. Because *Maman* and I had only money enough for necessities, I gorged myself those years we were married. Every night caviar. Every night a soda-fountain dessert."

"Didn't Phil complain?" I asked. In a mild and inoffensive way, my uncle was something of a gourmet.

LILY had regained her poise. "He was amused. Anything I did amused Philip. That is why he married me. Had I been merely an object of charity, he would have written a check. No, I did provide him with temporary entertainment. Philip is not entirely unselfish."

She paused for an instant, went on unemotionally, "He knew *Maman* was dying. He knew he would soon be free again, that he could afford to laugh at my stupidities, since he need not endure them forever. It was kindly laughter always. Philip is a generous man."

"You really do hate him, don't you, Lily?" I asked.

"Hate him?" Silhouetted against the parapet, Lily's body seemed to take on stature, to vibrate with the passion she had strained from her voice. "Hate Philip? Why do you think I have not dared see him? Why have I avoided him except to spare him the knowledge that I cannot love any other man? I love Philip! I shall always love him!"

"Would you mind saying that again?" My uncle was standing in the doorway to the suite. His shadow fell across the paving, touched the tip of a gray suède slipper.

A sudden brisk autumn wind blew across the terrace. "You promised that we would be alone, Alice!"

"Say it again, Lily!" Phil commanded.

Lily hesitated, but when she spoke it was unemphatically, almost carelessly. "I love you, Philip. I shall always love you. Alice, you must excuse me. I must go. I—"

Phil's arms stifled the rest of the sentence.

"Excuse *me!*" I murmured, pleasantly aware that neither Lily nor Phil heard me.

So, after all, I spent my first evening in New York at the Radio City Music Hall, sniffling contentedly during the sadder parts of the feature picture. I was sure there'd be a happy ending, and there was.

THE END

What Gives in Rasslin'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

snow to watch George perform in St. Louis. The boy arrived with newspapers tied around his shoes and his clothing soaked through. I discovered him at the gate.

"What gives, sonny?" I demanded.

"Had to git here," he managed to say, shaking all over. "Wanted to see that sissy George git what's coming to him."

Frankie Talaber beat Gorgeous that night, and gave the lad his autograph. Gorgeous gave the boy $10.

Characterization, you see, is more important than cleverness to a modern wrestler. George Wagner's cultivation of himself as a "gorgeous" sissy is a deliberate, profitable gimmick, like the ghoulishness of Boris Karloff.

Just a Backwoods Boy

I have created many mat characters and beat the drums for many more. Of them all, I like best to think back on Daniel Boone Savage. For all I know that may have been his real name, even though it sounds phony. When he walked down the aisle toward the ring, the fans didn't cheer or laugh or do anything usual; they just grinned in silence. Because big Dan'l, bless my heart, was leading a hound-dawg, and carrying a long rifle and a lighted lantern. He climbed through the ropes, set his props down, shucked off his buckskin coat and pants and yelled, "Ee-YAY-hah, YOWIE!"

A large gentleman from Hell's Kitchen in New York City named Frank Leavitt is the national sergeant at arms for the American Legion today and has a fine war record. But he is ten times more famous because, as a ponderous wrestler, he grew a beard that made him look like the fiercest of the muscle men from Dogpatch and was billed throughout America as Man Mountain Dean.

In France a promoter discovered a behemoth named Maurice Tillet and brought him to America. Maybe it was by chance, maybe it was shrewd press agentry, but a Harvard professor surveyed him and said that Tillet was a perfect anthropoid. He was a 300-pounder with an enormous head and looked grand, or at least arresting, in photographs. It was easy to promote him as the French Angel. His act went over so big that the Swedish Angel immediately followed, then a long succession of other Angels.

In confessing that wrestlers are "made" by such shenanigans, I do not imply that we promoters deliberately frame the matches, sneaking around to bet money against the men we have ordered to lose. The truth is, almost no betting is done on wrestling today. As a promoter I simply do the logical thing. In serious conference, open and above board, I arrange with Hairy the Ape and Cyril Dovewing, two equally muscular young men and equally charming in private life, to stage a main-bout exhibition. Each is to be in character, as already built up for him by persistent ballyhoo.

Often we do decide in advance who will win. The decision in such cases is based on a careful reading of public feeling at the moment. Neither boy can afford to win too much because it isn't good box office; but remember, a hated man is as good a drawing card as a hero.

The public today knows that wrestling is mostly malarkey—and still loves it. There's an added reason for public approval; the boys on the mat don't just horse around, they invariably put on a terrific exhibition of wrestling skill. They administer the most crushing punishment possible and defend themselves in kind. They are subject to grave occupational hazards.

In St. Louis a few months ago I saw Orville Brown, a title claimant, dive at his opponent, Bobby Bruns, of Chicago, miss him, soar at least 15 feet and land on his head near the fifth row of spectators. He was unconscious for several minutes and was lucky not to have died or suffered a serious concussion.

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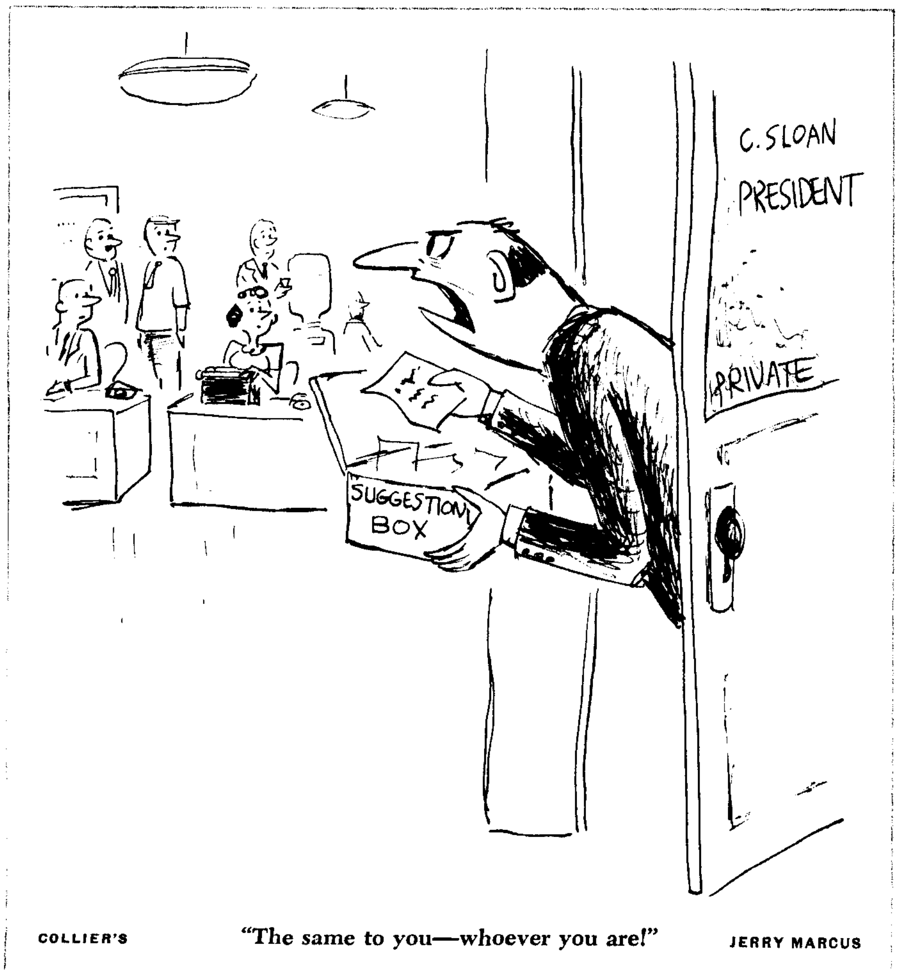

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are common. Moreover, wrestlers are very human, subject to the same jealousies, greeds and other failings that beset you and me. One will get mad as the devil at the other, forget our agreement and pitch in to win at any cost. This precise situation develops in about one third of all wrestling matches. And the public is aware of that, too.

Our fans, by no means stupid, know the inside of wrestling just as they know the inside of all other showmanship today. They are not Mortimer Snerds. Nearly 60 per cent of them, surprisingly enough, are women. Why? Because wrestling is done only by extremely well-built men, and it is just as natural for a woman to stare appreciatively at a seminude wrestler as it is for you and me to stare at Betty Grable in sweater and shorts. Another reason is that wrestling spills almost no blood. Women like strength, not gore. Escorting the women fans to the matches, or stagging it, are hundreds of thousands of America's top male citizens.

A few professional sports people make a career of "exposing" wrestling, calling it 100 per cent fake and assuring everybody that it is viciously undermining the morals of both the performers and spectators. One result is that the New York State Athletic Commission now requires all wrestling to be billed as an exhibition, not as a match. I do not resent that, but rather approve of it. Wrestling *is* an exhibition, as virtually everybody knows; and as the cigar-smoking gent who hangs quietly around the box office watching the crowd each night, I also know that the word "exhibition" has greater drawing power than "match."

Wrestling would have a better reputation if there were an adequate national organization to regulate it. There are at least three competing national organizations today, all claiming to be in control of the sport. Orville Brown, of Kansas, is the 1949 world champion recognized by the National Wrestling Alliance. But the American Wrestling Association claims that Frank Sexton of Columbus is this year's champ; and the National Wrestling Association says the real titleholder is Lou Thesz of St. Louis.

On top of that, the never-bashful Jim Londos, strictly independent, roars that he is the undefeated champion of the world. Jim is a good guy, now crowding sixty years of age. He always has claimed the title, and with some justification now and then—probably being the best man of his time for weights under 200 pounds. But Londos was always too small for his archenemy, Strangler Lewis, who probably beat him at least twenty times.

Three Others Who Claim Title

Sandor Szabo, of California, similarly claims the title in certain sections. Bronko Nagurski, great footballer for Minnesota and later for the Chicago Bears, is likewise "recognized" as a world heavyweight champ. Gorgeous George, with perfume on him, arrogantly says that *he* is champion.

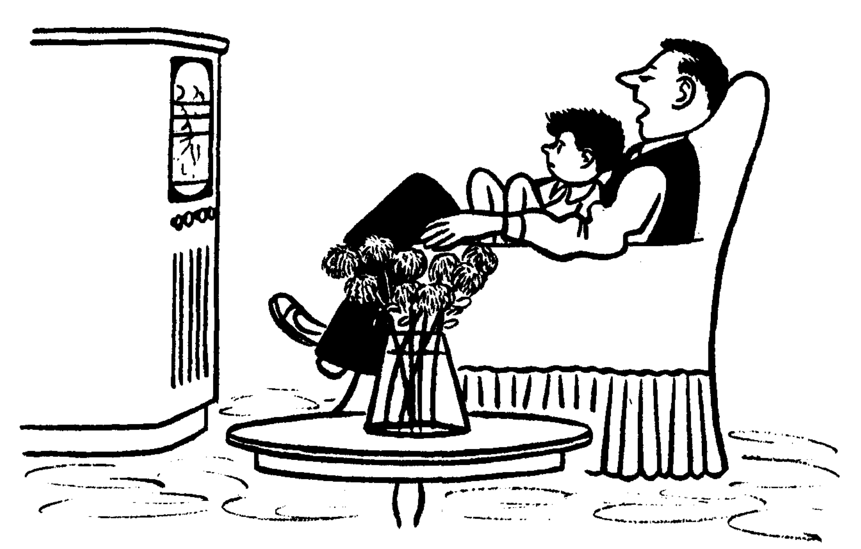
Good wrestlers earn good money—as much as two to three thousand dollars a night. We promoters make money too. In one typical 30-week period at St. Louis the gross was about $300,000, and there are at least 25 other cities which pay that well or better.

Right now we are in the midst of a television boom. This is true because wrestlers give continuously good action, yet do not move or jump around too much, as boxers do. Cameras can focus on wrestling close-ups, enabling you to see every detail of grip and grimace and the mikes can be lowered so that you hear every subtle nuance of grunt and groan.

In time this television interest may bring a return to real grappling. Wrestling slipped over from pure sport to pure theater simply because not enough people in the big arenas could see and appreciate the fine technique of the holds and strategy. A lot goes on in a genuine match that can't be seen at a distance. Strangler Lewis, probably the greatest of the real mat men, would wrap his giant arms around an opponent's neck and just lie there, gradually choking the hell out of him. Spectators couldn't see or appreciate the tremendous straining both men were doing.

So, as the box-office takes waned, we designed ways to step up the mat action and interest. We coached the beef boys in skilled leaps, runs, jumps, grunts and groans.

I made my fortunes in the early stages of the era of showmanship. One of my boys was Gus Sonnenberg, first of the great college wrestlers and a footballer from Dartmouth. Gus had short legs, weighed 225 pounds and was built like a bullet. Before his day, wrestling had been a wallowing game. However, playing fullback in the ring, he would run a few steps, then leap and throw a shoulder into his opponent's stomach. It was paralyzing. If the opponent struggled up at all, Gus rammed him again. Just watching him I used to grit my teeth in agony. If Gus missed, he usually landed four to six rows back in the crowd, head-first.



"... The man with the ribbon in his hair is trying to nail the fellow with the tassels on his trunks. If he can pin his shoulders to the mat ..."

COLLIER'S TED KEY

Ira Dern achieved fame with the airplane whirl—lifting his opponent overhead, whirling him until dizzy, then flinging him to the canvas and falling on him to pin his shoulders down for the required three seconds.

Big Jim Browning perfected the flying leg scissors. But then the dramatic holds gradually deteriorated into mere drama, and there were ever fancier stage names for the characters. Finally we even introduced make-up.

The blond curls on Gorgeous George are changed to platinum occasionally; bushy John L. Lewis-type eyebrows are painted on other beefers to make them appear ferocious; and on the broad back of one is tattooed a two-foot, too-naked cutie who contorts as the wrestler's muscles move.

For my money, the most exciting show I ever put on was accidental. Its hero was a mysterious stranger. I was promoting in a big Eastern city but had to send 400 miles or more for the capable young men needed in my preliminary matches. On an auto trip one day I came to a church only 200 miles from home. There, in a crude, outdoor ring, was a husky young priest teaching wrestling to some big boys. I stopped. The upshot was that I began to use these boys in my preliminaries, the priest driving them to my city. He was deeply grateful because I had enabled them to be recognized and make some money. And, as a padre will, he became my counselor when trouble hit me one night.

I had ballyhooed a main event between a former Olympic champion and a "Masked Marvel" whose square name was Charlie Hansen. Both were superb wrestlers. But the day of the fight, with my house already sold out at 4:00 P.M., Charlie broke his leg in an auto mishap. Refunding the tickets would have cost me all the profits plus at least $1,000 of my own money. But I had no choice; nowhere could I find a substitute for the Masked Marvel at that late hour.

A Ringer for Masked Marvel

Then the padre said, "If I get you a man, will you let him wrestle?"

"Your fellows are good lads," I said, "but not nearly experienced enough to take on an Olympic champ."

"Trust me," he begged. "I have other—contacts. You have befriended me and my young men. Now I want to repay you."

In desperation I took the long gamble. At main-event time I had no idea who would show up, if anybody; and I had chewed 14 cigars to shreds. But at the referee's call, down the aisle came a masked giant, sure enough. Except for his hands and the eyeholes in the material that covered his face, he was completely covered by a tight-fitting black costume of heavy, knitted wool. I had no idea who the man was. He climbed into the ring and—while my packed house yelled with pleasure—he made a monkey out of the Olympic champ in successive quick falls.

It saved my financial life. At midnight I entered my office and found the padre sitting there gravely in his black robe, waiting for the fat check I owed him for his wrestler.

"Now tell me, padre," I said, giving him the check, "was the masked man one of your boys I haven't met? I want to use him again."

"No, he was not one of my students," he said softly. "And, unfortunately, he cannot appear again."

I got no more out of him. And no one has ever told me who that marvelous Masked Marvel was. But a month later when I visited the padre's village church I saw a big new wrestling ring, new showers and new equipment, costing about what the main-event check that night would have paid for. On impulse I asked one of the boys where their priest had learned to coach wrestling.

"Who, him?" the lad said, obviously surprised at my ignorance. "Why he was the conference champion when he was in college. Best they've ever had." THE END

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World-famous authority—SAFETY ENGINEERING MAGAZINE—commends Hudson as ". . . a leader in the cause of public safety through the design and construction of its motor cars." Many grateful owners agree, in letters describing personal driving experiences, that the New Hudson is "America's safest car made even safer." (Names and addresses furnished on request.)

NO WONDER they're saying the New Hudson is America's 4-*Most* Car. 1—*Most* Beautiful. 2—*Most* Roomy. 3—*Most* Roadworthy. 4—*Most* All-round Performance. Everybody who has ridden in this years-ahead new car has discovered that it's *most roomy,* for example, because its "step-down" design gives it amazing head room and the roomiest seats in any mass-produced car.

And now comes formal recognition that Hudson's exclusive "step-down" design is today's "design for safety", too!

"Step-down" design gives the New Hudson the *lowest* center of gravity in any American stock car, yet allows full road clearance. Result of this low center of gravity is the smoothest, steadiest way of going ever known.

And in case of accident, the New Hudson literally *hugs* the road, so great is its tendency to "stay on its wheels" and safeguard its occupants.

To this, Hudson adds the vital protection of its exclusive Monobilt body-and-frame*. See in the diagram to the right, below, how you ride safe and snug, cradled down within the foundation frame (not on top of it, as in all other cars), with steel-girder protection on all sides, even outside the rear wheels.

Consider all the safety factors which only Hudson combines in one car. Consider the Hudson Company's commendation from Safety Engineering Magazine. Then ask yourself:

"Do I want to ride—*do I want my family to ride*—in anything less than the safest car I can buy?" Your nearby Hudson dealer invites you to come for a Revelation Ride in America's 4-*Most* Car . . . *America's Safest Car!* Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14, Michigan.

**Trade-mark and patents pending*

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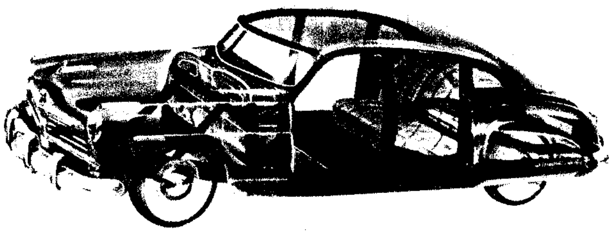
Plus—Super-Cushion Tires, Wide Safety Rims, Finest Front-Wheel Coil Springing, Dual-Acting Front-End Stabilizer, New-Type Rear Lateral Stabilizer, and many other vital safety features . . .

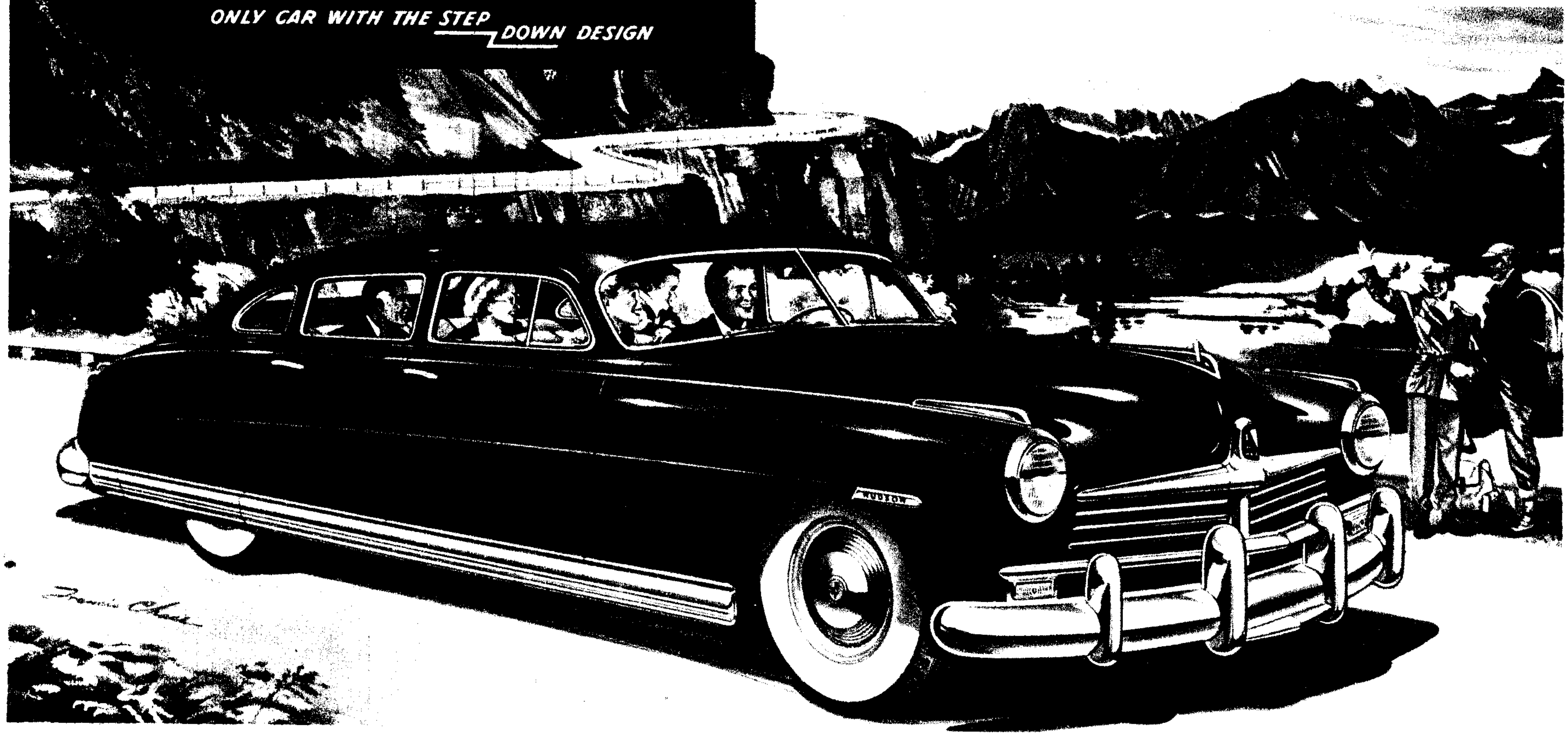
See Your Nearest Hudson Dealer For A Thrilling Revelation Ride!

Hudson's Monobilt body-and-frame shown to the right with steel girder construction in red. Your Hudson dealer will supply you a free booklet, "The Importance of Stepping Down" explaining the many advantages in Hudson's new design.*

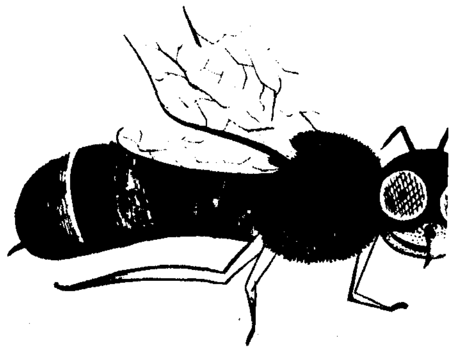


New Hudson

ONLY CAR WITH THE STEP DOWN DESIGN

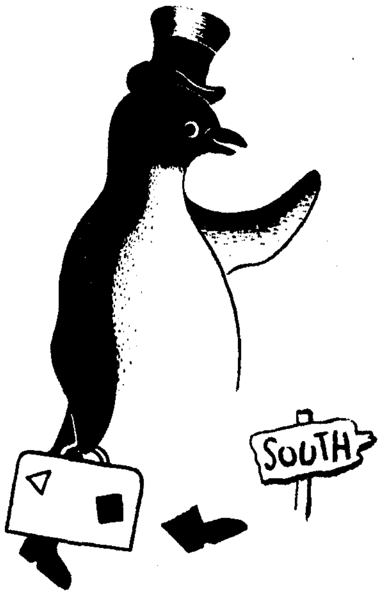


Did you ever see
A frozen bee?



TAKE a TIP from the birds and bees . . .

The early birds know
To get ready for snow.



P.S. Preventive Service for Motor Car Owners

Sponsored by Collier's For Pleasant, Safe Driving

Why . . . Preventive Service!

The birds, the bees, even the trees know that winter always comes. They never wait 'till the snowflakes fly—they all prepare for winter early . . . thoroughly . . . regularly. Nature knows that P. S. and S. P. are one and the same—Preventive Service means Self-Preservation.

A frozen bear
Is very rare.

Take a tip from the birds and the bees—get *your* car ready for winter now. This means more than merely adding anti-freeze. Winter is plenty tough on batteries, tires, engines. You can avoid cold, costly winter breakdowns with a thorough and systematic Preventive Service job.

Squirrels don't take chances,
When winter advances!

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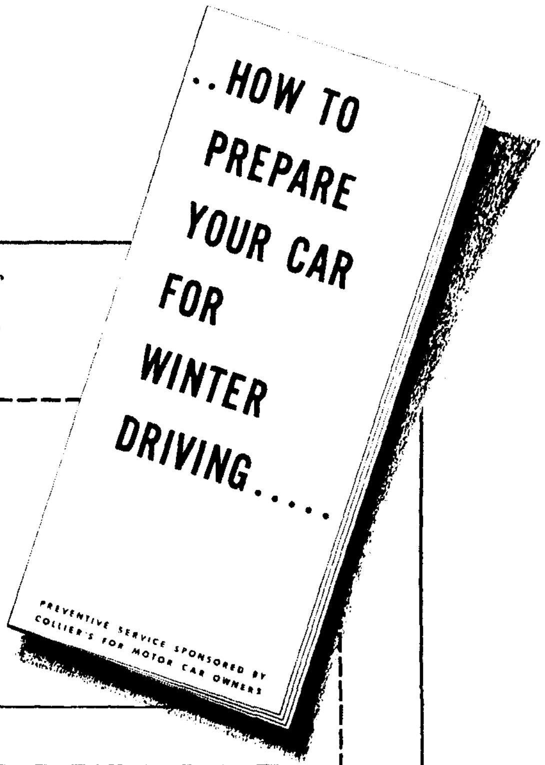
- How can tire wear be minimized?
- What are the advantages of premium gas and oil?
- How can ignition and battery trouble be prevented?

. . . these, and many other questions are answered in COLLIER'S P. S. booklet, "How to prepare your car for winter driving." Many valuable time and money saving suggestions are contained in this booklet. Send the coupon, a letter, or a postcard for your copy today. Additional quantities are available at cost.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For years, Dr. F. M. Edwards, a noted Ohio Doctor, relieved his constipated patients with his Olive Tablets—now sold by all drugstores. Olive Tablets are strictly all vegetable. They work on BOTH upper and lower bowels and clean waste from entire intestinal tract, giving you *complete satisfaction*. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are packed in 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ sizes.

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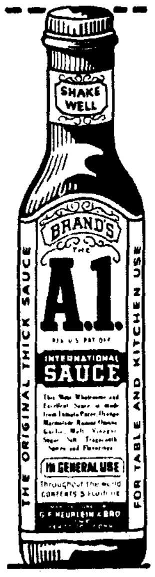
Tops for CHOPS

A.1 Sauce—the dash that makes the dish

Ask for A.1. when dining out, too.



Can the C.I.O. Get Rid of the Commies?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

and more tired still after six months of Commie vilification and abuse while he lay in a hospital bed, stricken with fatigue, ptomaine and acute appendicitis.

During that time the Reds continually smeared him as a Papist, a Klansman, a Brown Shirt, a Fascist, a tool of Wall Street, un-Christian, anti-Negro and even antiunion.

White-hot with anger, he called the 51 members of the C.I.O. executive committee together as soon as he could get out of bed (in May of 1949) and lashed back at his antagonists. Sticking his round jaw in the faces of the 12 leftist leaders, he demanded:

"How many of you are Commies and how many are working for the F.B.I.?"

He whipped through a series of resolutions endorsing the North Atlantic Pact. He withdrew the C.I.O. from the Cominform-captured World Federation of Trade-Unions. He approved a right-wing secession from the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. He ordered a merger of the Commie-controlled Farm Equipment Workers with Reuther's Auto Workers.

His tactics infuriated the party-liners. One of the stanchest of them, Ben Gold of the Fur Workers, rushed out of one executive session ranting against Murray's "dictatorial" action.

"Where does he think he is," raged Gold, "in Russia?"

Conform with C.I.O. policy or get out, Murray demanded. The lefties refused to do either. No sooner did the executive board meetings end than the rebels defied Murray on the ground of "autonomy"—the new party line within the C.I.O.

Harry Bridges figuratively thumbed his big, bony nose at Murray by accepting the presidency of the Maritime Federation of the World, a Cominform-front organization, despite a specific ban against such participation by any C.I.O. affiliate. Don Henderson, of the Food, Tobacco and Agricultural Workers, defied the same ban by attending a Commie-inspired "cultural" congress in Paris. The Farm Equipment Workers refused to merge with Reuther's union. The Electrical Workers not only rejected demands that it toe the anti-Commie line, but re-elected its leftist leaders for the ninth successive year and then threatened to withhold its dues if it weren't allowed to behave as it pleased.

Thus the stage has been set for the coming showdown in Cleveland. What will the outcome be? A superficial reading of the news may leave the impression that the Commies have the upper hand. Backstage the picture is very different.

In keeping their leftist officers, the Electrical Workers divided 3-2, an indication that 40 per cent of the rank and file will stay with the C.I.O. if the union carries out its walkout threat. The National Maritime Union has expelled five former leftist officers from membership.

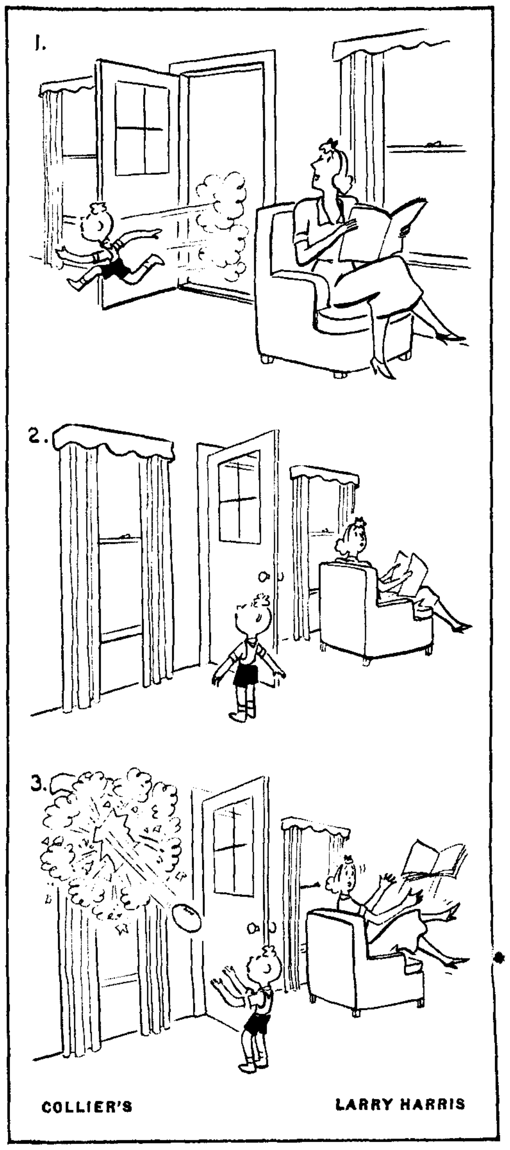
Right-wing rebellion is brewing among the Longshoremen, too. Harry Bridges, their longtime king, is holding onto his crown with both hands.

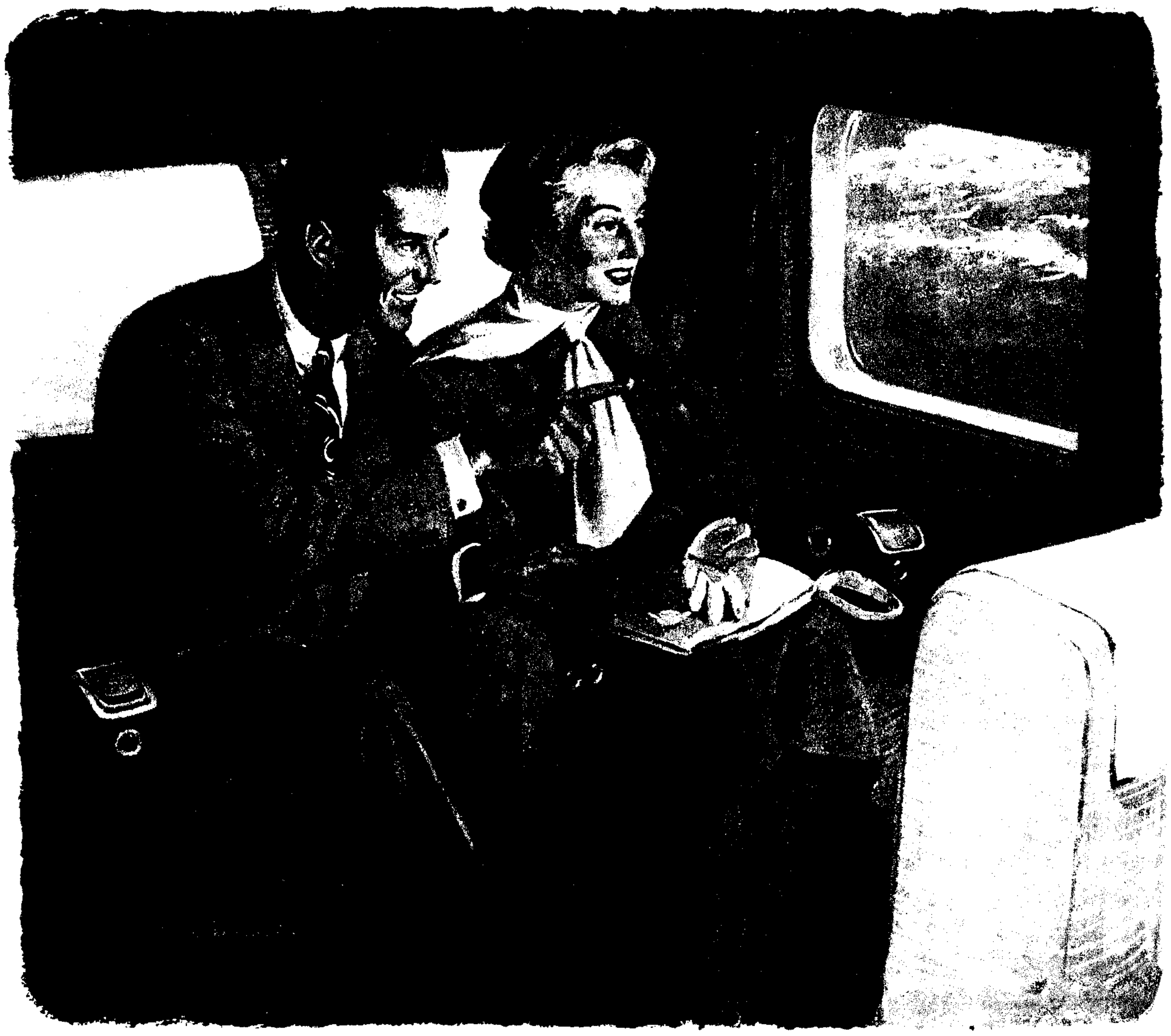
Of the four heavyweights in the Commie-controlled line-up, only one—the Fur and Leather Workers—is holding solid. And the eight little fellows are facing slow strangulation in Phil Murray's powerful fingers. This is what his closest associates say will happen at the Cleveland meeting:

1. The C.I.O. constitution will be amended so as to bar from national C.I.O. office and the executive board those individual leaders who follow the party line rather than C.I.O. policy whenever the two conflict. This will be the lever to remove such men as Bridges and Henderson.
2. A vote of censure will be taken against the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers and its officers for conducting a vilification campaign against the C.I.O. leadership. This will encourage right-wingers to shift to other C.I.O. unions.
3. The Farm Equipment Workers will be expelled unless it merges, as previously ordered, with the United Auto Workers. C.I.O. raids and secessions already have cut this union down to a paltry 20,000 members, compared to 100,000 farm equipment workers who belong to the UAW.
4. New organizing committees will be authorized in fields now covered, but poorly organized, by the United Public Workers, Office and Professional Workers, and Food, Tobacco and Agricultural Workers. This will be preparatory to merging the three left-wing unions with the new and larger right-wing groups.

Extinction of the Commies' power in the C.I.O. will take time. But there is no longer any doubt that it will be accomplished. Murray said in Portland last fall that the "apostles of Sovietism" within the C.I.O. are conducting part of the "cold war." He hasn't changed his mind about that, nor has his reaction altered: "They aren't going to get away with it."

THE END





The air is yours... use it to get more fun out of life

THIS land of ours is *full* of fun; how much of it have you had lately? How long has it been since you've seen those friends or relatives who live just a few states away? When are you going to take that trip to the coast, to the mountains, to the lakes or to that land overseas you've been dreaming about?

You can do it, and do it now! When you use the airlines to conquer time and distance, you open up a whole new world of fun. In a week, or even a week end, you can visit any part of the U.S.A. In *two* weeks, you can visit any country, anywhere.

Talk it over with a travel agent or an airline representative. Ask him about the new types of airplanes, with their faster, more comfortable service, and their improved safety features. Get his free advice about the trips you've always wanted to take "some day." That day is here right now. The air is yours, yours to do the "impossible"; and the nearest airline office is your gateway to fun!

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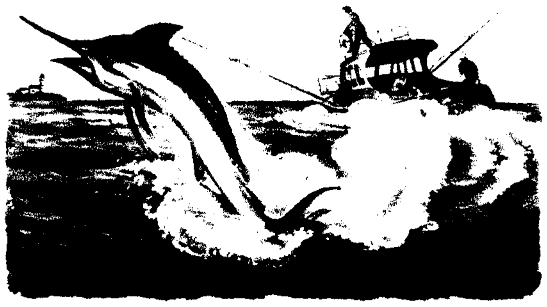

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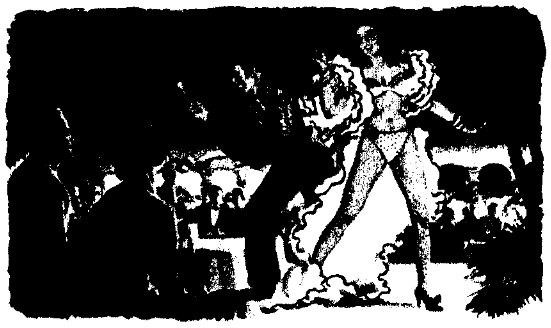


VISIT MEXICO, BERMUDA, HAWAII, the Caribbean, Europe or South America. It's easy now on just a regular vacation!

New Menace in Missouri

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Binaggio: I would like your support in making some changes in the police department.

Commissioner: What sort of changes?

Binaggio: Well, a new chief and changes like that.

Commissioner: What are you after? What is your program?

Binaggio: I want to open up the town (to protected gambling and prostitution).

Commissioner: Charlie, why don't you keep your hands off the police department?

Binaggio: I've made some promises (to gambling interests).

These brutally frank proposals, the police commissioner, a conscientious man, turned down. But his fear of reprisal was so great he asked the writer to withhold his identity.

Binaggio wanted, for police chief, a former captain of police who had resigned after being demoted to the ranks. Rumors of this stirred such protests to the police board that Binaggio, for the time being at least, was stopped. But he won an important victory in another direction.

The two newly appointed Binaggio friends on the police board convinced their colleagues to appoint—as adviser to the board—the man who was in charge of detectives during the Pendergast era of protected crime. He was sixty-six-year-old Thomas J. Higgins, once indicted on charges of perjury arising out of his testimony before the federal grand jury that probed Kansas City's famous gangland "Union Station Massacre." The indictment was dismissed, but Higgins was demoted when a reform administration took over. Now he is back on the force with the rank of police superintendent.

One friend of Binaggio's on the police board is J. L. "Tuck" Milligan, ex-congressman and brother of the crusading Maurice Milligan who sent Tom Pendergast to jail. "I think changes are needed," Commissioner Milligan, the board's president, told me.

He proposed specifically to shift or demote two detective lieutenants, both with reputations as devoted "career coppers." A thorn in Binaggio's (north) side, these men, I knew, had already been marked for dismissal by Binaggio.

Police Morale Is Impaired

Grapevine news of an impending shake-up travels fast. By early summer police morale was so badly shaken that Mayor William Kemp found it necessary to reassure the rank and file by personal letter. Yet, fear of the "north side" was so widespread that even high officers were afraid to show me the police files on Binaggio and his followers lest word get back.

Fear was widespread among the men, too. One police commissioner, a reform holdover who planned to resign, changed his mind because he was accosted daily by policemen who pleaded:

"Stay in there and pitch, Commissioner. As long as you're in there, we're safe."

The assault on the police department was only one thing that came with Binaggio's rising political power. Another was resurgence of commercial gambling and gangland homicide which started back in 1946 about the time that Binaggio was trying his political wings.

"A growth of professional gambling activity has coincided with the political rise of Charles Binaggio," the Kansas City Star reported in a matter-of-fact way last fall. With it came gangland's own method for adjudicating business disputes: the ride.

Before a county grand jury this spring, Circuit Judge Allen C. Southern, aging gang buster, laid 13 unsolved murders. The violent and precipitate demise of seven citizens stemmed from commercial gambling disputes.

One hapless machine-gun target was a deputy sheriff, mistaken for a doomed hoodlum. Another was a young thug who tempted destiny by holding up other gangsters' gambling establishments. A third was a pinball game operator with expansionist business theories—Wolf Rimann, by name.

Since Rimann had just obtained a liquor distributorship, his slaying, in broad daylight, opened up fascinating speculative vistas.

Was the underworld contending over legitimate liquor territory the way it used to kill over bootleg? The Kansas City police didn't know the answer. But the Rimann murder had an interesting sequel:

A young Kansas City businessman, receiving an offer of a liquor franchise and noting that its acceptance had been fatal to a previous entrepreneur, decided to take up the matter with politician Charles Binaggio.

"I've been offered the ——— distributorship," the young man told Binaggio over the telephone. "I was wondering if I should accept."

"I wouldn't if I were you," Binaggio said.

The businessman took the advice.

Where did Kansas City's resurgent commercial gambling—and some of the attendant homicide—take place?

Right in the political clubhouses of the wards dominated by Binaggio and his allies.

In one of these, the Eleventh Ward Democratic Club, police found the body of Johnny Mutolo, convicted burglar also known as Mutt. In charge of gambling at the club, Mutolo or Mutt was found on a card table, his spine splintered by shotgun slugs.

The conductor of the gambling game at another political institution was Mike Licausi. He met a similarly abrupt end as he was leaving the scene of his politico-gaming labors at the Second Ward Independent Democratic Club.

For the task of rallying the electorate, some of the Binaggio-dominated clubs were prudently equipped. The political-minded citizen entered via steel doors, outfitted with sturdy braces to bar intruders. Club members could pursue civic duties behind soundproofed walls.

Like the Old Speak-Easy Days

Lookout men at the front door used buzzers and intercommunication systems to raise the alarm in the clubs' inner sanctums. As in speak-easy days, admittance was by membership card only.

The police took to raiding the political clubs, but the games went on until squad cars were stationed in front of the places and cops asked for the names of all who entered.

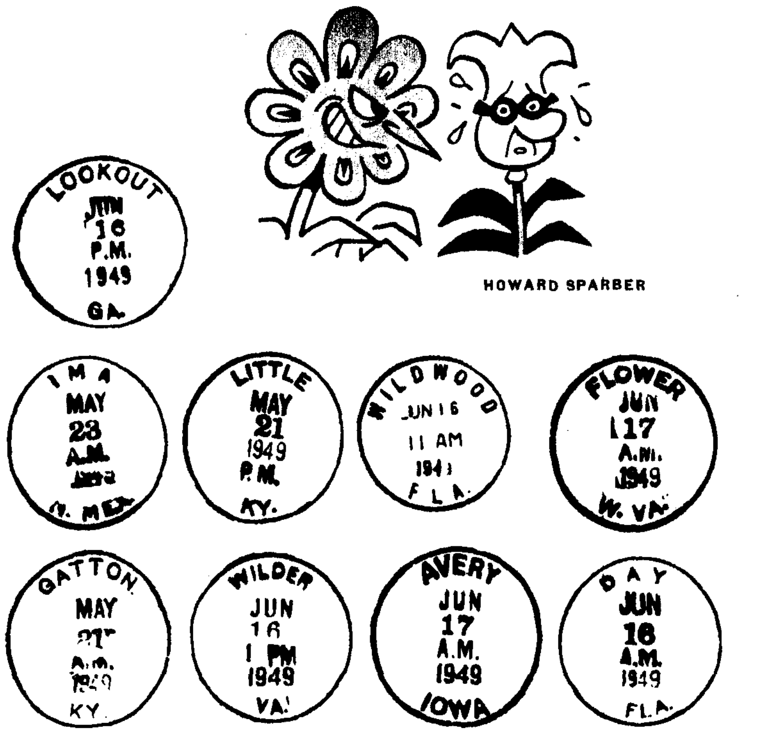
The violence was not confined to political clubhouses. One sudden death that interested the county grand jury took place in a gambling joint on the Kansas-Missouri line. The slaying victim there was Fred Renegar, an obtuse gambler who couldn't see the point when would-be partners tossed a bomb into his place as a hint of their business intentions.

When the police raided the place after Renegar's sudden demise, Morris (Snag) Klein, business and gambling partner of Binaggio, was seen to slip out of a back door. While Klein was running the place, gamblers said, other investors' money was in the game.

This underworld activity first flared up when Binaggio, in 1946, began to flex his political muscles. And after his slate won over Jim Pendergast's candidates last fall, Missouri's underworld really perked up.

Overnight, in downtown Kansas City, in St. Louis and St. Joseph, the gambling fraternity took leases on likely sites and began to outfit them for dice and card games and horse parlor operations.

Picture Postmarks


HOWARD SPARBER
LOOKOUT JUN 16 P.M. 1949 GA.
MA MAY 23 A.M. N. MEX.
LITTLE MAY 21 1949 P.M. KY.
WILDWOOD JUN 16 11 AM 1941 FLA.
FLOWER JUN 17 A.M. 1949 W. VA.
GATTON MAY 21 A.M. 1949 KY
WILDER JUN 16 1 PM 1949 VA.
AVERY JUN 17 A.M. 1949 IOWA
DAY JUN 16 A.M. 1949 FLA.

FROM KATHRYN H. WHITTEN, SALISBURY, N. C.

In St. Louis, a county grand jury reported "efforts . . . to lease . . . premises . . . with the openly announced intention of opening gambling establishments."

At St. Joseph, where licensed gambling flourishes, Kansas City gamblers simply moved in and took over from the local talent.

At Jefferson City, Missouri's capital, gamblers showed up at state officials' offices. They had a simple request:

Tell the Public Service Commission to keep hands off of multiple telephone installations in prospective bookie joints.

Governor Forrest Smith, who had named the two Binaggio friends to the Kansas City Police Board, also named another Binaggio friend to the equally crucial Kansas City Board of Elections.

Hitherto a cautious, background figure, Binaggio openly began to play the role of political big shot.

Binaggio helped organize a victory dinner to which William Boyle, the then executive vice-chairman of the National Democratic Committee, came from Washington and made a speech—over the urgent protests of Jim Pendergast, who stayed away.

Binaggio went down to the state capital at Jefferson City. As a tribute to his political heft, he was permitted to sit in on the secret organizing caucus of the Democrats in the Lower House of the legislature—rarely open to nonlegislators. With him Binaggio took to the state capital his constant companion and lieutenant, one Edward P. Osadchey, also known as Eddie Spitz, described by police as a gambling figure.

A Cigarette-Tax Grab Fails

Binaggio became a familiar figure in the capitol's corridors. There he took over the generalship of a drive for a county cigarette tax which, opponents charged, would give him control over millions of dollars of tax moneys. The measure negotiated the Lower House but bogged down in the Senate.

Binaggio went to Washington in the hope of seeing the President and acquiring recognition and respectability. But to him the President wasn't in. Yet the trip wasn't altogether wasted. Binaggio could tell the clubhouse boys back home that he did see Bill Boyle, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, to talk about federal patronage. (Boyle said, "No.")

Binaggio summed up his progress and aspirations to this writer:

"This is the first return to organization politics here since Pendergast days. That's correct.

"We have a good block of votes in the state legislature. About 30 or 40 votes in the Lower House. We can get through any legislation."

He spoke in such a quiet and matter-of-fact way that I wondered whether the passive-faced, moist-haired young man appreciated the miracle of political regeneration which he had wrought in raising the Pendergast machine from the dead.

Binaggio outlined his influence in St. Louis, where he has taken a hand in the workings of the Central Democratic Committee. He told of his alliances in the city of St. Joseph. He spoke of his interest in helping name a candidate for the United States Senate.

As the Kansas City Star observed:

"Binaggio's eyes are on the stars."

When gangster Johnny Lazia was leader of the "north side," he was subordinate to Boss Tom Pendergast. Now, alarmed Kansas Citians noted, the suc-

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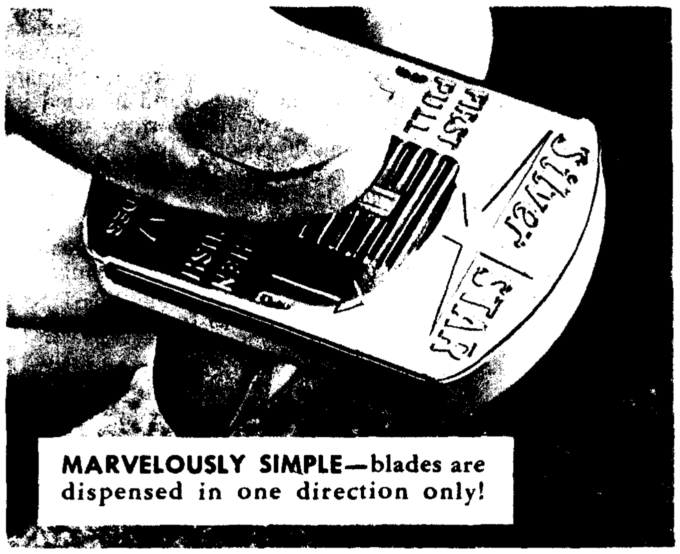
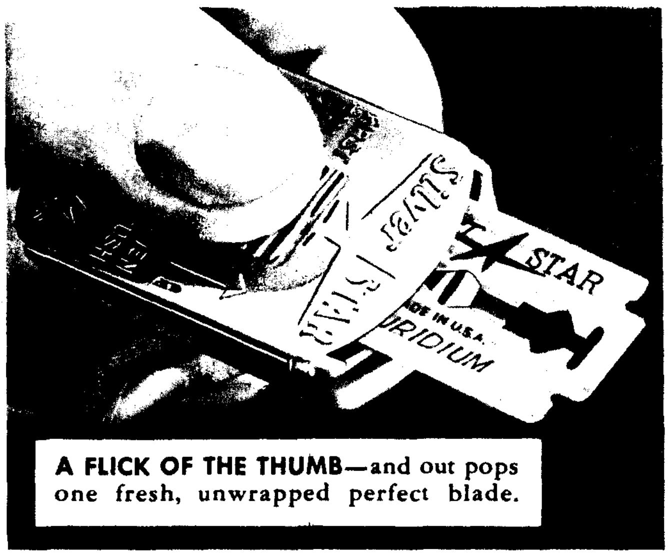
Now in Fool-Proof Mechanical Dispenser!



MARVELOUSLY SIMPLE—blades are dispensed in one direction only!



A FLICK OF THE THUMB—and out pops one fresh, unwrapped perfect blade.

Silver STAR
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10 BLADES 49¢

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"WHISKERS JUST SEEMED TO VANISH ...I couldn't feel a thing!"

"Shaving was a problem for me. But the Duridium Silver Star solved it. My whiskers just seemed to vanish, couldn't feel a thing. And the Whiz-Pak changes blades in a jiffy!"

WALLIS RIGBY, *Noted War Plane Designer*

Wet fingers don't touch the blade! No clogging! No jamming! Whiz-Pak feeds one perfect blade at a time...the duridium Silver Star blade, that men are switching to from coast to coast! Millions agree Silver Star gives cleaner shaves with no feeling of the blade's edge!

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"The new Silver Star Duridium blade is like a 'Phantom Blade'. It does a real shipshape job of taking off stiff whiskers, yet you can't feel it shave. And Whiz-Pak is the handiest dispenser ever!"

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"Had to look twice to make sure I'd shaved!"

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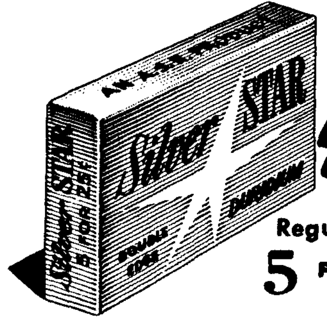

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Jane: Thanks, dear. It was certainly simple -- just fish and ...

Helen: Wine! That Sauterne you served was perfect!

Jane: California Sauterne, Helen. It does wonders for fish!

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cessor to Lazia's leadership, Charles Binaggio, was subordinate to no one. He was kingpin.

Hastily, the town's leading citizens called nonpartisan meetings to prepare for the reform administration's last-ditch fight in 1950. John Gage, first reform mayor after Pendergast, said of Binaggio:

"He's taking us back to a wide-open town. And next year will be decisive.

"It's the same old story," the former mayor continued. "Nine years of reform is a long time. The enthusiasm is wearing off. The people haven't been turning out to vote and our coalition majorities have been dwindling. Yet we're up against the same elements that disgraced our city under Pendergast."

Newspapers in Kansas City and St. Louis have assigned their best reporters to ferret out Binaggio's nonpolitical activities. Top federal officials have ordered the government law-enforcement agencies to investigate organized crime there, it is understood.

Big Money in the Bookie Wire

Because of his associations, police believe Binaggio is interested in the "bookie wire," a rich source of revenue that could be even richer if Kansas City and the state were opened up to horse-race parlors. This interest, police say, would link him to a nation-wide syndicate of racketeers.

The bookie wire is the nerve system of the multimillion horse-parlor betting business. Its swift dissemination of race-track news is vital to the making of horse handbooks. Known as the Continental Press, the wire service has its chief office in Cleveland. But the Chicago Crime Commission and other authorities say it has been dominated by Chicago and New York underworld figures since 1946.

The bookie wire has supplanted bootleg liquor territory as the golden prize over which underworld enforcers now contend. The bookie wire's onetime manager and chief owner, James Regan, was shotgunned to death in Chicago, marking, in 1946, the underworld's first step toward seizure of the service. Gangster Bugsy Siegel's murder in California stemmed from the struggle for control of the wire (and handbook take) in eight Far Western states. The more recent shooting of racketeer Mickey Cohen in Los Angeles resulted from the same violent wire agency competition.

In Kansas City, a "closed town" for some years, the national outlet for the bookie wire still operates openly despite the Missouri Public Service Commission's efforts to close it.

This writer called on the Kansas City bookie wire offices in the downtown Railway Exchange Building. In one room a middle-aged woman was tending a battery of telephones and unreeling a telegraph tape bearing the latest racing and other sports news. In a second office, before a clean desk, sat a curly-haired, worried-looking man in his early fifties. His name, he agreed, was Simon Partnoy. Once the sole owner of the bookie wire agency, Partnoy—so the Kansas City police and Chicago Crime Commission say—was reduced to hired-man status when the underworld muscled in several years ago. But Partnoy still describes himself as sole owner.

"Can't tell you nothing, sonny," Partnoy said pleasantly. "We're in litigation before the Public Service Commission."

The local telephone company was ordered by the Public Service Commission to discontinue Partnoy's phone service. It complied, then was forced to resume by court order.

"See my lawyer," Partnoy said.

"My lawyer," it turned out, was Harry Terte, who is also lawyer for Charles Binaggio.

The bookie wire information that Partnoy would not give to me he had divulged in detail at hearings before the state's Public Service Commission. The transcript of these hearings provided an instructive picture of the regional operation of the bookie wire out of Kansas City and of the rich stakes involved.

"I have invested large sums of money (in the bookie wire business)," Partnoy testified, and revealed that this business "has been profitable."

His wire service fed a network of customers (bookie joints) in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Iowa and the western half of Missouri, and the racing information originated out of Chicago, Partnoy told the commission.

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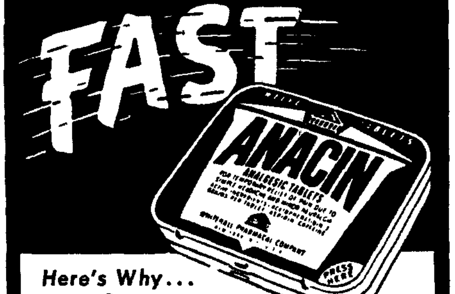

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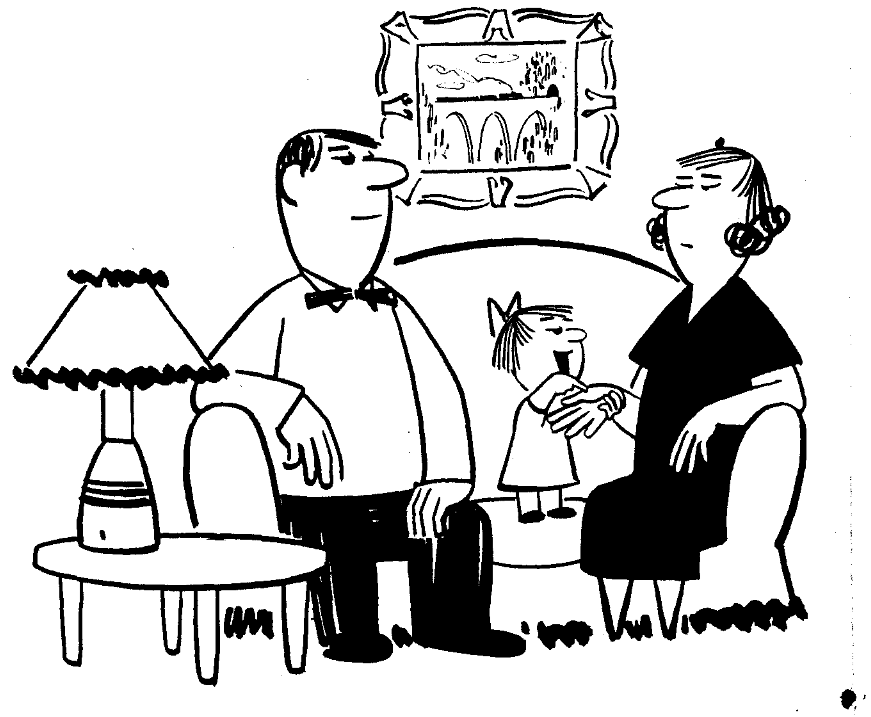

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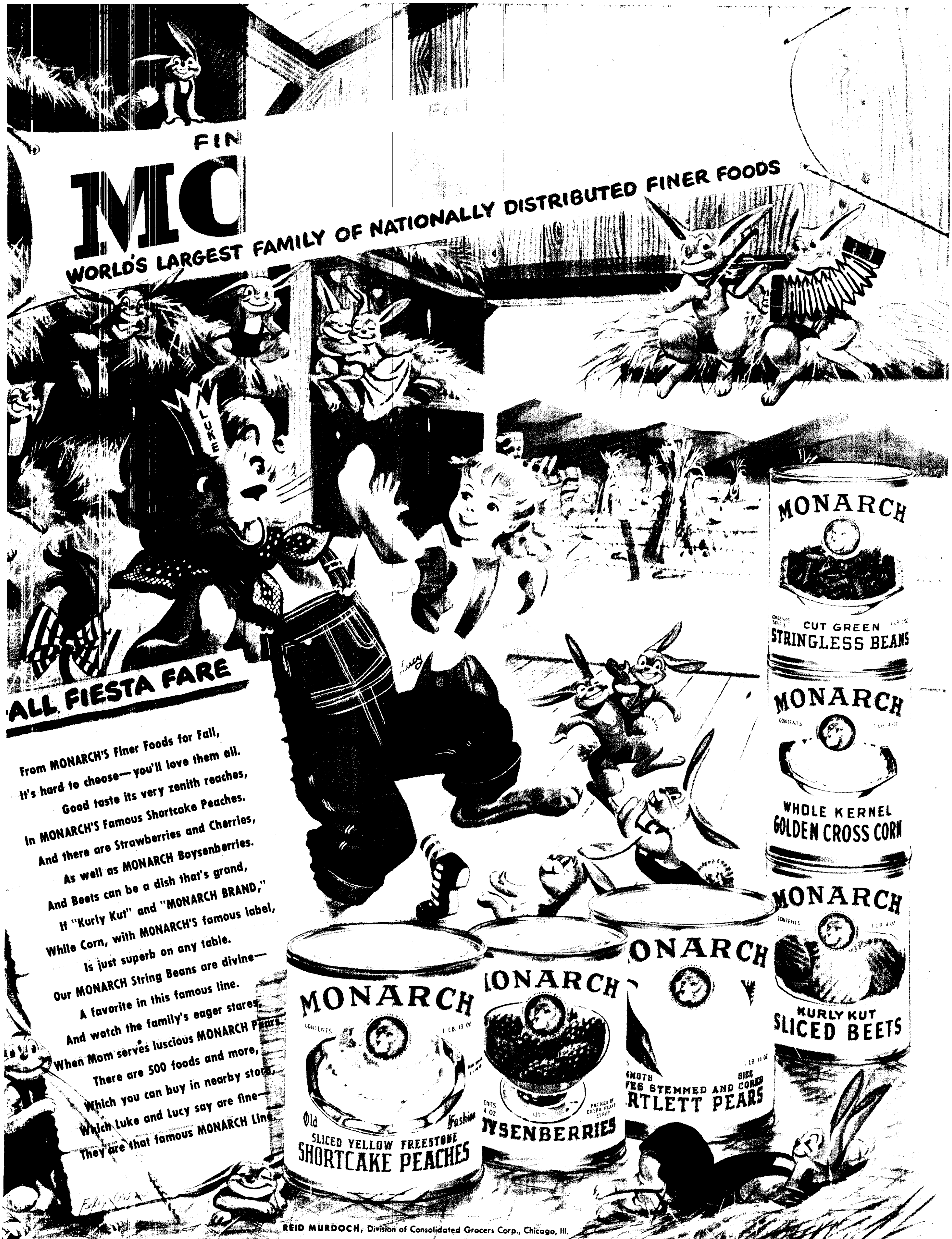
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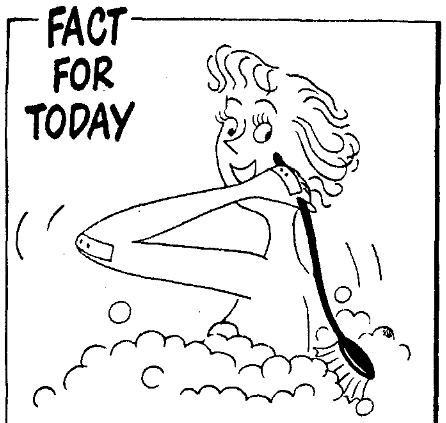

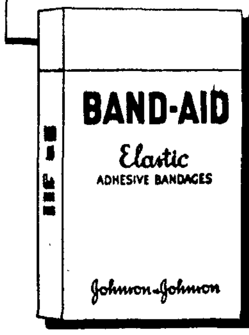

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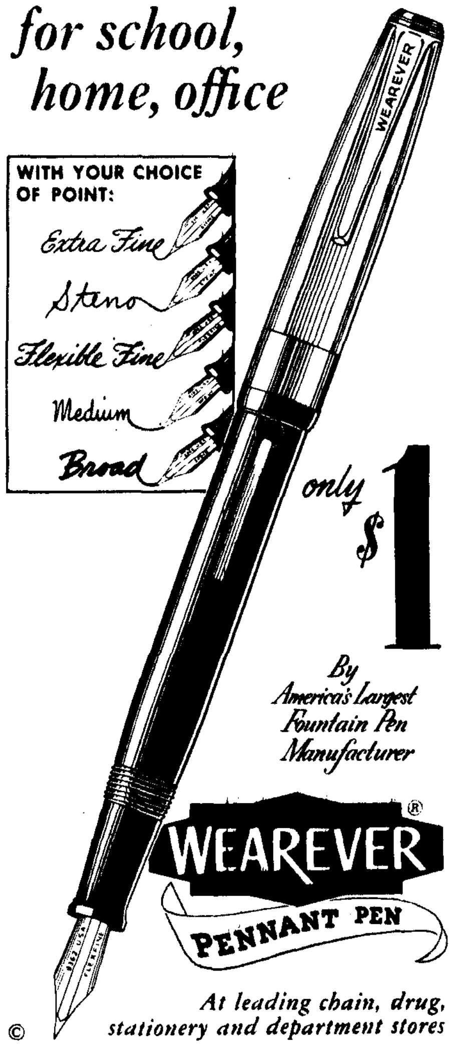

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knowledge they were bookie joints) in Council Bluffs, Iowa; Wichita, Kansas; Omaha and Lincoln, Nebraska, and elsewhere, paid as much as $450 weekly for the service.

Some weeks, Partnoy's books revealed, he took in as much as $5,600, indicating a gross weekly profit of over $2,000. The books reflected only the income from the sale of the wire service. With control of the bookie wire, crime authorities say, comes a virtual monopoly over the handbook business itself. For without the wire, a bookie joint can't operate. The hidden owners of the wire service are therefore able to exact a cut of the bookie joint's "take." In the Kansas City territory, the rake-off is said to be 10 per cent. Part of this sizable cut is in turn funneled to Chicago and New York.

"If you want to open a handbook or sneak gambling game in this town," one police official told this writer, "you've got to see Binaggio first."

"When two bookie joints were raided recently," a commanding police officer told me, "Binaggio screamed his head off."

Binaggio's beer business partner, Gizzo, has strong links to the Chicago hoodlums involved in the wire service, testimony before a federal grand jury in Chicago revealed.

Gizzo, in point of police record, is Kansas City's No. 2 police character, second only to Charles Gargotta, the frequenter of Binaggio's political headquarters. Seized for dope peddling as a youth, Gizzo boldly offered the arresting officers $10,000 for his release, they testified.

COLLIER'S "Pardon me, but does this make you want to whistle?" MARY GIBSON

Gizzo, a 200-pounder, sports all the trappings of the big-money hoodlum. He lives in a sumptuous home, bets $25,000 a throw on a horse. His intimate association with Chicago gangsters was spread before a federal grand jury that investigated the paroling of four Capone mobsters who were convicted on the testimony of Willie Bioff and George E. Brown. The testimony was that they had extorted $1,000,000 from the movie industry.

"We were trying to find out who the convicted Chicago hoodlums (lodged at Leavenworth) knew in Kansas City," the federal district attorney in Chicago said. "We found that Gizzo was their pal."

So close was Gizzo to the four convicted gangsters—Charles (Cherry Nose) Gioe, Paul (The Waiter) Ricca, Louis (Little New York) Campagna and Phil D'Andrea—that he arranged transportation for the gangsters' wives at Kansas City when they went to visit their felon husbands at Leavenworth. When the four gangsters were "sprung" by unexpected paroles, it was Gizzo (the grand jury was told) who carried them in triumph in his expensive convertible from Leavenworth to the Kansas City airport.

Gizzo, it was brought out, visited bookie information sources regularly in Chicago. This business partner and lifelong friend of Binaggio has other interesting connections. When Frank Costello, the shadowy figure behind national slot-machine and other gambling rackets, threw a gaudy party (and presumably, a business conference) in a leading Kansas City hotel, Gizzo was on hand.

Charles Gargotta was there, too, according to a plain-clothes police officer who looked in on the shindig. So was Costello's companion on that trip into town, Charles Fischetti, a cousin of the late Al Capone and one of the three Fischetti brothers, big shots in the Chicago underworld.

Binaggio denies connection with the racing wire service. He admits he is business partner of Tony Gizzo and that he is a friend of Charles Gargotta. Asked about the presence of Gargotta and other hoodlums at his club headquarters, Binaggio replied simply:

"That's the sort of tough neighborhood I come out of. Many big leaders come out of neighborhoods like that."

In that "tough neighborhood," Binaggio admits, he once was a political worker for Johnny Lazia, whose dope-peddling, dice and handbook syndicate emptied Kansas City pockets of some $12,000,000 annually. Binaggio, then in his twenties, was a political power in Lazia's North Side Democratic Club.

Binaggio makes no bones about his direct participation in the gambling rackets either.

He had a gambling game in the Sexton Hotel, where he once lived, he told me, and owned part of the Green Hills Casino, outside Kansas City. In this casino, incidentally, the regional racing wire once had its offices.

"That was when I was younger," Binaggio says.

Now he is older.

Kansas City and Missouri are a battleground to test whether the underworld can dominate a great city and a rich state.

The underworld learned how to organize along business lines during the big-money days of prohibition. When commercialized gambling, particularly bookie-joint betting, replaced bootleg as the major underworld enterprise, official protection became necessary. For this protection, millions are available from the quarters that Americans drop in slot machines and the folding money they place with bookies. So well-heeled are the gangs, and so high are the stakes, that whole states could be corrupted.

In Missouri, the "Show Me" state, the underworld may show the country something even bolder than corruption: the open seizure of political power.

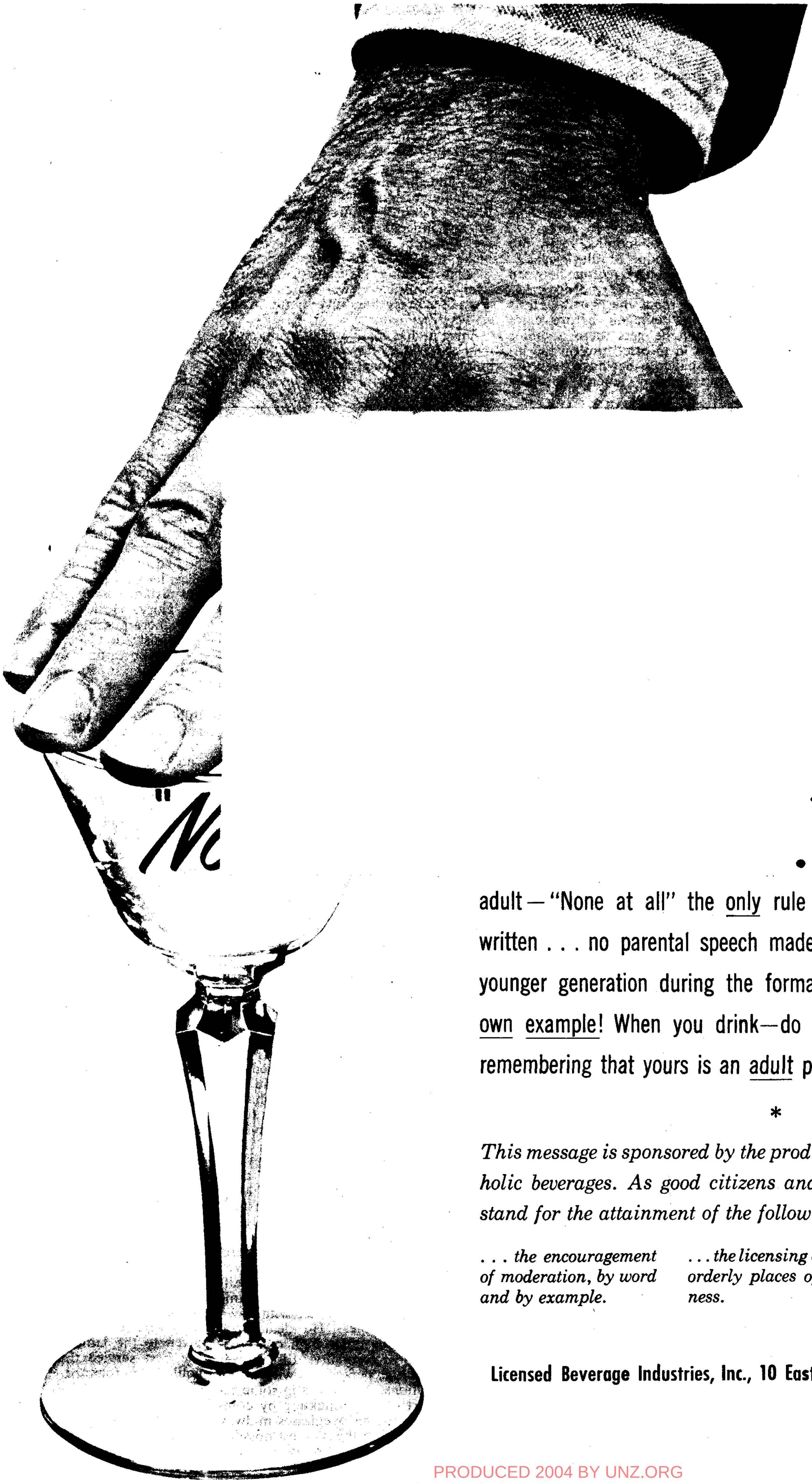
Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini did it. Will an organized underworld do it, too?

THE END

Beginning Next Week

My 4-Year War with the Reds

By BRIG. GEN. FRANK HOWLEY with Collie Small



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Nicest Guy in Washington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

diplomatic prose. Senator Forrest Donnell (Rep., Mo.) put the situation to General Bradley. "General," he asked, "if 500,000 Russian troops should enter Norway, would we have to send our men out there to fight?"

"Well," said Bradley with no suggestion of a smile, "you would if you wanted to get those fellows out of there."

Already, he has become a sort of awe-inspiring legend in Washington, the city of endless, feverishly ambitious wire-pulling. It is slowly being borne in, even upon the most cynical, that Bradley is that rare personality: a man without an "angle"; a man without "side." In a place where subtleties of approach are so common that people think they must "know somebody" merely to get the time of day, the general has the extraordinary advantage of simple, absolute honesty.

Whatever he wants for the armed services, he refuses, ever, to proclaim that the alternative would be national disaster and blood upon the streets. Whatever the difficulties in the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he declines to pull his rank on his disputing juniors. He will listen for hours while their sometimes angry talk rises like a hot mist over his balding, sweating head. Finally, he will say, "Well, we'll vote now."

The Man and His Qualities

Omar Bradley—Omar was the first name of a friend of the general's father back in Missouri, and the general pronounces it "Omer"—represents a sort of triumph for men of good will. While there is nothing pietistic about him (he likes a drink of bourbon whisky now and then, and occasionally cusses in a mild, absent-minded kind of way) there are in him two important qualities.

First he has the moral authority of a man in whom—as the ceaselessly bickering and competing services are now aware—is no wish to play favorites.

Second is Bradley's immense personal prestige, as a military commander—the serene, seemingly plodding brain that leaped like a whip behind the Pattons and Hodges of the last war. General Bradley knows his art superlatively well; every armed service professional is aware of this.

Endlessly and quietly he works for really effective unification of our military forces, not just in big ways, but in little ways, too. That is why a Wave (as well as a Wac) works in his outer office, in order to make the adjustment just a little easier for old blue-water admirals when they come to call.

In his offhand, laconic way, Bradley has been able to "sell" himself—a term he would not like—to the other high military authorities and to Congress without a conscious effort at the promoter's art. An unbroken simplicity, both of living and thinking, has done it all for him. He lives in "Quarters No. 1" at Fort Myer, Virginia, the traditional place for the Army's top man. His home is a red brick house that is only a little larger, and a little less comfortably worn by time than the houses of his juniors.

Bradley's home life reflects the warm quality of the man himself. In 1916, a year after he was graduated from West Point, he married vivacious Mary Elizabeth Quayle, the girl he fell in love with as a youngster in Clark, Missouri. They are an exceptionally devoted couple. He says of her fondly, "My wife has been in the Army as long as I have."

For recreation the G.I.s' general most enjoys quail shooting, horses and detective stories. When he has a free evening at home, he and Mrs. Bradley will very likely spend it playing gin rummy together, or bridge with another couple.

But the greatest joy in the Bradley household springs from the presence—arranged as frequently as possible—of their two grandchildren. Elizabeth Bradley, their only child, is now twenty-five and married to Air Force Captain Henry S. Beukema, son of a colonel who was the general's classmate and close friend and is now an instructor in economics at the Military Academy. The Beukema children, Henry, Jr., three, and Mary Elizabeth, 14 months, really are the apples of Grandpa Bradley's eye.

The general gets up sometime between six and six thirty in the morning, has his coffee, and reads the papers. He is driven to the Pentagon before eight o'clock. When he gets there a junior officer comes in to brief him on the intelligence dispatches that have been delivered overnight. General Bradley listens to these so intently that he can, on occasion, not only repeat the sense of each but sometimes the actual phraseology.

Still, he never forgets the human touch. He will ask about a young officer's wife or son. Or chat for eight or ten minutes about something easy—perhaps a recent game of golf.

Then there is a staff meeting. Bradley hands out the day's assignments and goes back into his inner office for conferences and consultations that usually last until 5:00 P.M. About 5:15, the general's secretaries come in and he dictates for half an hour or so. About 6, unless something unusual is afoot, he closes up shop and goes home.

He never needs to look back over his shoulder, for he has an almost fantastically devoted staff. There are, as is usually the case, perfectly sound reasons for this. So far as can be found, no "Bradley clique" exists in the Army. But everyone who works for the general personally can depend upon something that is frequently rare in a military establishment: the boss's genuine interest in him as a person. The general never fails to inquire about a sick child, or—if he knows of it—any difficulty that involves his people, providing he is sure that he is not intruding.

Too, he takes no interest in the little slips that are made by his subordinates. Once a man accidentally fired a rifle over the general's head in North Africa—and nothing at all happened. Then there was the occasion when an aide overslept in New York and kept the general waiting at the airfield. The general did nothing about that either, except to call the hotel and wake the aide.

In the Army there is an old and sour jest about how every brass hat absolutely refuses to have any "yes men" about him; and the end of the story is an unprintable version of "Oh, yeah?" But in Bradley's case the preference for skeptical and independent associates is genuine. When he has a difficult decision to make and is about settled on it, he searches among his staff for men of strongly contrary views. He encourages them to express themselves in the strongest way they can.

Once he has made up his mind and a man approaches him again on the same point—say Colonel Matthews, for example—the general simply says mildly, "Now, listen, Willis . . ." To this he may add with a slow grin, ". . . damn it!"

Bradley, who speaks with the drawl of a Missouri farmer in casual disregard of his tremendous knowledge of the English language, has a social life that is nearly altogether official. He has a pronounced shyness when he mingles with the more glittering people of Washington.

Although he has in a way outdistanced his old mentor, General George C. Marshall who retired before the exalted post of chairman of the Joint Chiefs had been created, Bradley still treats Marshall as his senior officer. He never refers to his former chief, even in private conversation, except as "General Marshall." And to this day, as he used to do thirty years ago when Major Bradley went duck hunting with Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, Bradley says, "sir" to Marshall. And Marshall, as he did then, addresses him in turn as "Bradley."

Like General Marshall and General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Bradley served as Army Chief of Staff. Three more differing personalities never held the same post. Marshall was remote, withdrawn and unapproachable. He dealt with Congress and his other high conferees with the utmost formality. Eisenhower charmed the high personages with whom he had relations. Bradley is in some respects a sort of ugly duckling by comparison. He puts his eyeglasses midway on his nose; and in the plainest possible words, says what he has to say.

When Bradley has a problem—say a military budget to defend—he takes it home at night to study it; and when he comes to make his case, all of it is a product of his own sharp judgment.

Some time ago his staff, thinking to make a kind of mildly admonishing gesture about his working habits, gave the general a special clock whose face had numerals for eighteen hours rather than twelve. Bradley received it with a grin and went right on working overtime.

Much of the actual writing of his public speeches is done by his staff, and the 56-year-old general has a way, at times, of slurring over or skipping some of the words. The facts alone are important to him, and these he handles with a brilliance that is always startling because of the slow and easy knack with which he seems to draw them together.

His unpretentious attitude is further expressed in little things like dress. He has to wear his four stars, of course, but they are little, inconspicuous cloth gadgets sewed to his shoulders. Otherwise he is turned out exactly like any lieutenant, down to his G.I. socks.

All that General Bradley is today has been built, in a peculiarly literal way, on all that he has been and done in the past. When he came back from the war, a hero only to those few who really knew of the great and terrible decisions that he had made so ably and so often overseas, he was given a job an immeasurable distance away from the power and the glory. He was assigned to the deep bureaucratic shadows of the Veterans Administration to be its head.

It never for an instant occurred to him not to take it. President Truman asked him to, and he simply said, "Yes, sir."

He ran the V.A. in the way he runs things now—no dramatics, no fireworks, and never a compromise upon a principle. Few men in history have ever said "no" to so many congressmen.

A Solon Demands a Hospital

Once a member of Congress was at the general's desk, insistently demanding for his district a veterans' hospital that Bradley would not build.

"What shall I tell my people back home," the aggrieved politician asked, "if I don't get them this hospital?"

"Just tell them," said the general, "that Bradley said, 'No soap.' *I'm* not running for anything."

The numerous negatives did not ruin the general's prestige with the politicians at all. They helped him. He went on, in due course after Eisenhower retired, to become the Army's Chief of Staff.

The appearance of this tall, loosely put-together man with a thin, studious face under a protuberant forehead suggests a rural schoolteacher. He actually was a schoolteacher once, at West Point; and perhaps the fact helps to explain why he set out to make the Army, so far as might be possible, an attractive career to youngsters. He thought always of *teaching* men; not simply squads-right, squads-left and how to handle a weapon, but how to do things and to learn things for themselves.

Bradley may have faults, but they are genuinely hard to find. After all the available evidence is in, perhaps the best tribute that can be paid Bradley is to say of him that he is an extraordinary man who has, for more than 30 years, given to the United States of America the best service that his great talents could bring forward. THE END

William S. White has covered the capital for years as a member of the N.Y. Times Washington staff

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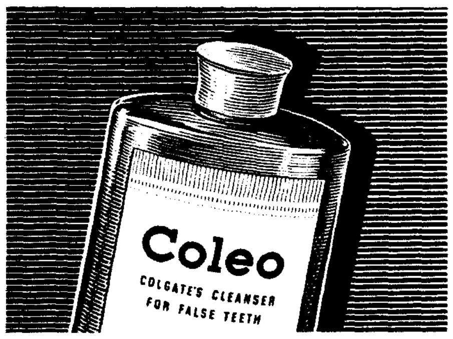

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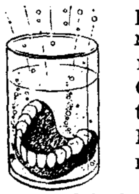

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Strangest Garden in the World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

beginning of Scully's strange agricultural methods. Where he really dictates the lives of his flowers and vegetables is in the way he doctors what they breathe.

On the small table at which Scully had been working when I arrived were a large glass chamber, a small glass flask half filled with white powder, an air pump, and half a dozen flexible tubes running from them into the sealed hothouse. This is the apparatus with which Scully forces his plants to inhale isotopes through their leaves and thus become radioactive.

"Plants, as we all know, reverse the breathing process of men and animals," he said. "They inhale carbon dioxide and exhale oxygen. One of the many things we have to do here is see to it that the 10,000 quarts of atmosphere in this hothouse get three quarts of carbon dioxide every day. That puts the ratio at three hundredths of one per cent, the same as in the outside air.

"The plants consume the three quarts in one daylight period and then we pump in some more. We've got an instrument that registers the carbon dioxide in the hothouse and it has to be watched constantly. Whenever the amount of oxygen gets too high, we must draw it off through an oxygen absorber and generate a new shot of carbon dioxide."

Intricate as that was, it sounded simple as kindergarten after Scully began to explain the next step in isotope gardening. He must be sure at all times that each one of his three quarts of carbon dioxide contains one twenty-millionth of a curie of radiation.

"A curie," Scully explained, "is a new term used by scientists for measuring the radioactivity of invisible atoms. It is named after Marie Curie, the discoverer of radium, and is equivalent to the radiation given off by one gram of radium. That means 37 billion radiations every second."

Scully mixes enough of isotope Carbon 14 into the white powder in his little glass flask to put into each quart of carbon dioxide the amount of radiation that would be given off by one-twentieth of a millionth of a gram of radium. No one can see it, of course, and it works out at only 1,850 beta rays a second. In the radioactive sciences, that is practically the vanishing point.

Extremely sensitive instruments are required to register this radiation and they, too, must be watched constantly.

A By-Product From Oak Ridge

The Carbon 14 isotope that Scully gives the plants to breathe is a by-product of the atom bomb. It is made in the atomic pile at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, at the same time that the explosive fission materials are being made for the bomb.

Isotopes, as almost everyone knows now, are chemical twins—variants of the same element, having different atomic weights but identical chemical properties. Carbon 14 behaves chemically just like any other carbon, and is radioactive. When it is mixed with other carbon it stands out as though it were tagged and can be traced as it moves through the intricate life processes in plants, animals and humans.

While Scully was explaining the apparatus on the small table, one of his assistants arrived with a clip board and began copying data off one of the instruments.

"That instrument," Scully said, "is recording the temperature at three places at once—in the atmosphere of the hothouse, in the gravel and in the solution in the underground tank.

"That thermostat you see in there," he continued, "turns on the cold-water showers on the roof and walls whenever the temperature in the hothouse rises above 72 degrees."

A thin column of air flows steadily out of the hothouse and across a Geiger counter, which clicks off each passing beta ray and registers the number of its own clickings. Another Geiger counter detects any radiation that may escape into the larger greenhouse, so that Scully can see at any minute of the day if his hothouse is creating a health hazard for people engaged in ordinary gardening.

Then there's a time clock which floods the gravel with the nutrient solution the plants eat. Three times a day in summer, twice in winter, it pours the entire 150 gallons from the underground tank onto the gravel in the hothouse within eight minutes. Then the solution is drained off by gravity and flows back into the tank.

In those eight minutes the plants get all the nitrogen, potassium, phosphorus and other mineral foods they need. Once a week, Scully and his two assistants analyze the solution to see that it retains its proper proportions. If it becomes weak in any mineral, it must be refortified.

All this elaborately unorthodox gardening is designed to keep a constant and exact control over one of Nature's great unsolved mysteries—the process called photosynthesis, by which green plants take energy from the sunlight, minerals and moisture from the earth and carbon from the atmosphere to manufacture the sugars, starches, celluloses, and other energy-containing carbon compounds that are used by man.

Some of the radioactive materials Scully is creating in his plants are being used by research scientists in studying another mysterious process of Nature—metabolism, by which the carbon compounds produced by plants, when eaten, transfer the sun's energy to the living cells in our bodies.

What Scully is particularly guarding against are extremes of heat and cold, wet and dry, too much and too little nitrogen. In this way he pushes his plants to maturity four weeks faster than they would grow under normal conditions outside. It also guarantees that they will consume the same amount of carbon dioxide during each daylight period and thus take on their daily consignment of isotopes.

Scully even has an instrument that constantly records the intensity of the light that filters through the whitewashed glass of the big greenhouse and past the cold-water curtains of the little one to reach the leaves of the flowers and vegetables. And, to prevent one of his plants from stealing food from another plant's roots, Scully pushes a sheet of steel deep into the gravel between the various species as he plants them.

How Gravel Is Kept Sterile

From time to time, this pioneer isotope gardener makes sure that his gravel is still sterile. He floods it with liquid germicides which volatize into gases, just as household insecticide bombs do. The gases force out of the hothouse any excess oxygen that may be in the atmosphere.

I was curious to know how Scully got the idea of growing plants that would be radioactive.

"The Rheumatic Fever Foundation put us on the spot recently," he replied. "They asked us to send them some radioactive ascorbic acid. Ascorbic is widely used in treating rheumatic fever and the foundation wanted the radioactive form as a tracer for studying the basic causes of the disease.

"Naturally, we wanted to help. But ascorbic acid, a source of vitamin C, happens to be one of several acids that cannot be made synthetically in the laboratory. It looked like an impossible problem."

Scully licked the problem by planting cabbages, green peppers and tomatoes in his little hothouse. They are all good producers of ascorbic acid. These

STEPHEN DEUTCH

A scientist at the Argonne lab weighs radioactive barium carbonate that he will make into carbon dioxide and use as plant food

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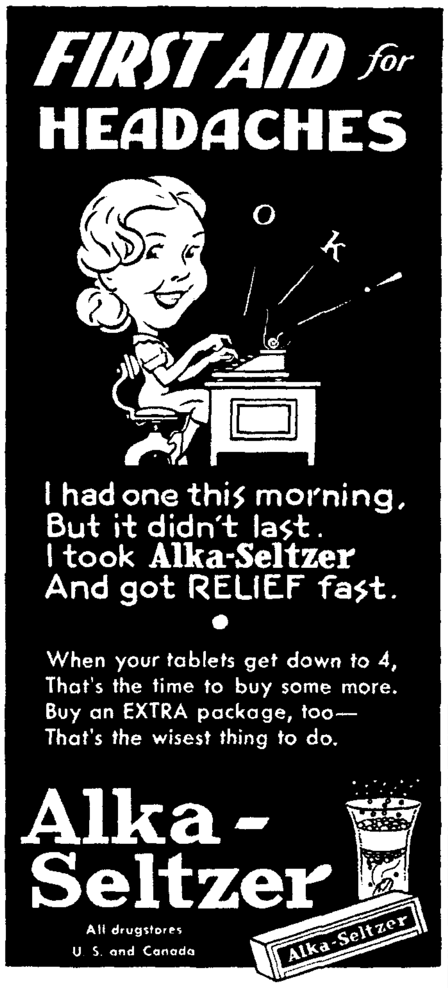

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easily grown vegetables are now turning out radioactive isotopes that cannot be produced in the atomic piles. As the vegetables ripen, they are picked, dehydrated, ground into powder and dissolved into solvents. The end result is a pure form of radioactive ascorbic acid, ideal for research in treatment of rheumatic fever.

"What about that nightshade and those poppies?" I asked Scully as we peered through the glass and the waterfall.

"Those and the other plants you see over there are an even more important part of our botanical creation of radioactive isotopes," he said. "With them we are making radioactive forms of belladonna, opium and several of the other alkaloid drugs which cannot be made synthetically. Those tobacco plants are giving us radioactive nicotinic acid for medical study of the essential vitamins. The foxgloves give us radioactive digitoxin, the important alkaloid which regulates heart action. We expect it to show us how to come up with a better stimulant."

Practical Value Is Studied

I asked Scully how many different kinds of radioactive drugs he plans to produce.

"That depends on the interest of scientists and the medical profession," he replied. "In theory, there is no limit to the number we can turn out. The only question is: Which ones are practical? Two of the country's largest pharmaceutical firms have assigned their leading biochemists to Argonne for a year to study how these radioactive drugs can be incorporated into medicines."

Scully warned that the public should never buy anything advertised as radioactive without a physician's prescription. So far, the new radioactive materials are being used only for research work in laboratories or by highly skilled surgeons in hospitals. When used that way, they are extremely valuable. But in the hands of amateurs they are as dangerous as radium and X rays.

How much risk do Scully and his assistants take in tending the isotope garden?

As he explained it, when things go along normally (if you can call all this normal) no one goes into the hothouse from the time he pushes the seed down into the gravel until the plants are ready to cut. If it becomes necessary to enter, the radioactivity in the atmosphere can be reduced to only a hundredth of the amount that is dangerous to human beings. This is done by drawing off the isotope-charged air and letting it escape outside the big greenhouse.

The radiation in the plants themselves consists of low-energy beta rays, and the amount is so small that it is not a hazard.

After he has got the radioactive drugs out of his flowers and vegetables, Scully gathers up all the leftovers and seals them in thick glass bottles. The glass shuts off all further radiation.

Scully has just harvested his first crop of blossoms, cabbages, peppers and tomatoes, and will have planted a new series of seeds. He told me he planned to include alfalfa and sugar beets in his second crop.

The radioactive alfalfa will be sent to Dr. Max Kleiber, head of California University's Division of Animal Husbandry at Davis, California. Kleiber intends to feed the radioactive forage to farm animals as part of his interesting studies of their digestive and milk-producing processes.

The sugar beets will produce radioactive glucose to be used in studying the metabolism of sugar in animals. It is hoped that this will show how to increase the supply of much-needed insulin from animal pancreas.

From these experiments on animals, scientists are trying to learn how to prevent or cure many of man's unconquered illnesses.

Among the most dramatic of all these experiments is one at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. Research authorities there hope that a carefully nursed daub of yellow sulphur about the size of a cigarette lighter may lead to discovery of the long-sought cure for cancer.

Under the yellow daub is a colony of germs, busily doing by inherited habit some of the things our best scientists have not learned how to do. No newborn baby ever received more care and attention than is showered on these germs. Among their keenly interested nurses are a couple of brilliant and attractive young ladies who have the right to add a Ph.D. to their names. All because, like Scully's flowers and vegetables, these invisible germs are being raised to behave like radium.

There is a surprisingly close parallel between Scully's isotope garden and the way the hospital makes these germs radioactive. The bacteria are grown in an airtight, glass bell jar; they are planted on sterile salts instead of sterile gravel; powdered sulphur is spread over them instead of a nutrient solution; and they get a much stronger dose of the Carbon 14 isotope in their carbon dioxide—74,000,000 radiations every second.

This method of raising bacteria on sterile salts and powdered sulphur was developed by Dr. Selman A. Waksman, Russian-born discoverer of the wonder drug streptomycin, at the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station at New Brunswick.

It takes two weeks to raise a crop of these radioactive germs. During that time they keep busy around the clock. First of all, they make sulphuric acid out of the sulphur daub. That gives them the energy to grow. It also gives them the pep for converting the carbon dioxide in the bell jar into the many organic compounds of which bacteria are composed.

At the end of the two weeks, one of the young ladies in the laboratory buttons herself tightly into her smock and pulls on a pair of rubber gloves. Then she takes the mess of radioactive bacteria out of the bell jar and puts it into a centrifugal device that separates the germs from the materials in which they grew.

The bacteria then go through a series of chemical processes which reduce them to protein and this is made into amino acid. That is what the researchers were after when they planted the germs.

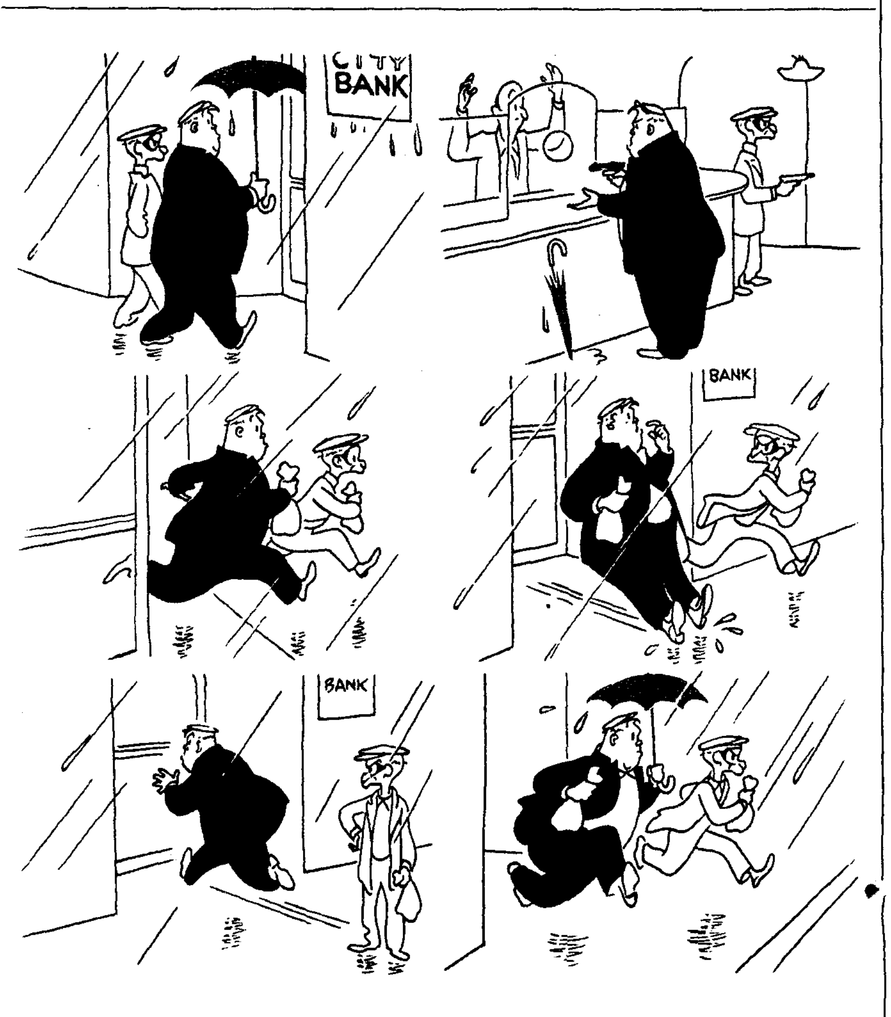
There are more than 19 kinds of amino acids in our bodies. They are made from the proteins in the food we eat and they build this protein into the living cells of our flesh, organs and blood. The amino acid made at Massachusetts General Hospital comes out so strongly radioactive that a Geiger counter can easily trace what happens to it in a cancer experiment on a white rat or a guinea pig.

"Cancer is a problem in the growth of cells," explained Dr. Paul C. Zamecnik, executive secretary of the cancer research committee. "With these radioactive bacteria we are making synthetic amino acids, which play such a vital part in building the cells in our bodies. By comparing the speed with which these radioactive acids are built into cancerous tumors and into normal tissues, we hope to learn how to retard cancer by building phony compounds that will stall the tumor-making machinery.

"It is extremely difficult to make radioactive forms of these compounds in the laboratory," Zamecnik said, "so we turn the job over to the bacteria and they take it in their stride."

Zamecnik will make no predictions regarding this new method of growing radioactive germs. But Scully believes isotope gardens are here to stay. THE END

BUTCH



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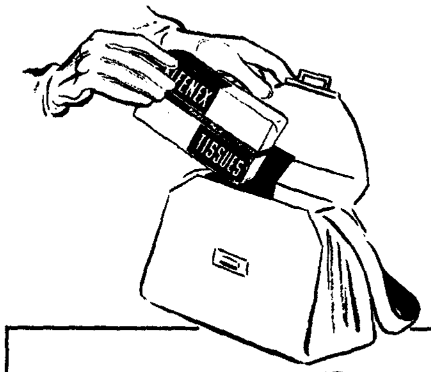

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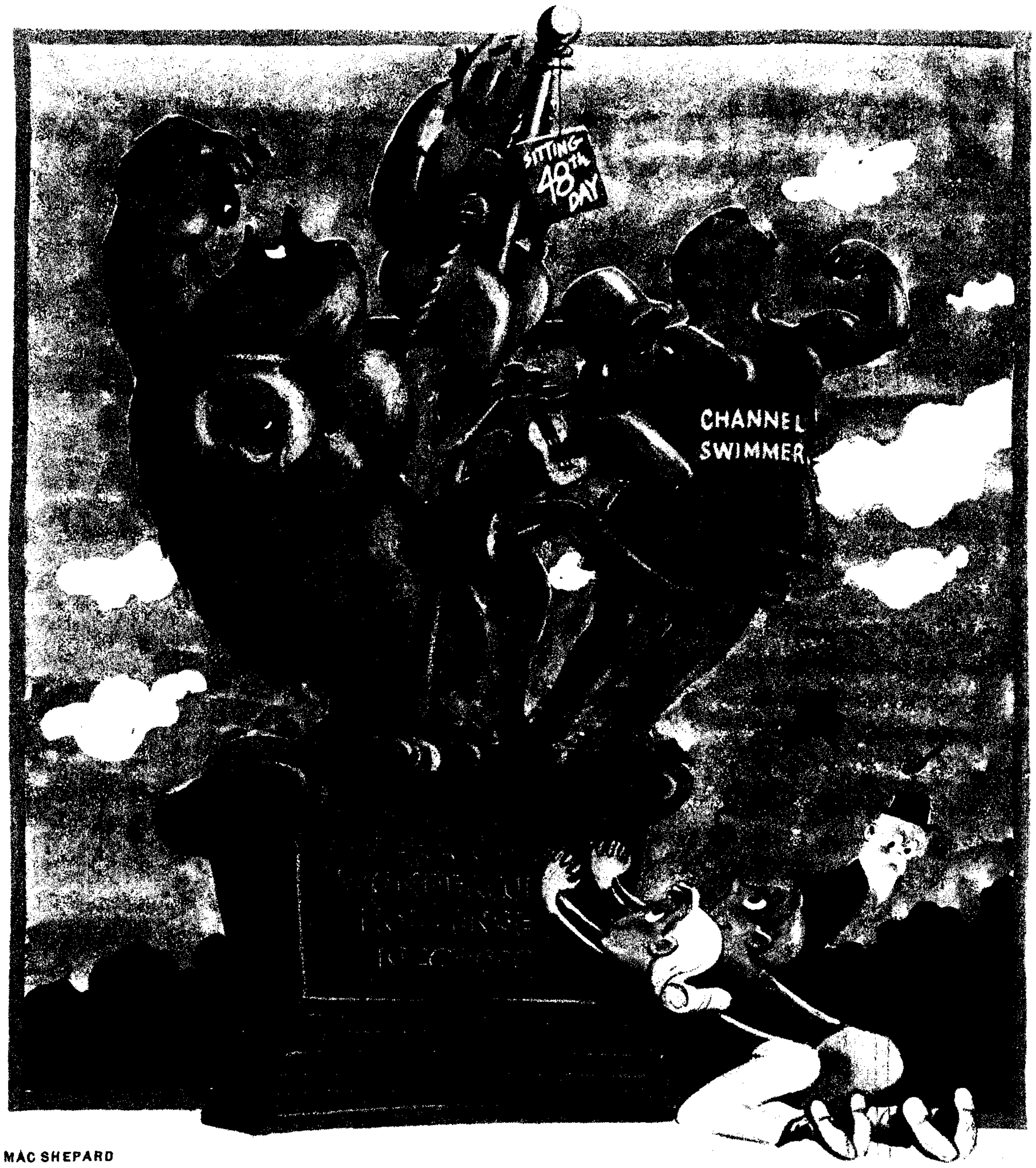

MAC SHEPARD

NO BATHTUB GIN, THANKS

EVERY GENERATION, like every individual, seems to go through an awkward period of adolescence. And the present one is showing symptoms which are not only ungraceful but a little bit baffling. For they definitely betray a longing for the twenties.

Any reader who was out of short pants or pigtails during the Era of Wonderful Nonsense has probably noticed such cultural straws in the wind as these:

The shingle bob and the cloche hat are out in front in the fashion parade, with the raccoon coat coming up fast on the outside.

An association of dancing masters has warned American youth that if they don't want to be classed as a bunch of squares, they'd better get busy and learn the hula.

Swimmers once more have been tackling the English Channel with an attendant publicity which compares favorably with that given the D-Day invasion. Flagpole sitters have reappeared in the land.

A ukulele manufacturer reports that the demand for his cigar-box guitars is about six times what it was before the war. And the country's juke boxes offer a selection of such vintage ballads as That Certain Party, Baby Face, Has Anybody Seen My Gal? and Doodle-Do Do.

This trend can't be dismissed by calling it commercialism. Maybe styles are dictated arbitrarily. But no nostalgic fifth column has thrust the ukulele into unwilling hands. And no underground conspiracy has driven swimmers, like so many lemmings, into the sea at Cape Gris-Nez. No, it must be something in our national subconscious that's responsible.

But why? Postwar America of 1922 and 1949 is hardly the same country. The twenties were a time of prohibition, isolationism, materialism, false security and general phoniness. Then the younger generation's growing pains took such painful forms as the Charleston, Valentino sideburns, and the boop-boop-a-doop school of *bel canto*. Ten years later, in the grim reality of a depression, the youngsters' mood changed, and a rather smart-aleck Bolshevism became the style.

Somehow, we've always doubted that that parlor Marxism was any more alarming or dangerous than the wearing of braid-trimmed, bell-bottom trousers had been in the twenties.

But America's feeling about Communism has changed a lot in the meantime—and with good reason—even if America's adolescents haven't. Vestiges of left-wing "liberalism" are still found among the young, but pink is no longer a fashionable political color.

Maybe that explains this yen for the superficial trappings of the twenties. But whatever the reason, we can't feel too alarmed about it. Today's America is neither self-deluded nor phony. The ukulele isn't going to replace television, and the hula won't slow down the tempo of the supersonic present. They're probably just indications that the present crop of teen-agers and college-agers is growing up a little bit happier and more relaxed than the depression kids were.

Progress in the Arts

READERS OF What Gives in Rasslin', which appears in this issue, will be pleased to know of an important development in this peculiarly American art form which has taken place since the article was written. It is the appearance of a new kind of wrestling mat cover that can scarcely fail to add physical and dramatic scope to the muscle men's performance.

The cover is made of flexible plastic sheeting. Its great virtue is that while it offers perfect traction for rubber soles, clothing and skin can slide over it freely and without injury. Even the devotee who has never been closer to a wrestler than a television screen will appreciate the new vistas which this revolutionary piece of equipment opens up.

First of all, it will minimize the risk of painful bruises which until now has been present in even so stylized and well-rehearsed an art. It will also cut down on the physical exertion demanded of the performers.

No longer will a grunting gladiator find it necessary to toss his opponent out of the ring with an airplane spin. He will only need to rise to his rubber-soled feet at the climactic moment and slide his partner into the customers' laps, with no more trouble than a bowler goes through sending his ball down the alley.

Other variations will probably occur to the resourceful athletes. We shan't be surprised if, within a year or two, commercial wrestling takes on the characteristics of hockey, bowling, football, curling, and the famous performance of Sliding Billy Watson and his Beef Trust.

Anthracite d'Amour

AN OIL REFINING COMPANY reports that it is working on a scheme to anoint the family coal supply with fragrant oils. This would not only lay the dust but also perfume the fuel with the odor of, say violets or pine or tuberose or maybe even bourbon whisky.

The way we figure it, this elaborate refinement can only have been planned for the benefit of wayward husbands.

We can hear them now: "Drinking? Of course not. Strange perfume? Nonsense, my dear. I've just come up from throwing a couple of shovels of coal on the fire."

Swoop

FEDERAL AGENTS recently trapped some New Jersey bootleggers with the aid of a helicopter. Any day now we expect to see the neighborhood kids playing helicops and robbers.

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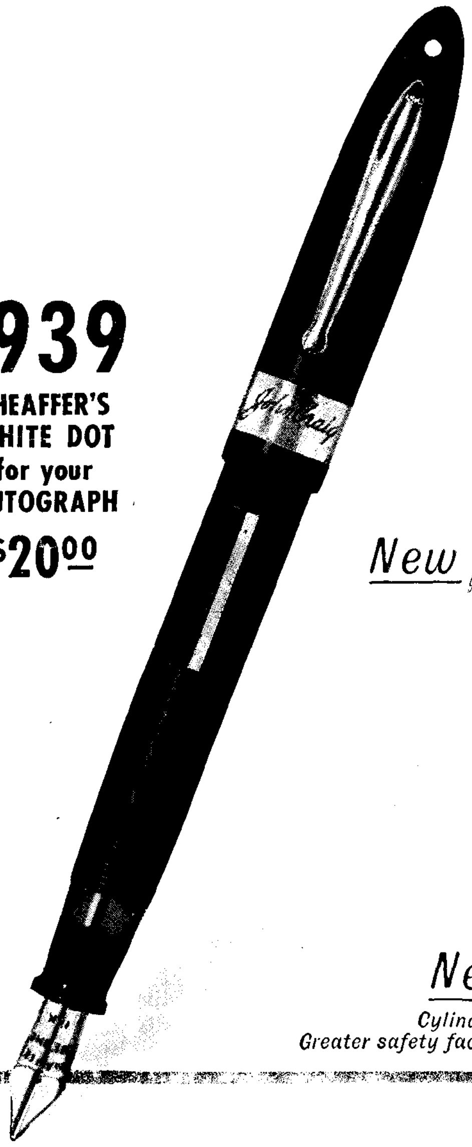

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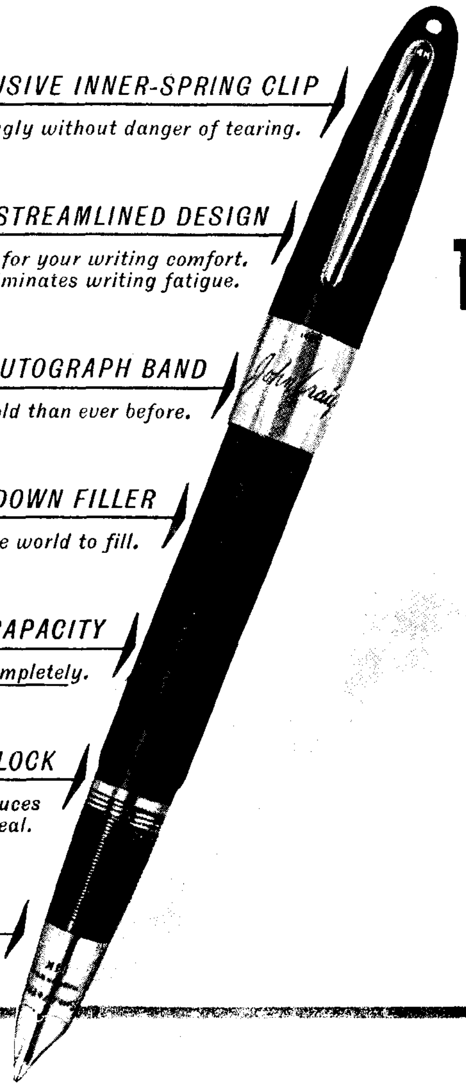

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